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JACQUES CARTIER

PIONEER LAYMEN

OF

NORTH AMERICA

BY THE

REV. Thomas Joseph CAMPBELL, S. J. 1848—

Volume I

NEW YORK
THE AMERICA PRESS
1915

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To

CHARLES GEORGE HERBERMANN, Ph.D., LL.D.

President of the

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Friend of a Lifetime

Nihil Obstat.

REMIGIUS LAFORT, S. T. D.,

Censor.

Imprimatur.

JOHN, CARDINAL FARLEY,

Archbishop of New York.

March 5, 1915.

Imprimi Potest.

ANTHONY J. MAAS, S. J.

Praep. Prov. Md.-N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION

These two volumes of sketches are offered as companion books of the "Pioneer Priests of North America." They are condensed and somewhat rapid narrations of the lives of a number of men who were conspicuous in the days when civilization was being brought to this continent: explorers, founders of states and colonies, governors of provinces, commandants of forts, captains of vessels, officers of the regular army, leaders of the reckless *coureurs de bois,* daring traders who, in the interests of commerce, ventured alone among the savages, besides pirates, filibusters and peaceful colonists. They are mostly Frenchmen, or native-born Canadians, but there are a few Spaniards, an occasional Englishman, and towards the end, a distinguished man who is frequently put down as Scotch, but who constantly insisted on his Irish origin. A great State on the Pacific slope claims him as its founder. The field of their operations was extensive, for it stretched from ocean to ocean and from Hudson Bay as far south as Brazil.

Some of them are ideal heroes and may be proposed as models; the glory of others is sadly tarnished; and a few are subjects of reproach. From all, however, lessons of conduct may be learned, and, here and there, in the course of a narrative, it is possible to correct certain false appreciations of facts and motives which a class of biased writers have fastened on American history. The series is arranged chronologically so that the various sections connect more or less with each other. Ample time and abundant, as well as reliable, material were available for the prosecution of the work, and whatever mistakes have been made must be ascribed to the author.

JACQUES CARTIER

CHAPTER I

The First Voyage

The discovery of America by Columbus was, for a considerable period, regarded as important only inasmuch as it shortened the way to the East, and made access easy to the gold and gems and spices of Cathay. All the great maritime nations except France sent expedition after expedition to discover a passage thither either to the north or south, but for years no ship from Rochelle or Rouen or St. Malo or Dieppe sailed out with a royal commission across the western sea. Its ambitious King was always at war and, hence, his Basque and Breton and Norman sailors were idle while Spain and Portugal were skirting the Northern Continent even as high as the Labrador coast, and worst of all while England, the traditional enemy, was displaying unusual energy in the search, and its parsimonious King Henry VII, had become almost extravagant in equipping and multiplying fleets. The Cabots had sailed from Bristol in 1494, and again in 1497 and 1498; Ward and Thompson and Ashehurst had been despatched with colonists between 1501 and 1504, and on one of these expeditions there was a priest, as appears from the records of the royal exchequer, so that the occupation of the new lands seemed seriously intended. In 1517 no less a personage than the Vice Admiral, Sir Thomas Pert, had sailed with a fleet to the west.

At last, without waiting for royal initiative or approval, the people took the matter in their own hands. In 1504, the fishermen of Brittany called Cape Breton their own as its name declares; in 1506, Jean Denys of Honfleur constructed

a map of the country, and in 1508 Thomas Aubert attempted a colony. In 1518 Baron de Léry and the Viscount Saint-Juste had the same ambition, but got only as far as Sable Island, off Nova Scotia, where they found their fellow countrymen fishing for *bacalaos,* as codfish were called in those days. But the terrible journey had been too trying on the colonists and they turned their prows homeward after landing their cattle on the island, little thinking that they were thus providing for some of their unfortunate compatriots who were stranded on that very island later on. "By these voyages," says Avezac, "though the Portuguese might claim the land from Cape Race to Bonavista, the rest of the territory belonged to France."

Francis I finally awoke to the danger of his aloofness in this great international movement and commissioned the Italian Verazzano to set out on a voyage of discovery. The choice of a foreigner did not imply that the King had no regard for his own hardy and experienced mariners but in those days Italy usually financed such enterprises and supplied not only pilots to guide but sailors to man the ships. Strange to say, however, Italy owns none of the territory which Columbus, Verazzano, Cabot, Vespucci and others gave to the world. Verazzano's expedition of 1523 was barren of results. In the following year, however, he started out with a single ship and sailing along the Atlantic coast, from what is now North Carolina, entered the harbor of New York, and continuing onward reached the uppermost extremity of Newfoundland about latitude 50°. By that time his provisions were running low and he made for home, entering the roadstead of Dieppe on May 6. He attempted one more voyage, but whether he was eaten by the savages or swallowed by the sea, is still a matter of speculation. Perhaps he had merely abandoned the life of a sailor for that of home.

Even had Verazzano returned to France he would have had nothing to do, for Francis I was then a prisoner in Pavia, and another lull in French sea-activity ensued. Meantime

Henry VIII had ascended the throne of England, and in 1527 he sent out John Rut with the Samson, and Mary Guilford to find new lands. The Samson was lost, and the Mary Guilford was driven out of her course by icebergs, and Rut steering south entered, as the report says, "a well sheltered harbor in latitude 50°," remaining there ten days for water. Going further south he anchored in the Bay of St. John, Newfoundland, where he came across eleven Norman and Portuguese fishing craft and one other from Brittany. On board the Guilford was a priest, Albert de Prato by name, a Canon of St. Paul's, London, who wrote an account of the voyage for Cardinal Wolsey. He was the mathematician of the expedition, and although sent out in the interest of science, he no doubt said Mass both in "the well sheltered harbor at latitude 50°," and in the port of St. John, in the year 1527.

His presence is asserted by Hakluyt (III, 129) who tells us that

Master Hall and Master Grafton say that in those ships there were divers cunning men. I have made great enquiry of such as, by their yeers and delight in navigation, might give me any light to know who these cunning men should be, which were the directors of the aforesaid voyage. And it hath been told me by Sir Martine Frobisher and Mr. Richard Allen that a Canon of St. Paul in London, which was a great mathematician and a man indued with wealth, did much advance the action, and went therein himself in person, but what his name was I cannot learne of any. And further they tolde that one of the ships was called the Dominus Vobiscum which is a name likely to be given by a religious man of those dayes; and that sayling very farre Northwestward, one of the ships was cast away, as it entered into a dangerous gulf, about the great opening near the north parts of Newfoundland, and the country lately called by Her Majesty Meta Incognita. Whereupon the other ship shaping her course towards Cape Briton and the coasts of Arambec, and oftentimes putting their men on land to search the state of those unknown regions returned home about the beginning of October, about the yere aforesaid. And thus much by the reason of the great negligence of the writers of those times which should have used more

care in preserving the memories of the worthy acts of our Nation, is all that hitherto I can learn or find out of this voyage.

The information which Hakluyt was unable to get is furnished by Purchas (v. III, p. 809) in a letter of John Rut, and another written from the same place by Albert de Prato. Purchas says "the letter to the King is badly writ." It is quoted in the Memoir of S. Cabot p. 273. (Anonym) and is a literary curiosity as well as a historical document. It runs as follows:

" Pleasing your Honorable Grace to heare of your Servant John Rut with all his company here in good health, thanks be to God and your Grace's ship. The Mary of Guilford with all her (here occurs a blank in Purchas) thanks be to God; and if it please your Honorable Grace, we ranne in our course to the Northward, till we came into 53 degrees, and there we found many great Ilands and deep water; we found no sounding and then we durst not goe no further to the Northward for feare of more Ice; and then we cast about to the Southward, and within foure days after, we had one hundred and sixtie fathom, and then we came in 52 degrees, and fell with the mayne Land, and within ten leagues of the mayne Land we met with a great Iland of Ice, and came hard by her, for it was standing in deepe water; and so went in with Cape de Bas, (probably Cape Baude) a good harbor, and many small Ilands and a great fresh River going up farre into the mayne Land, all wilderness and mountains and woods, and no naturall ground, but all mosse and no inhabitation, nor no people in these parts; and in the woods we found footing of diverse great beasts, but we saw none, not in ten leagues. And please your Grace, The Samson and we kept company all the way till within two days before we met with all the Ilands of Ice; that was the first day of July at night: and there rose a marvellous great storm. I trust in Almightie Jesu to heare good news of her. And please your Grace, we were considering and writing of all our order how we should wash us and what course we woud draw, and when God do and foule weather that with the Cape de Sper should go, and he that came first should tarry the space of six weeks, one for another; and watered at Cape de Bas ten days, ordering of your Grace's ship and fishing and so departed toward the

Southward to seeke our fellow; the third day of August we entered into a good haven called St. John, and there we found eleven saile of Normans and one Brittaine and two Portugall Barkes, and all a fishing; and so we are ready to depart toward Cape de Bas (probably Cape Race) and that is twenty five leagues, as shortly we have fished, and so along the coast, till we may meet with our fellow; and so with all diligence that lyes in me toward parts, to that Ilands that we are commanded, by the Grace of God, as we were commanded at our departing; and thus Jesu save and keepe your Honorable Grace and all your Honorable Rever, [presumably Reverences]. In the Haven of St. John the third day of August, written in haste 1527.

" By your servant John Rut, to his uttermost of his power."

De Prato's letter is addressed to Cardinal Wolsey and is in Latin. Unfortunately Purchas omits the main body of it which would have given us a better knowledge of what happened than can be gleaned from the muddled story of the Captain. It consists merely of the address, the first phrase, and the conclusion, and is mostly concerned with lavishing titles on "My Lord Cardinal." Thus after the address to *" Reverendo in Christo, Patri Domino Cardinali, et Domino Legato Angliæ,"* it begins with: *" Reverendissime in Christo Pater, Salutem.*

" Reverendissime Pater: placeat Reverendissimæ Paternitati Vestræ scire, Deo favente, postquam exivimus a Pleimut quod fuit x Junii," &c., &c. It is dated: *" Apud le Baya Saint John in Terris Novis die X Augusti 1527,"* and is signed: *" Revr. Patris Vest. humilis servus Albertus de Prato."* Prowse in his *History of Newfoundland* says that " the name ' de Prato ' does not appear on the list of the Canons of St. Paul." Perhaps Wolsey had him *in petto* and intended to install him after the expedition.

Meantime in 1533, Jacques Cartier, a sea captain of St. Malo, was humbly requesting Philippe de Brion-Chabot, then Vice-Admiral of France, " to be sent at His Majesty's expense to continue the enterprise of discovery and colonization entrusted nine years previously to Giovanni Verazzano."

A Malouin of the stamp of Cartier ought to have been the proper man for the task; for in St. Malo everything natural, historical and religious suggested the sea. The city was built on an island of the ocean and the waves were continually battering the granite rocks or rushing up into the narrow gulf-like harbor of the town, with a greater rise and fall in the tide than the Malouins were to see, later on, in the Bay of Fundy. In ancient times the people had been driven to that inhospitable abode by their enemies the Normans, and while fighting their foes, had to depend for their sustenance on the waters around them: so that they were as much at home on the sea as on land. Religiously, the town was under the protection of two saintly mariners, St. Malo himself, and his friend and preceptor, the famous Irish navigator St. Brendan, whose name has been for centuries identified with the Isles of the Blest, which were supposed to be somewhere in the Western Sea. The two saints had made the *septennalis navigatio* together, and when they returned had built their cells on the bleak rock of Casambré in the harbor. That was in the long past, indeed, but the ruins of the old monastery were still there before the eyes of the town-folk, many of whom possibly believed that the San Salvador of Columbus was none other than St. Brendan's, Isle of the Blest.

At the time Cartier presented his petition, he was between thirty-nine and forty-two years of age, a vagueness of date which is due to the absence of any baptismal register recording the fact. It is all the more singular, because one of Cartier's favorite devotions during all his life, was to stand sponsor for babies at the baptismal font. So, too, about his youth; nothing is known except that he followed the sea, and was a Master Pilot in 1519. No doubt as a sailor he was often at the Banks of Newfoundland, and he is even credited with a voyage to Brazil. As he spoke Portuguese fluently and acted as an interpreter it is likely he had served on Portuguese ships. He is also said to have sailed to Sumatra, at the opposite end of the world. He had already achieved distinction,

before he asked to be the King's explorer, for "he had married Marie-Catherine des Granches, daughter of Honoré des Granches, *Connétable de la ville et cyté de Saint-Malo,*" who was evidently a distinguished personage in the municipality. The King acceded to Cartier's request, but it took a whole year to get ready, and only on April 20, 1534, the Discoverer sailed out of St. Malo with two ships of sixty tons burthen; the entire crew consisting of sixty men.

He wrote an account of his three voyages, but his fellow countrymen were unaware of the existence of these *Récits* until twenty years afterwards, when they found a translation of the first expedition, the least important of all, in Ramusio's Italian "Collection." It was not until 1598, that is, fifty years after it was written, that it was brought out in French by Raphael du Petit-Val of Rouen, bookseller and printer to the King. It was a small octavo of 64 pages, with the title: "*Discours du voyage fait par le Capitaine Jacques Cartier aux terres neuves de Canadas, Norembergue, Hochelage, Labrador et pays adjacents dites Nouvelle France, avec particulières moeurs, language et cérémonies des habitans d'icelle.*" Lescarbot reprinted it with many mistakes, and embodied it in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France." The *Archives des Voyages* of Ternaux-Compans gave it to the public in 1840, and the Société littéraire et historique de Québec, in 1843.

The history of the Second Voyage had indeed been printed in 1545, but was completely lost sight of for a long time. When found, it was reprinted by Ternaux-Compans and also by the Quebec Historical Society. The old book, however, was of no use, for it was full of typographical errors and misstatements. Fortunately three manuscripts had been discovered in the Imperial Library of Paris, and they were employed for the reproduction.

The more recent publication of the Third Voyage is a reprint from Hakluyt. It is incomplete and, added to it, is a letter with a fragment of another, both written by Jacques Noel, Cartier's nephew. In all three of these *Récits,* Cartier

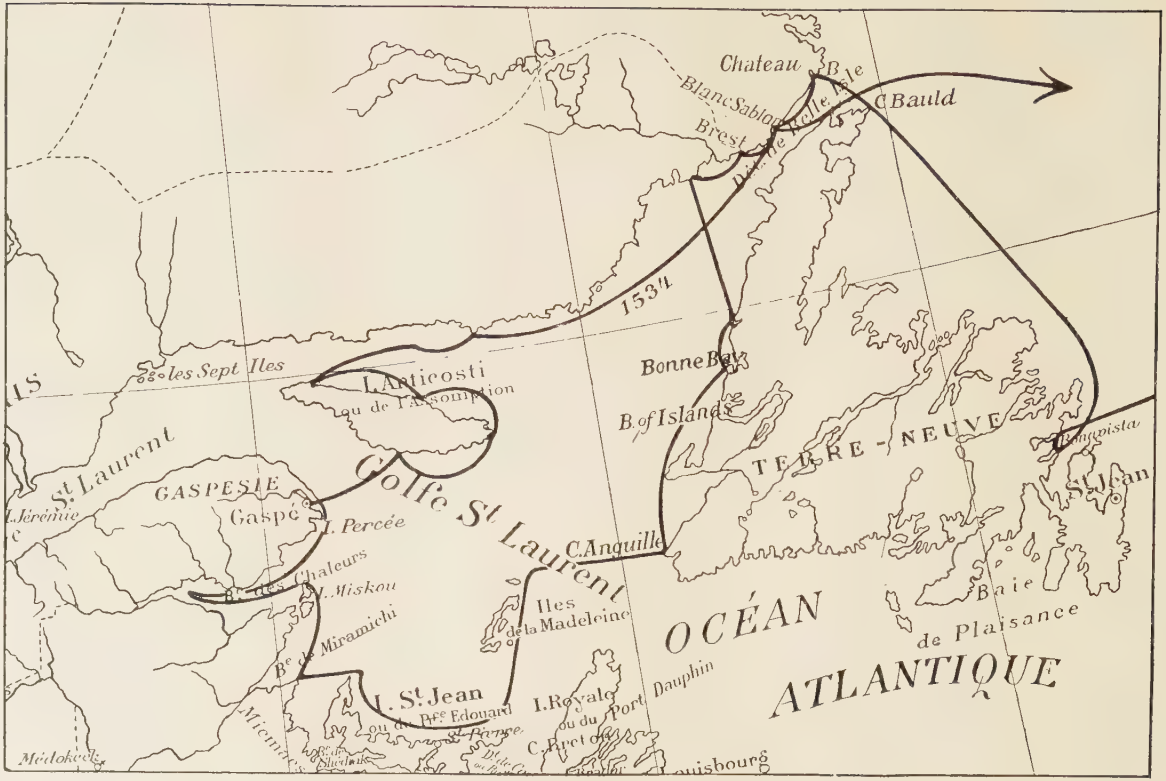
avoids speaking in the first person singular. It is always, "*nous allames; nous envoyames des hommes,*" or "*nostre cappitaine fut adverty*" etc. It is like "*Caesar instruxit aciem,* etc," but unlike Caesar, Cartier conceals his patronymic. He was naturally and supernaturally more modest.

Leaving the harbor of St. Malo, Cartier steered for Newfoundland, which d'Avezac, in a preface to the *Voyages,* claims to have been called by the ancient chronicles, *Fundunyia-land,* from which its present English name, Newfoundland, is formed. In twenty days he was off Cape Bonavista, but the floating ice prevented him from entering the harbor, so he sailed southwest and came to a safe haven which he called St. Catherine, in honor of his wife. It is now known as Catalina. We find several instances in Cartier's *Récit* of similar remembrances of home.

He remained there ten days, repairing his damaged ships, and then made for what is known at present as Funk Island which he named Isle des Oiseaux, on account of the "incredible" number of sea birds that he found there. There too he saw his first polar bear, which he tells us "was as big as a cow and as white as a swan." When interrupted in its repast the beast "plunged into the sea and swam off but was caught and killed after a fierce fight some days after." How its identity was kept in sight for so long a time, especially at night, is not explained.

Then sailing northwards, he arrived at Belle-Isle but the Straits were choked with ice and he was compelled to wait in Carpont Bay for fair weather. In those parts he named an island after his wife, but to which one this tribute was paid by the affectionate husband has not yet been determined.

After this, his wanderings in the Gulf became a Chinese puzzle. We give its general course without attempting to identify with the geographical allocations of today the various bays and rivers and islands which he describes. A detailed and discursive account of his journeyings over the Gulf may be found in the excellent "Jacques Cartier" by Pope,



CARTIER'S WANDERINGS IN THE GULF

which has been translated into French by L. Philippe Sylvain. Another elaborate study is available in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada," by W. V. Ganong, A.M. (May 25, 1887).

Leaving the Straits, he made for Labrador, and reached Whale Harbor, which is not now on the map. He then kept on his course to Blanc Sablon and Bradore Bay. The latter place was subsequently called Baie des Phelypeaux and was defended by Fort Pontchartrain. These two latter names were given to glorify Frontenac's relatives in France. At Brest Harbor the *Récit* affirms that Mass was celebrated, a declaration which has given great joy both to pious and patriotic souls, but which unfortunately is hard to accept as true.

In the first place, it is difficult to explain how a devout Catholic, such as Cartier certainly was, could announce, in that offhand fashion, an event of such supreme importance, and harder yet to understand why Mass had not been said in Catalina Bay, where he had remained ten days repairing his ships, especially as a Sunday intervened.

How then, it may be asked, are we to explain the very clear and explicit declaration that Mass *was* said at Brest Harbor? In two ways: either that some prayers of the Mass were recited or the gospel read, or again that some one tampered with the text. Avezac tells us that there was at a later period in St. Malo an old seaman named Charles Cunat who was very eager to enhance, in whatever way he could, the glory of his "*chère ville natale.*" "Having regained the vigor of his youth" he devoted his energies to ransacking all the archives which he was, perhaps, unwisely, permitted to handle. An old tar is not usually remarkable for erudition, or skill in deciphering manuscripts, and he can easily lose his bearings, especially if he is enthusiastic and patriotic. Now it is quite possible that Charles Cunat or some other reinvigorated sailor, eager for the glory of his "*chère ville natale,*" discovered something that was not in the text, and inserted it, because

he thought it ought to be there. Finally, as Cartier intended to return to St. Malo, in a few months, he probably did not deem it necessary to have a chaplain on board, or again he could not get one.

From Brest he went in the long boats to Rocky Bay and Lobster Bay, and at what was probably Cumberland Island met a large ship from Rochelle. There is a Shekatika Bay in those parts, an appellation which is presumably the result of some Indian's attempt to pronounce "Jacques Cartier." The savages thereabouts were probably not natives, but came from up the river. As nothing material resulted from these gropings, he returned to his ships and made for the north of Newfoundland. The mountains he saw there he called *les monts des Granches;* his wife's family name. It was another instance of homesickness.

When the fogs lifted, he coasted, as far as can be made out from his account, down as far as Cap d'Anguille, and after passing west and then south through the Magdalen Islands, one of which he called "Biron" after his noble patron the Admiral, though it now figures as "Byron" and "Bryon" Island, he pointed west and passing along the north shore of Prince Edward Island, and noting Richmond Harbor, where "there were boats full of wild men crossing the river," but which the wind prevented him from entering, he kept on his course and reached Cape Escuminac and Miramichi Bay, in what is now New Brunswick. Continuing north, he arrived at Miscou and finally entered Chaleur Bay —the oppressive heat suggesting the name. There, some savages were seen as naked as worms. He remained in the bay from the third to the eleventh of July, and then sailing along what is now the Bonaventure coast and passing Cap d'Espoir, he anchored for the night off Percé, between Bonaventure Island and Cap de Prato.

Here an interesting historical problem presents itself. It may be remembered that the Samson and Mary Guilford of Rut's expedition were to meet each other at *"Cape de Sper";*

CAPE CANON DE PRATO

—a possible mispronunciation by the uneducated sailor, and was very likely meant for Cap d'Espoir in New Brunswick. Cartier had now reached that place. He was crossing a bay which had on the south Cap d'Espoir and on the north Cap de Prato. Evidently he was on the track of Rut. Prowse, who has apparently a dislike for de Prato, says in his "History of Newfoundland" (p. 41 note) that "it may have been only a natural name (Prado-a field) applied to the beautiful grass-covered *Magdalen Islands.*"

But in the first place the Englishmen of Rut's expedition would never have called a field, *a prado;* secondly no one, English or otherwise, would have named a cape in New Brunswick after the fields of the Magdalen Islands which had long ago been left behind; thirdly, according to Dionne, it was Cartier and not the English who gave the name "de Prato," and fourthly, had the distinguished author consulted the great "Atlas of the Dominion of Canada," published by Walter and Miles in 1875, and dedicated to His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, p. 531, he would have found that the northern cape is put down neither as *Field* nor *Prato,* but as *Canon;* Canon, not with two *n's* but one, which makes it sufficiently clear that the point was named after Canon Alberto de Prado, or Prato, or Pratto. It is true that the *Récit* calls the cape in question *Cap du Pré,* but as the *Récit* of the First Voyage is a translation from the Italian of Ramusio, by one whose historical and geographical knowledge must have been on a par with his French which even the learned have difficulty in understanding, no one would appeal to such a questionable authority.*

From all this the question naturally arises: Was de Prato

*In the Atlas that we have referred to it is true that there is still another map in which Cape Canon appears with two n's, but it is merely a chart of the timber lands in that section and some officious clerk may have taken it upon himself to add the extra letter. But in the "Royal Atlas" of J. G. Bartholomew, F. R. G. S., published in London by T. Nelson and Sons, and issued in Montreal by Beauchemin, in 1914, for Canadian schools, Cape Canon appears with its proper ecclesiastcal title.

on board the Mary Guilford, when this Cape was given the name? He probably arrived there, but it is to be feared that he was killed by the Indians at this point, while making one of those land excursions, which "cunning men" such as he, were wont to undertake, "to search the state of these unknown regions." This surmise is suggested by Oviedo's "History of the West Indies," which Purchas quotes. In speaking of a visit of an English ship at Porto Rico in 1527, he gives the testimony of Gines Navarro, a Spanish sea captain who says:

They said they were Englishmen, and that the ship was from England, and that she and her consort had been equipped to go and seek the land of the Great Cham; that they had been separated in a tempest, and that the ship pursuing her course had been in a frozen sea, and found great islands of ice. They proceeded to examine the Bacalaos, where they found fifty sail of vessels, Spanish, French and Portuguese, fishing; that going ashore to communicate with the natives, the *Pilot, a native of Piedmont,* was killed; that they proceeded afterwards along the coast to the river Chicora, (South Carolina) and crossed over thence to the Island of St. John.

Was this *Piedmontese Pilot,* Alberto de Prato? We do not know that he was a Piedmontese, but it goes without saying that he was an Italian. He was also certainly the pilot or scientific guide of the expedition, for Littré commenting on an order of the great Colbert, with regard to the management of ships, defines a *pilot* as "one who has made a particular study of sea coasts, harbors, practical astronomy, hydrography, and of everything that pertains to the management of a ship either on the high seas or off shore." Thus Sebastian Cabot was the *Grand Pilot* of Castile; Cartier was a *Master Pilot,* etc. Such must have been also de Prato's position on Rut's expedition. It is true that the "Memoir of S. Cabot" suggests that the victim of the Indians was Verazzano, but Verazzano was a Tuscan and not a Piedmontese, and moreover there is no proof that he was employed by Henry VIII.

If the victim was Albert de Prato, then he is the first priest who died a violent death on the American coast, at least since the time of Columbus, for he anticipates by at least sixty years the Jesuit Segura who was killed on the Rappahanock. The place of his death was probably at the extreme end of the Province of Quebec; and Cape Canon de Prato may have been named to commemorate the tragedy.

While at anchor between Bonaventure Island and Cape de Prato, Cartier was assailed by a violent storm and took refuge in Gaspé Bay, going up into the Basin for greater security. There he met some Indians who revealed themselves as coming from Stadaconé. They had evidently seen white men before, for they were in no way shy of approaching.

At Gaspé he took possession of the country in the name of the King, by erecting a cross and cutting on it the *fleur de lys,* with the inscription, *Vive le Roi de France.* To make the Indians understand the sacredness of the cross, the crew knelt before it, and with uplifted hands, thanked God for having preserved them from the perils of the deep. Again it may be remarked, no priest appeared in this ceremony.

Cartier appears to have fancied that on this occasion the chief was displeased by the *prise de possession,* and that the Indian's speech from his canoe was in the form of an official protest. But in the first place, the French could not have known what the chief was talking about, and secondly, if he did show any evidence of temper, he was easily placated, for after coming aboard he was given a repast and was even persuaded to let Cartier take two important Indians to France. They were the chief's own sons and were known respectively as Taignoagny and Domagaya. Hakluyt calls the former "a crafty knave" and such he turned out to be. The other savages according to the *Récit,* were "a beggarly set," says Cartier, "and two sous would have bought all they had on them or with them."

Leaving Gaspé on July 25, he sailed along the coast of Anticosti, where he was nearly wrecked. Reaching Labrador

in August, he tells us he was shocked by its desolation. He thought "it must have been given by God to Cain."

Of the inhabitants he says nothing, but Father Laure who was a missionary there later, was of the opinion that "there was no hope of their salvation short of a miracle. Buried in the caves of inaccessible rocks, they breathe only by a little hole, which serves for both door and window; they allow no one to approach them, not even the Basques, though the conviction was common thereabouts, that a Basque fisherman was their unfortunate Adam. He and some hideous Eve were shipwrecked on the coast." Others say that two seals tired of the sea, came ashore and began the race. But as *loup marin,* the name of the giant seal, is also that of an old sailor, just as we describe an ancient mariner as an old sea-dog, the procreation of these degraded Esquimo may not have been a case of evolution from below.

Winter was now approaching and it was thought safer to steer for France. It is rather disappointing, for Cartier does not seem to have achieved very much on that first voyage. With two savages who were subsequently going to misbehave themselves, with no information about the Northwest Passage and with no gold, he entered the harbor of St. Malo, on September 5, 1534, and made his report to the Admiral.

CHAPTER II

Second Voyage

In spite of the apparent failure of his first expedition Cartier had evidently produced a favorable impression on the King. He soon received a second commission for a fifteen months cruise, and was given three ships: the Grand Hermine, the Little Hermine and the Emérillon. They are all famous in history though they were only diminutive things, the first not being more than one hundred and twenty tons, the second, sixty and the third, forty. All told there were one hundred and ten people on board; among them a number of gentlemen adventurers who had volunteered for the expedition. The *Récit* gives a partial list of the crew, seventy-four in all and in looking over it, we are confronted by the ghosts of the chaplains of the expedition, which have so long haunted the public mind. They are "Dom" Guillaume le Breton and "Dom" Antoine; evidently, it is argued, two Benedictine monks.

At the first glance this would seem like peremptory and documentary evidence. Nevertheless it is not necessary to admit that these two titles announce either priests or Benedictines, for in the first place Dionne maintains that the title "Dom" was not restricted to Benedictines in those days. It was given to secular priests. Secondly it would be unseemly for a pious man like Cartier, to have shown such disrespect for the clergy as not only to classify his chaplains with his crew, but to place them down so low in the list. Among the seventy-four named they are rated as the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth. Thirdly in the Parliamentary Library of Ottawa there is a *fac simile* of this document, with the signature of Laverdière, the old Librarian of Laval University, vouching for its correctness. It is dated November 22, 1859. But un-

der the name "Dom Antoine" appears the following note: "This name which was omitted in the original was supplied by M. Charles Cunat in the list published at St. Malo, December 4, 1858." It will be remembered that Charles Cunat is Avezac's "old sailor" who loved his native city so tenderly. Moreover in the margin opposite both names are certain characters which the paleographers have interpreted as meaning "Dom." Now no judge even in the old times of persecution would convict a man of being a Benedictine or anything else on such slender evidence, especially as these clergymen never appear in the subsequent proceedings of the voyage, as will be seen in the course of this narrative, which very much against our wish has to assume here and there a somewhat controversial tone. It is especially unpleasant as the controversy is a little outworn at least in some parts of the world.

Whether there were priests or not aboard, however, Cartier did not omit to ask God's blessing on the enterprise. On the 16th of May, which was Pentecost Sunday, 1535, he and all the crew went to Confession and Communion at the Cathedral, and then assembled in the choir where they knelt down and asked the bishop's blessing on themselves and their ships. Faillon tells us that the prelate's name was Briçonnet whereas Pope insists that it was Bohier, but whoever he was, there is no doubt that he stood among the throngs that flocked to the shore of the harbor, three days afterwards, when the three little ships hoisted sail and pointed to the west. Perhaps like Wolsey, when bidding farewell to Rut's crew, he too may have said *Dominus vobiscum* to Cartier's men, but no Frenchman ever took that for the name of any of the vessels, as happened in the former case.

All went well for the first few days, but a storm soon scattered the ships. The Grand Hermine, on account of her size made better headway than the others, and on June 25, she anchored off Isle des Oiseaux, and after taking on a plentiful supply of birds, made for Blanc Sablon which was

reached on July 7. The others arrived on the 26th, eleven days after the appointed time.

After a while they proceeded slowly along the coast and entered what is conjectured to be Pashasheebee Bay. Then steering west, they anchored in the Baie du Pillage. It was August 10, the feast of St. Lawrence, and hence the Bay of Pillage received the better appellation of St. Lawrence's Bay. Later on, the saint placed his seal on the Gulf itself and on the mighty river that flows into it.

It is interesting to note that the two Indians who had been taken from Gaspé, the year before, and were now returning home, had picked up a knowledge of French, though it could hardly have been extensive. From them it was learned that Anticosti was an island, and that at two days journey from its western cape, the Saguenay country began, which according to them, extended along the north shore to Canada. The Indian name of Anticosti, they said, meant "the place where you go for bears."

On August 15, they came to an island which they called Assumption, and then skirting the north shore, they passed Trinity Bay and the Pointe des Morts, where the Indians informed them the great river of Hochelaga began. They added that it was an immense stream which grew narrower and narrower until it reached Canada, where the water became fresh, and led into the interior so far that no one had ever seen its source.

One would imagine that this would be welcome news to the explorers. Not at all. They were looking for the Northwest Passage and hence they tried to ascend the little Moisie which is always swollen at that season of the year. A short distance up, it was found to be so shallow that even canoes could not ascend it, and in disgust the navigators returned to their ships at Sept Isles, where bad weather kept them for several days. On the 24th Cartier, at last, concluded to sail up the river. He first halted at Bic, whose harbor he pronounced to be of no account. On September 1, he saw the

Saguenay and there a number of Indians came out to meet him, but singularly enough he did not attempt to ascend it, even though it went northwest. Perhaps in their own interest his Indian interpreters dissuaded him. Finally, on September 6, he dropped anchor at Isle aux Coudres or Hazlenut Island which he was informed by the savages was the beginning of Canada proper. Mass was said there, according to the *Récit,* on September 8, which is in flat contradiction with the later declaration of Champlain who says explicitly that the first Mass in Canada was celebrated at Rivière des Prairies, June 24, 1615. On the other hand, Charlevoix denies that the name Canada was ever restricted to the region that begins at Isle aux Coudres.

After that, the first anchorage was made off the north shore of the Isle d'Orleans, which the sailors named the Isle of Bacchus, because of the grapes, that were there in abundance. When a landing was effected the Indians fled in terror, but as soon as their long lost brothers, Taignoagny and Domagaya, the tourists from France, assured them there was nothing to fear, a fleet of canoes began to swarm about the ships.

The following day marked a solemn event. The great chief Donnacona, who claimed such obedience as the savages are wont to give,—and it was not much—came out in his paint and feathers to pay his respects to the distinguished chief of the expedition. Twelve canoes escorted him, but before going aboard he relieved his feelings by a mighty speech. It must have been thunderous in volume for the *Récit* tells us he began it, not far from shore. Then the interpreters speaking from the ship's side addressed the chief. They informed him that they had been well treated in France, —an unnecessary assurance, for the chief had heard it all from the other Indians the day before; but when this official account was given by the interested parties, he consented to go aboard where his heart was made happy by a feast.

Donnacona did not live on the Island but at Stadaconé.

Cartier, therefore, set sail for that place and anchored in its harbor, which he called Ste. Croix, for it was the 14th of September, the feast of the Holy Cross. Two days later, he ascended to the St. Charles, the *Coubir Coubat,* or Winding River, which empties into the St. Lawrence opposite the Basse Ville of Quebec, but he left the Emérillon in the roadstead, to be ready at any moment to go up the river to Hochelaga, which he had determined to see.

The exact spot, where he stationed the Grand and Little Hermine, has been amply verified as being at the confluence of the Lairet with the St. Charles, on the left bank of the latter river. Opposite this place was Stadaconé, which Ferland says must have been situated in the space between what is now Rue de la Fabrique and the Côteau Ste. Geneviève, near the Plains of Abraham, which then and at a much later period meant the top of the hill. Cartier notes that the village was extensive, was tolerably well built and amply supplied with corn from the surrounding fields, which were under cultivation.

The Indian interpreters, especially Taignoagny, now began to draw off from the French. It was also noticed that the savages in general were very attentively and suspiciously watching every manoeuvre of the ships. They were evidently nervous about the proposed journey up the river, the first recorded instance of Quebec's jealousy of Montreal. To thwart the project, Donnacona came out to the ships, while 500 of his people in canoes covered the river; probably to make an impression of strength. The two interpreters informed Cartier that they would not go with him, and when he replied that they might stay at home, they and the other red men went off in bad temper. The next day they came back with gifts, one consisting of two little boys and a girl, but the captain was told that these offerings were conditional on his renouncing his purpose. When that failed, all sorts of stories were told about the dangers of the river, the rigor of the climate and the fierceness of the people. Lastly, after all

arguments had proved ineffectual, a childish bugaboo was contrived to strike terror to the hearts of those seasoned old sailors. Three hideously painted braves, with horns on their heads, appeared in a canoe. No other Indians were in sight. They were all hiding on the banks, awaiting results. It was a slow proceeding. The canoe drifted towards the ships, and on arriving within speaking distance, the crowd came out in full view on the shore and waited, breathless with expectation. Up rose the chief performer. Looking straight before him into space he shouted out as rapidly as he could a monotonous and unintelligible chant, and when he had finished, the canoe made for the shore and the tribe rushed to meet it. The singer was dead apparently. They carried him to a wood, canoe and all, and then was heard a howling and yelling that was prolonged indefinitely. Finally came a lull, and the two interpreters rushed back to the shore shouting: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" and then again: "Jesus! Marie! Jacques Cartier." Evidently their French theological education was confused. When they were asked what it was all about, they replied that their god Cudragny had told his representatives that "there was so much snow and ice at Hochelaga, that any one who was rash enough to go there would surely die." The sailors cheered the announcement and assured the Indians that Cudragny was a prevaricator. The chief of course waxed wroth at this insult and insisted that if Cartier persisted in going, he must leave a hostage. The hostage that Cartier left was the brace of ships in the St. Charles to inspire the natives with proper fear of the consequences of bad behavior. A few days before, Donnacona had asked to hear the guns. The request was granted and when the roar reverberated against the rock and rolled out to the river beyond, while the pall of smoke hung above the village, the Indians were so startled that they fled in consternation. Cartier gravely writes in his diary: "They thought that hell had broken loose." Perhaps he let the cannons speak again as a warning before the Emérillon lifted her anchor and started

up the stream. He took with him the captains of the three ships, the gentlemen adventurers and fifty men.

The journey was easy and pleasant. The abundance of wild grapes along the river was one of the things especially noted. At what was probably Pointe au Platon, the Indians came out in their canoes and the chief offered two of his children; one a little girl of about eight, the other a boy of two or three. The baby was declined, but the girl was accepted and acted subsequently as an excellent interpreter.

On the 28th, they entered Lac St. Pierre; that name, however, was not given by Cartier but subsequently by Champlain. There the Emérillon had to be left, because of the difficulty of finding the channel, and the rest of the journey was made in the ship's boats. The consequence was that only the three captains, the gentlemen volunteers, and twenty-eight sailors were able to see Hochelaga. The rest had to take care of the ship. They arrived on the 28th of October, but authorities differ, about the location of the landing place. Some say that it was at the *Sault,* others at the *pied du courant.* It was more than likely the former. For their is nothing in the *courant* to prevent twenty-eight stalwart sailors from pulling against the stream in that part of the river. Ordinary row boats do it. De Costa fancies that the current was "an incoming stream." It is the St. Lawrence itself crowding in between St. Helen's and Montreal Island. Nor, as alleged, would they have been compelled to pass the village, for the Hochelaga of the present time, which is one of the eastern wards of Montreal, is not the site of the old Indian village, which was at the foot of the mountain. About one thousand Indians were waiting for them on the bank as the boats were beached, and the strangers were given a hearty welcome. Indeed all the way up, the Indian fishermen had offered them part of their catch and the hunters their game, and at one landing, a chief carried Cartier ashore in his arms; but at Hochelaga the jubilation was so boisterous and oppressive that the men had to go back to their boats to escape it. And

even that did not avail, for fires were lighted on the shore and the singing and dancing were kept up all night long.

Next day, leaving a captain and eight men to guard the boats, Cartier and the rest of the party set out for the village. They were dressed in their most gorgeous attire, and the trumpeters led the way. After a tramp of a league and a half through a forest of oak, they were met by one of the minor chiefs and a band of warriors. A fire was lighted and as they sat around it, the usual savage love of speech making was indulged in. When the orator was exhausted, Cartier gave him a hatchet and hung a cross around his neck. Then the journey was resumed, and emerging from the woods they crossed a corn field in the midst of which they found Hochelaga. In Ramusio there is a picture of it, evidently drawn by some poetical European. It is a perfect circle, laid out by rule and compass. It is defended in the front and rear by closely mortised boards, apparently turned out from a sawmill. On the upper platform are a number of warriors hurling stones at very peaceful looking individuals below, who are not paying the slightest attention to this warlike proceeding, but are walking up and down or bowing to each other, as if they were in some ducal court beyond the sea. Within the structure is the village and beyond are corn fields cut as clean on the ends as if a mowing machine had done the work.

From discoveries made in 1860, it was agreed that the structure covered something more than two acres, and was situated between what are now Metcalfe and Mansfield Streets on the east and west, and Burnside Place and Sherbrooke Street on the south and north. As these streets are adjacent to each other, it is evident that the space would be too restricted to include all the houses of the village as the artist has depicted them.

The Frenchmen were received with great enthusiasm and were seated on mats in the midst of an admiring circle of men and women, who stroked the arms and shoulders of the strangers, or held up the babies for the great white chief to

touch. Superior beings had evidently come to the village. Suddenly an opening was made in the crowd, and eight stalwart warriors strode in carrying a crippled old man on their shoulders. He was their chief, who had been disabled by sickness or by wounds received in battle. He was dressed like the others, and a crown of porcupine quills was the only mark of his office. When placed on his mat he made signs to Cartier to do something to give life to his shrivelled limbs. The wish was complied with and his legs were vigorously rubbed. Then Cartier read over him the Gospel of St. John as a supplication to God that the sufferer's pain might be alleviated. This was a signal for a general rush from all sides. The sick were carried from their cabins and babies were held up for a blessing. Cartier willingly complied with all they wanted, and to make the ceremony more solemn, read over the entire throng the Passion of Our Lord. When the prayer was finished, the musicians gave a blast on their trumpets, and after distributing a few trinkets and some religious articles, they made their way to the boats.

In his "History of Canada," Kingsford denounces Cartier for playing the wizard on this occasion. One might as well condemn a father for blessing his children. Reading prayers over the sick has always been a Catholic practice, and the Church does not need outside instructions about the propriety of such an act. Incidentally, however, the fact that it was Cartier who read these prayers is proof positive that there was no priest present at that first visit to Montreal. Perhaps the chaplains had been left at Stadaconé, but that is not likely.

Before departing, the French were asked to ascend the mountain to take a look at the surrounding country. The invitation was gladly accepted, and from the summit they gazed at the beautiful scene below them. Their wildest dreams never fancied that one day a mighty city would be established there. Naturally Cartier thought of his liege lord, Francis I, and gave the mountain the name of Mont-Real.

Coming down, they entered their boats and started for Stadaconé. The people followed them along the shore, possibly to the end of the Island.

They found the Emérillon at her anchorage in Lake St. Peter, and recounted to their anxious companions the story of their adventures at Hochelaga. On the following day they resumed their journey and on the 7th arrived at the St. Maurice, which they called the Fouez, and, conjecturing that it came down from the mysterious Saguenay country, they started to explore it. They did not go far, however. The water soon grew shallow, and they returned to the ship after erecting a cross on one of the islands at the mouth of the river. They reached Stadaconé on September 11, after an absence of twenty-two days.

The crews had evidently grown nervous while Cartier was away. They had built a stockade on the Lairet, and behind it had anchored their two ships. However, Donnacona seemed to be in good humor and hastened to pay his respects to the Captain. The visit was returned the following day and this seems to be the first time that Cartier entered the village on the Rock. He noted the scalps hung on a pole at the entrance, and the chief told him they were the trophies of a great fight down at Gaspé where he had killed two hundred of the enemy. As there were only five scalps, Donnacona must have been unusually kind to his foe, for five scalps scarcely represented two hundred dead. On this occasion Cartier tried to give his red friend some idea of God, but his interpreters were unreliable, and little progress was made. The Indians, however, frequently asked for baptism, but, of course, their request was not heeded. They were told that priests with chrism were required. The answer would imply that there were no priests present, but the advocates of the contrary theory interpret the reply strictly and contend that not the absence of priests but of chrism constituted the impediment. Apart from the theology involved, it is hard to explain why two priests should travel so far without the holy oils which

they might need at any moment. At all events, no Indians were baptized.

Cartier gives some details about the customs that obtained at Stadaconé: the prevalent polygamy; the widows' practice of going into mourning by blackening their faces with grease and charcoal; the general promiscuousness of the sexes; their reckless habits of gambling, in which they risked every stitch they had on, which, considering the extent of their wardrobe, kept the stake from being excessive; their method of agriculture which was restricted to the use of short sticks for digging and was exclusively a feminine enjoyment. His description of their habit of smoking is perhaps the first we have on record and is somewhat diverting.

"One of their herbs," he says, "they value very highly. The squaws gather it in great quantities for winter consumption. It is dried in the sun and carried in a small fur bag around the neck. They are constantly reducing it to powder and putting it into a bowl of stone or wood, in which they place a live coal and draw in the smoke through a tube. The whole body seems filled with the smoke and it issues from the mouth and nostrils as from a chimney,"—which goes to show that inhaling is not a modern vice. "We tried to imitate them," he says, "and afterwards tasted the powder but we found it was as hot as pepper."

The Indians told him "it kept them warm." That must have consoled him, for he often pitied the poor wretches as they walked almost naked on the ice. He piously adds: "May God in His mercy deign to look down on them!"

In spite of their poverty these guileless aborigines were evidently witty, for they told him most wonderful stories about the country around: how the Richelieu led down to a land of almonds and oranges, where people wore clothes and lived in palaces and were marvellously rich; how the Saguenay was just the reverse—a weird and darksome gorge whose towering cliffs shut out the sun, and whose inhabitants came into the world with most extraordinary physical deficiencies or abnormalities. Cartier describes them scrupulously, but the

modern chronicler will shrink from putting them in print. When asked where they got the beads for their wampum belts, they said they were shells found in the wounds of a corpse which they usually allowed to soak for twelve hours in the river bed. They were evidently amusing themselves with the strangers.

But Cartier had now to face something more than these absurdities. A winter was upon him, such as he had never before seen: "The river became as solid as stone. The ice was *deux brasses,* or about nine or ten feet thick; the snow swept down in whirlwinds and buried the ships deep in its drifts; the water in the barrels turned to ice, and the cold chilled the men to the marrow of their bones."

In December, news came out to the imprisoned ships that there was sickness in the village, and that fifty Indians had already died. An attempt was made to quarantine them but without success, and they persisted in coming to the ships. Finally the malady showed itself among the sailors. It was accompanied by emaciation, swollen and blackened limbs and contraction of the nerves. The legs, thighs, shoulders and hips were all affected; the mouth was filled with a virulent pus; the gums rotted and the teeth fell out. By the middle of February, out of one hundred and ten men only ten had escaped the contagion. Eight had died, and all hope was abandoned for fifty others. The condition of the crew was carefully kept from the savages who were every day prowling about the fort. To foster their ignorance, Cartier, who had fortunately escaped the contagion, went out every day on the ice with some of the men and ordered them around as if they engaged in some important work. Even the sick in the cabins were told to hammer against the sides of the ships and to make all the noise they could, so as to persuade the Indians that all was well with the whites, and that they were able to defend themselves against attack.

The trouble grew worse day by day. At one time there were not three healthy men in the crews. On one ship not a

man was strong enough to go below deck to get a drink of water for himself or his companions, and the dead had to be laid in the snow, for it was impossible to dig a hole in the frozen earth.

During all this time Cartier was fervently praying for his stricken men. He now resolved to make a united and public supplication to Almighty God, and with that in view

"he fastened a picture of the Blessed Virgin on a tree about an arrow-shot from the fort, and ordered that Mass should be said there on the following Sunday, and commanded both sick and well who could possibly drag themselves thither to go in procession, chanting the seven psalms of David and the Litany, and praying to the Virgin to ask her dear Child to have pity on them. When the Mass was said and celebrated, Cartier made himself the Captain pilgrim to Our Lady of Rocamador, promising to go thither if God gave him the grace to return to France." The account grimly adds: "That day, Philippe Rougemont, native of Amboise, about twenty-two years of age, died." "In that way," says Parkman, "the Blessed Virgin answered his prayers."

Parkman, of course, did not know that there are other graces gained by prayer besides temporal help. The supplications of Martha and Mary did not avert the death of their brother, but the failure brought out their faith, and has been a most salutary lesson to the world evere since. So it was in the case of Cartier. It did not affect his confidence in God, and he set himself to see if he had exhausted all the natural means that had been placed at his disposal to put an end to the scourge. He determined to examine the body to see which organ was affected; in brief, to make an autopsy of the corpse. It is the first instance of a *post mortem* in this part of the world. It was a very daring thing to do. At that very time that Vesalius was evoking a storm in the universities of Paris and Louvain by his anatomical researches, a rough sailor with rude and improvised instruments, in the infected cabin of his ship, where the atmosphere was laden with poison, dared to do the same thing with imminent danger of killing himself

in the course of the operation. The *Récit* gives a detailed description which the squeamish would do well to skip:

"The heart was found blanched and shrivelled and floating in a reddish fluid. The liver was in a good state, but the lungs were black and corrupt. When the heart was opened it was found to be full of black and putrid blood, and about two inches of the spleen was affected as if it had been rubbed with a rough stone. An incision was made in the thigh, which was very black exteriorly, while the flesh itself was not in a bad state."

The sailor surgeon went no further and poor Rougemont's mangled corpse was taken out and buried in the snow. It is a noteworthy incident in the history of surgery.

Meantime, what were the priests doing who "said and celebrated Mass" before the picture on the tree? Nothing. During all the time of the epidemic there is not a single word of their ministrations at the bedsides of the dying sailors, not a prayer said when their bodies were laid in the snow, and in referring to the ceremonies before the picture, the Holy Sacrifice is spoken of as only secondary to the singing of psalms and the reciting of prayers. Cartier was too good and too intelligent a Catholic to have permitted that. Moreover, it must have been a difficult task to "say and celebrate Mass" on the shores of the St. Lawrence when the ice was ten feet thick and the snow was covering the vessels. As in the other parts of the *Récit,* these ever occurring words "the Mass was said" have a sort of mechanical iteration that is exasperating and suspicious.

Apparently Cartier had learned nothing from the autopsy, but he still hoped against hope. A few days afterwards, when out walking gloomily on the ice, his heart broken with grief, as he contemplated the ruin of his life-work, he saw to his amazement Donnacona coming towards him. He knew that the chief had been at death's door, yet there he was apparently in excellent health. When asked about it, Donnacona told Cartier of a tree in the neighborhood from the leaves of which he had made a decoction that had cured him. He called it

the " Ameda." " Show it to me," said Cartier, " for one of my men who was at your village caught the sickness and I want to cure him." The chief, who was always in good humor when his evil genius Taignoagny was not around, immediately sent some squaws to get a branch of the tree. Scientific men have since pronounced it to be the *" épinette blanche "* or white spruce. The bark and leaves were boiled and the patient drank the decoction copiously, at the same time applying the residue of the bark and leaves as a poultice.

"At the end of five or six days," says the *Récit,* " the medicine produced an effect that all the doctors of Louvain and Montpellier could not have brought about in a year, if they had the pharmacopœia of Alexandria at their disposal. When the men saw its effects, they almost killed each other in their struggle to get the medicine. They cut down a tree as big as a huge French oak and used it up in six days."

The nature of the disease has not yet been determined, that it was of a shameful character is denied, and there is no assurance that the *épinette blanche* was the specific. It was sometimes called " Cartier tree."

The ice in the river had now begun to break. It was the opening of the hunting season and Donnacona and his men started for the woods. They were to be gone fifteen days but two months elapsed, and as yet there was no sign of their return. Meantime, a number of strange Indians had made their appearance, and as Cartier had irritated the Stadaconé people by giving the Little Hermine to a neighboring tribe who had always shown themselves friendly, he began to fear that a plot of some kind or other was being hatched against him by way of retaliation. He had abandoned the ship for the simple reason that he had not men enough to work it, and he had decided to leave it to the best friends he had in the neighborhood, judging that they would stand by him in case of trouble. They were delighted to get it, not because they could manoeuvre it, for their nautical science was restricted to the paddling of a canoe, but they had taken a

fancy to the nails which held the timbers together, and they proposed to cut them out, thinking, perhaps, that they might be useful as weapons. So the Little Hermine was towed out of the Lairet into the St. Michel Creek, where it could be easily beached and left high and dry when the tide was out. It was found there buried in the mud three hundred and seven years after Cartier had abandoned it. The translator of Pope's "Jacques Cartier" is worried over the fact that the nails were still in it. As a matter of fact it would have been a wonder if they had ever been extracted. The poor red man with his stone tomahawk could never have succeeded in freeing them from the oak planks in which they were embedded.

Meantime, the strangers were arriving in ever increasing numbers and there was an unexplainable activity on the Rock over against the Lairet. Cartier sent two of his men to find out the cause of it all, but Donnacona pretended to be sick, and Taignoagny, who was evidently deep in whatever was going on, forbade the messenger to enter any of the wigwams. To make sure that his order would be complied with, he himself conducted the men back to the ships.

It turned out that there was a plot to depose Donnacona from the chieftainship in favor of an individual named Agouana, who now appears for the first time on the scene. Cartier's anxiety was thus set at rest. It was not an uprising against him and his men, but a struggle of domestic politics. Indeed, Taignoagny, who probably coveted the place for himself, requested Cartier to carry off Agouana to France.

Cartier wanted some Indians to return with him so as to have them tell the King all about the gold and diamonds of the Saguenay, but he concluded to capture the wily Taignoagny himself who had already played him many bad tricks. Temporary expatriation would be a proper atonement for his offences, and might do good to his soul. Domagaya he knew would be glad to repeat his journey over the sea, and as the gentle Donnacona would probably be tomahawked by

his rival if he remained, he decided that he must, for safety sake, be transported.

Of course the Indians were not advised of the plan, and so on May 3, after having erected a cross with the inscription on it "*Franciscus Primus, Dei Gratia Francorum Rex, Regnat,* Cartier seized the three Indians and had them brought aboard the ship. There was consternation in the tribe at this high-handed measure, but Donnacona seemed to like the prospect of a sea voyage. He had always been treated well by the French, and when the canoes gathered around the ship, he told his people that he was quite willing to go, that he was already enjoying himself as Cartier's guest, and would be back again in twelve moons after discussing matters with the King of France and receiving at his hands magnificent presents for the tribe. After this every one seemed happy, and the squaws came out to supply the chief with provisions for the journey; but the braves kept away, apprehensive, perhaps, that they might be taken as exhibits to the Old World; and so, on Saturday, May 6, 1536, the ships hoisted anchor and sailed down the river.

It is hard to see how this action of Cartier can be regarded as a stain on his honor. His conduct was quite unlike that of other explorers, such as the English Hawkins and Morgan and Drake, and their compeers, who ruthlessly murdered the natives or carried them off into slavery. Many of the tribe came out to see the ships as they passed down the river but made no protest. At the Isle aux Coudres, Donnacona harangued a number of them, promised to be back again soon, and, instead of showing anger, they were delighted at the honor paid to the chief and even brought presents aboard. In brief, the indignation manifested by some writers against Cartier's alleged cruelty, is of their own manufacture.

Crossing the channel between Gaspé and Anticosti, and passing Cap Nord which he called Cap de Lorraine, he kept the coast of Cape Breton in sight for several days. He then

pointed for Newfoundland and lingered for a while at St. Pierre Miquelon, where he met a number of French fishing craft. On the 16th he started again and when he reached the Baie des Trépassés he left one of his ships there. He had not enough healthy men to work it. After taking in a supply of wood and water he made for St. Malo, where, he says, "we arrived by the grace of the Creator on July 6th. May God, who guided us in the journey over the sea, grant us grace and paradise at the end. Amen."

CHAPTER III

The Last Voyages

Although Cartier returned to France with only one of his three ships, and with a mere remnant of the one hundred and ten men who had sailed out of St. Malo, the year before; and although he brought no information about the Northwest Passage, his fellow countrymen welcomed him enthusiastically. He was summoned by the King, who, while listening with intense interest to the story of the wintering at Stadaconé, strove to appreciate the importance of the new lands that were added to the royal domain. Orders were given to instruct the Indians and baptize them, as soon as possible, but it was only three years afterwards that a record was made on the public register, that "on Lady Day, March 25, three Indian men of Canada who had been taken in those parts by that honorable gentleman, Jacques Cartier, Captain of our Lord, the King, were duly baptized." Cartier was sponsor for one of them. Clearly there was no undue haste in the process and it is noteworthy that the two troublesome fellows, Taignoagny and Domagaya, needed another year of probation. The chief Donnadona was baptized at the same time, and was called Francis, as a compliment to the King or to the Indian. His name has been given in modern times to the short street that runs in front of the Ursuline Monastery at Quebec.

Cartier immediately set about organizing a new expedition, but the King was again at war and Cartier's old friend, Admiral Chabot, was no longer in favor at court. It was only after the truce of 1538 that His Majesty determined to act. The next move in the project of colonization must be on a gigantic scale. Indeed some of the European Governments took alarm at the magnitude of the preparations and Spain

sent spies to see what it portended. Discovering that it was only an expedition to visit the codfish region, all anxiety was dismissed.

To give the enterprise more importance, the Sieur de Roberval, whom the King used to call *le petit roi de Vimeux,* was put in command as "Lord of Norembega, Viceroy and Lieutenant of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Labrador, Grand Bay and the country of the Bacalaos or Codfish." His Majesty furnished funds to the extent of 45,000 livres, and appointed Cartier second in command, but failed to specify clearly the rights and duties of the two leaders. There were to be four ships, and the battered old Emérillon, was added for good measure. Strict commands were issued to establish the Catholic religion in the new countries, but, with shocking disregard for the *convenances,* Cartier was ordered to ransack the jails for prospective colonists. Only those who had been committed for heresy, *lèse-majesté,* and forgery were to be exempt from conscription. The prospect of peopling Canada with jail birds was not very comforting, but as people were put into prison in those days for trifling offences or for none, and as Cartier, whose judgment could be trusted, was left a free hand in his choice, it is probable that the passengers finally secured were not, on the whole, a very objectionable set. The field of selection was large for the provosts and bailiffs and seneschals, and justices and court officers of the great cities had been enjoined by royal order to facilitate Cartier's task.

The fleet was to set sail by April 15 at the latest, but it was fully a month before Roberval, who was essentially a laggard, had his ships ready. They were all at anchor waiting for the signal to depart when the commander-in-chief appeared, only to say that the artillery and ammunition were not yet available. As any further delay might provoke the royal displeasure, Cartier was told to start, while Roberval hurried off to Honfleur, promising to follow later with two more ships. At last, on May 23, 1541, Cartier sailed out of

St. Malo on his third voyage to the New World. He was not, however, in a happy mood. The Indians whom he had brought over to France under a promise to carry them back again "after twelve moons," were all dead, except one: the little girl who had been given to him by her father, when the Emérillon anchored in Lake St. Peter. The change from the free life of the woods to the confinement of a city had been fatal for all the others. How would he explain it to their friends? He himself was not to blame, for he had sincerely intended to be back in the St. Lawrence in the following spring, but he had not counted on the wars that his sovereign was engaged in. The Indians would now doubt his word and regard him as an enemy, even though the expatriated savages had been very happy in France. Donnacona, the chief, had been treated with especial consideration. Thevet, who had lived in Cartier's house for five months, testifies that "Donnacona had learned to speak French fairly well and had died a good Christian," and as the others had all remained at St. Malo, where Cartier's authority was supreme, it is more than likely they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Nevertheless, he was so depressed by it that he spoke of it to the King, who on that account declared in the Commission that: "Albeit His Majesty was advertised by the said Cartier of the death and decease of all the people which were brought over by him, save one, yet he resolved to send him thither again."

In this voyage the Grand Hermine becomes simply the Hermine; her little namesake was lying in the mud of the St. Charles or the adjoining creek. The Hermine carried her usual one hundred and twenty tons; while the poor old weather-beaten Emérillon had, as will be remembered, only forty. There were three others of eighty tons each. The passage was long and hard, the water gave out and the cattle suffered, and before Carpont Island was reached the ships had parted company. How is it possible that such an expedition could have worried the nations of Europe?

Cartier waited six weeks or thereabouts at Carpont, but there were no signs of Roberval. Finally he lost patience, hoisted anchor and reached his old resting place at Stadaconé, on August 23, three months after leaving St. Malo.

Of course, the first question was "Where is Donnacona?" The answer was: "He is dead and buried in distant France." There was an ominous silence, and every one showed signs of intense grief except Agouana. He was happy because his chieftainship was assured. "But where are the others?" Historians tell us that, at this point, Cartier disgraced himself by a lie. He answered that "All were married, were living as great lords in France and had no desire to return to Canada."

On the face of it, this is a clumsy calumny. Why should he not have included old Donnacona in the same category as the rest? He would thus have covered the whole territory in which trouble was apprehended. Moreover, had he uttered such a falsehood, there was an Indian girl at his side just back from France, who would have flashed back to her people the denial of the assertion in a language that Cartier did not understand; or, at least, she would have revealed his falsehood subsequently. Certainly the great man was not so bereft of common sense. The whole thing is a fiction. As a matter of fact no trouble ensued; the new chief put a crown on Cartier's head and bracelets on his arms, and the Frenchmen quietly established themselves at Quebec.

No doubt it was the unpleasant remembrances of the wintering on the Lairet that prompted him this time to choose another site for his habitation. He went up to Cap Rouge, where he anchored three of his ships in the creek and left the other two in the roadstead, and by September 2 he had erected a fort and mounted some cannons on its walls, as a protection for the ships. When that work was completed he despatched to France the two vessels he had left in the river, to find out what had become of Roberval. One was commanded by Cartier's brother-in-law, the other by his nephew,

whose letter about his uncle was subsequently found by historians.

He now puts down in his note book many of the characteristics of the country around him. He was surprised at the beautiful trees with which the land was covered; there were grapevines in abundance, but the grapes were not as sweet as those of France; for, of course, they were wild; the soil was all that could be desired for cultivation, and in a single day, a force of twenty men had cleared an acre and a half of ground, and planted cabbages, turnips and lettuce; in a week the sprouts showed themselves. He was looking for gold, of course, and in digging the foundations of a second fort, which he placed on the top of the mountain so as to command the river and cover the lower fort at the same time, he fancied he had found diamonds and gold, but they turned out to be nothing but quartz and pyrites. He called this new establishment after the King's son, Charlesbourg-Royal.

When everything was settled to his satisfaction, the desire seized him of running up to Hochelaga, and perhaps of going beyond the Sault, to the north or west. Hence on September 7, he started with two boats, and on the way, called to see his old friend at Hochelay whose daughter was now his interpreter. He left two French lads there to learn the language of the tribe and won the old savage's heart by giving him a scarlet cloak, plentifully dotted with yellow and white pewter buttons. Some little bells completed the Indian's bliss.

The record says that they arrived at the first *sault* two leagues from the Indian town of Tutonaguy. Where this was, is difficult to determine. Was it at the Lachine rapids, and was Tutonaguy the same as Hochelaga? As a matter of fact, Hochelaga is never mentioned after his first visit there, but it is only one more instance of what continually occurs in Indian topography; a perpetual changing of names and a shifting of locations. When passing the Sault, he stowed his boats in a safe place and followed the trail up to

the second *sault,* where he was well received in an Indian village. He was told of a third rapids, farther up, but decided not to see it; and bidding farewell to the four hundred savages, who wanted to go through some of their ceremonies for his entertainment, he returned to his boats. Some one told him later that the entertainment was probably only a prelude for his death, and that even the scarlet-cloaked savage at Hochelay had gone down to see Agouana at Stadaconé, to arrange for a general massacre of the whites. Believing these rumors, Cartier put his fort in better condition, and prepared for the worst. He had no fear now, he said, of being able to hold his own against all the savages of the country. However, no trouble ensued, though Thevet in his "Cosmographie" tells of a sailor having been thrown off the cliff by an Indian. Neither did the scurvy reappear, nor finally was there any news of Roberval. Indeed, as dilatory as ever, he had not left France at all, and it was only on the 16th of April, 1542, that he sailed out of the harbor of Rochelle, with three great ships, carrying two hundred people, some of whom were "persons of quality." Bad luck, however, seemed to haunt him, for his ships were driven back to France and nearly wrecked, and it was only on the 7th of June that he reached Newfoundland. He entered the harbor of St. John on the following day, and found there seventeen fishing smacks. With his usual ability for getting into trouble, a quarrel arose between some Portuguese sailors and his men, and he was detained there a whole month before the controversy was settled.

The quarrel had just begun when he was surprised, one day, to see three French ships enter the harbor. It was Cartier, on his way back to France. Doubtless, also, Cartier was as much disconcerted at meeting his commander-in-chief so unexpectedly. But he explained that he had been unable to hold out any longer against the Indians at Stadaconé, at least he is credited with having given that explanation, but at the same time he extolled the wonders of the country, its fertility,

its future prospects, etc., displaying meantime the diamonds and gold he had with him. These supposed treasures were gravely examined next Sunday morning by the wise men on board, and pronounced to be genuine, which shows how misleading mine prospectors sometimes are.

Roberval was delighted with the account and ordered Cartier to return with him to Canada, but next morning there was no sign of Cartier's ships in the harbor. He had fled in the night to France. The proceeding seems to have been somewhat irregular, and has caused a great deal of worry to Cartier's champions. On the other hand, as he had waited a whole year for Roberval, and had been left without the help that was needed, and as there was no telling when the dispute with the Portuguese would be settled, he probably considered that the terms of the contract had not been observed, and his agreement at an end. If it were insubordination he was not reprimanded for it when he reached France. On the contrary we find him suing Roberval later on for back pay.

According to some accounts he really did go back with Roberval. Thus Charlevoix maintains that in the first place they set out from France together and

"after a pleasant voyage, built a fort, some say, on the St. Lawrence, others, on Cape Breton,"—which is very vague.—"Cartier was left in command with a strong garrison, one ship and sufficient provisions; Roberval meantime returning to France for more ample supplies. It was soon apparent that the place was badly chosen; for the garrison complained of the cold, and the natives of the garrison; and as Roberval was slow in coming back, Cartier set out for France with all his men, and met Roberval in Newfoundland, with a great fleet. Partly by threats and partly by his gracious ways, Roberval got them all to return"

whither, is left to conjecture. Charlevoix is most unsatisfactory in this account.

At all events, Roberval ascended the St. Lawrence, as far as the Saguenay which he entered, and then sent his pilot Alphonse, said to be "a Portuguese or a Galician," but proba-

bly a Frenchman, to find the northwest passage of the Indies above Newfoundland. Alphonse went as far as 52° N. and returned to find that Roberval had departed. In 1549, Roberval came out again, but the ship went down and all on board disappeared in the sea as did all the dreams of the French about Canada, at least for a time.

Cartier was back again in St. Malo, in 1542, and 1544. He seems to have started a fourth time for the St. Lawrence, apparently searching for Roberval who is reported by Ferland as having put the colony in a turmoil by his cruel methods of government. This last journey of Cartier to America must have been made between April and October, 1543, but after that he went to sea no more. He was an old man now and had passed through many years of danger and hardships on the deep. He needed rest and his declining years were spent in the happiness of home between his city house and the rue Buhen at St. Malo and at his farm at Limoihou, whose old fashioned building was surrounded by a stone wall which had two gates quite close to each other. Over the larger one was Cartier's coat of arms, which showed that the King had not ennobled him, for there was no knightly helmet in the escutcheon. His name appears on some of the registers of St. Malo as a *noble homme,* but that did not imply nobility in its social acceptation, any more than the modern term "gentleman" supposes gentle blood. His labors had not brought him wealth for we find him mortgaging his little estate to raise money. He died on September 1, 1557, in the sixty-sixth or sixty-ninth year of his age.

PEDRO MENENDEZ

CHAPTER I

Laying the Plot

After Cartier's hard experiences in Quebec, the Catholics of France lost all interest in the work of colonization. Such was not the case, however, with their Huguenot fellow countrymen. Before Cartier had departed this life, Coligny, the leader of the French Calvinists, had sent out two expeditions to America. Later on, three more were dispatched and when they failed, a composite colony was organized in Acadia under Huguenot influence and backed by Huguenot money, and immediately after that, several successive commercial organizations or trusts, made up of men of the same religious bias, absolutely controlled everything in Quebec, up to the moment when the English flag floated over the French citadel. A sketch of these colonial ventures may be of use to show the difference of methods adopted by Huguenots and Catholics, and also to do away with some of the multiplied misrepresentations which certain writers have engrafted on American history.

Thus, for instance, in his "Pioneers of France in the New World" (C. II), Parkman informs his readers that

> "in the middle of the Sixteenth Century Spain was the incubus of Europe. Gloomy and protentous, she chilled the world with her baneful shadow. Her old feudal liberties were gone, absorbed in the despotism of Madrid. A tyranny of monks and inquisitors, with their swarms of spies and informers, their racks, their dungeons and faggots, crushed all freedom of thought or speech, and while the Dominican held his reign of terror and force, the deeper Jesuit guided the mind from infancy in the narrow depths of bigotry from which it was never to escape.

" Not so with France. She was full of life—a discordant and struggling vitality. Her monks and priests, unlike those of Spain, were rarely either fanatics or bigots; yet not the less did they ply the rack and the faggot and howl for heretic blood. Their all was at stake, their vast power, their bloated wealth, wrapped up in the ancient faith. Men were burned; women were buried alive. All was in vain. To the utmost bounds of France, the leaven of the Reform was working. The Huguenots, fugitives from torture and death, found an asylum at Geneva, their city of refuge, gathering around Calvin, their great high priest. Hence intrepid colporteurs, their lives in their hands, bore the Bible and the psalm-book to the city, hamlet and castle, to feed the rising flame. An ecclesiastical republic spread its ramifications through France and grew under ground to a vigorous life, pacific at the outset for the great body of its members were the quiet bourgeoisie, by habit as by faith averse to violence. Yet a potent fraction of the warlike noblesse was also of the new faith, and above them all preeminent in character as in station stood Gasper de Coligny, Admiral of France."

Such utterances, it is scarcely necessary to say, are declamations and not history. They ignore the fact that the atrocities committed by Catholics originated with their adversaries, and that the uprisings were more political than religious. Thus even Parkman admits that the Huguenot movement was an attempt to overthrow the monarchy and erect an ecclesiastical republic. Kingsford, who is a Protestant, says (I, 122) that " it was the political aspect of Calvinism that was dangerous. *Religious liberty they possessed. They asked for more. They desired to form political combinations dangerous to the unity of France.* The Duke de Rohan was encouraging the project of organizing a Calvinistic Republic and it was in opposition to this view that Richelieu acted when he arrested the political dangers with which the kingdom was threatened. It was not Richelieu who troubled the Calvinists. It was they who commenced hostilities against the government. Under both him and Mazarin they were treated with consideration."

As for Coligny, it may be true that he was not a licentious man, but the observance of one precept of the Decalogue does

not constitute all morality. He is accused apparently with reason of applauding if not of advising and abetting the murder of his former friend, the Duke de Guise, and of having been the guiding spirit in the conspiracy of La Ferté to kill, or at least kidnap, the King and to hand over to Queen Elizabeth the city of Havre which had been built precisely to keep off the English. All these facts are of common history and may be found in Lingard (Vol. VII, 28 and Vol. VIII, 320) citing de Thou (L. XXIV) whom Bancroft describes as "a devout worshipper at the shrine of truth"; Cappefigue (II, 107); Matthieu (IV, 123), and Le Laboureur (I, 152). They are also repeated in the "Biographie Universelle"; in Anquetil's "Histoire de France" (III, 132), and Lavisse's "Histoire de France" (VI, 16, 72). With regard to his abandonment of the Faith the average man will ascribe it not to religious conviction but political ambition.

Finally his colonial enterprises were scandalous violations of international law and were denounced in Court to Queen Catherine as acts of piracy which would embroil the country in a war with Spain. It is with these latter acts that we are now concerned, and though the expedition to Brazil is somewhat outside of the scope of the present set of sketches, a review of it is necessary, because it was the prelude of the subsequent colonization schemes in North America, and also because it best illustrates the character of Coligny, who was fully aware that for fifty years Brazil had not only been claimed but had been developed to a remarkable degree by the Portuguese monarchs and people. We take our description of the condition of Brazil at that time, from the "Histoire du Bresil," by Alphonse de Beauchamp, who being a Frenchman and manifesting at times strong Huguenot sympathies, will not be accused of undue partiality to the Portuguese.

As early as 1500, Cabral had sailed out of the Tagus on his way to the Indies. His departure was marked by unusual solemnity. Mass was celebrated in the cathedral in the pres-

ence of King Manoel and a vast assembly of the notables of the realm. When the Bishop of Ceuta had finished his eulogistic discourse on the greatness of the Commander of the fleet he took the royal standard from the altar where it had been placed to be blessed, and handed it to Cabral, along with a decoration sent by the Sovereign Pontiff, expressing at the same time his supreme confidence in the ability of Cabral, and lavishing on him many other honors and distinctions. Lisbon had never seen anything like it since the departure of da Gama, and as the fleet sailed down the Tagus, it was surrounded by boats of every description which were decorated with flags and banners of every color, and laden with greenery and flowers to the gunwales, so that the river, says Barrow, another historian, "looked like a floating garden in one of the brightest days of the early spring time. Multitudes crowded the shores, and their cheers and the music of their flutes and fifes and trumpets and drums and flageolets reechoed over the hills and valleys and were heard far out on the salt waves of the mighty ocean." "Ever since then," continues the "Histoire du Bresil," "King Manoel always supplied the fleets that sailed for the Indies with a corps of musicians so that those of his subjects who undertook such long voyages might not be deprived of any of these pleasures which could lighten or dispel the weariness that would arise from the fatigue of the journey."

Cabral was not going to the West but to the East Indies. However, keeping off the African coast to avoid being becalmed he was driven west by a storm, and on April 24, 1500, he discovered a new and unknown land in the tenth degree south of the equator. It was Brazil. Black-haired and flat-nosed savages, stark naked, were seen on the shore, but they took to flight and gathered in a group on a near-by hill as the long boats left the ships to reconnoitre. The sea was heavy, and hence Cabral was compelled to coast southward during the night until he reached latitude 16, where he found a splendid harbor which he called Porto Seguro. The name

PORTUGUESE COLONIES IN BRAZIL

is still on the map. There he captured two of the natives who were fishing in a pirogue, and took them aboard. He put beautiful garments on them, gave them bells and bracelets and mirrors and sent them ashore. Immediately the ship was invaded by swarms of natives who exchanged their fruits and maize and manioc for the trifles the Europeans gave them.

On the following day, which was Easter Sunday, Cabral and his chief officers and detachments of the crew, went ashore. An altar was built under a great tree on which a cross was cut. Amid the salvos of artillery, solemn Mass was sung, and a stone cross was erected on the shore. The whole country was called Santa Cruz, because it was on May 3 that possession was taken of the land. But the name Brazil has supplanted the pious designation, for Brazil wood soon became a great article of commerce in the marts of the world. During the ceremonies, crowds of Indians looked on in wonder, observing the profoundest silence, and kneeling or rising and bowing their heads or striking their breasts with the other worshippers. Indeed, a sermon was preached to them, though they did not understand it, for Cabral wanted to be able to say that it was he who first had the Gospel preached in that country.

A ship was immediately sent to Lisbon to tell the King of the great discovery, and a fleet was despatched to take possession of the land. No less a person than Americo Vespucci was entrusted with mapping out the coast. He did it with great danger to himself for he saw some of his sailors eaten by the savages before his eyes. He travelled down as far as the River de la Plata, and after sixteen months navigation came back to show the King where all the available harbors were situated. The result was that six more ships were sent out under Vespucci and Coelho.

Later on Christovao gave its present name to the famous Bay of Bahia where he sunk two French ships which had arrived there a few days before. They were poaching on Portuguese property. Christovao also established a trading port

on the Island of Itamaraca and then returned to Lisbon, whereupon the King divided the country into several provinces which he distributed among the most enterprising of his nobles on condition that they would conquer and colonize them in the name of Portugal. Each concession extended for fifty leagues along the coast with the permission of extending it later on into the interior.

Alfonso de Sousa was the most distinguished of these concessionaries. In 1531, he entered the Rio de Janeiro and went south as far as the Rio de la Plata calling the different ports and islands by the name of the saints on whose festival he discovered them. On January 12, he established his colony of St. Vincent, where he built houses, planted the first sugar-cane of the country and raised live stock. His brother began the settlement of St. Amaro, three leagues further down the coast, and a little later, Coutinho established Our Lady of Victory sixty leagues to the north.

Coutinho's province soon had, immediately north of it, Campo Tourinho's concession of Porto Seguro, which is to-day one of the great ports of Brazil. Tourinho not only built a city there, and made it a great centre for sugar exports, but succeeded in gathering the Indians in villages around him and in instilling in them some elementary ideas of Christianity. Just above Seguro, lies Ilehos where the Indians lived in perfect accord with the new comers. Very far beyond it to the north is Pernambuco, whose name we are told signified the mouth of Hell because of the long submerged reef that almost closed the port. The district extended from the San Francisco to the Juruza River. Coelho discovered the opening in the reef and was so charmed with the first place he saw that he exclaimed: "*O linda situacam para se fundar huma villa.*" Olinda is the name of the city that stands there today. He had a hard time at first with the Indians, especially when some French traders led them against the colony. He was badly wounded in the fight, but all dripping with blood he leaped to his feet, waved

his sword before his dispirited soldiers and rushed into the fight. They followed and drove back the foe. After that the Indians were his friends, and so true, that on one occasion, a chief who was struck in the eye with an arrow, plucked it out and called out to his braves, "I have another eye and that is enough to see the enemy," and he won the day. Another chief rendered such service to the colony that he was decorated with the order of Christ, and received a pension from the Government.

Between Ilehos and Pernambuco lies Bahia which had a very romantic origin. The district had been first granted to Francisco Coutinho, but he was accidentally anticipated by another Portuguese, named Correa, whose ships were wrecked on the coast when he was on his way to the East Indies. Those of the sailors who were not drowned were eaten by the savages. Correa, escaping, made his way through the country, alone, and succeeded in having himself adopted by the Tupinamba Indians, ultimately becoming their chief and marrying one of their women. His musket made him a formidable auxiliary in war, and the savages adored him. They called him Caramarou, "the man of fire." He became the father of a numerous family and Beauchamp assures us that many of the most distingushed people of Bahia trace their origin to him. He established his Indians on the shores of the Bay; after a while taught them how to build houses, and instituted a regular police system in the village.

One day a French ship arrived in the Bay, and Caramourou embarked on it with his wife and sailed for France, where he was received in court by Henry II and Catherine de Medicis. His squaw consort was instructed and baptized and was named Catherine after the Queen. But all of Caramourou's efforts to reach Lisbon were unavailing. The French would not permit him to go. Nevertheless, he succeeded in sending a message to the King through a young ecclesiastical student who was then at Paris and who subsequently became the first Bishop of Brazil. After a while,

the French allowed him to set out once more for Bahia with ships and artillery.

For a time he was happy. His wife proud of her title and her religion built a church and began to instruct the people in the Faith. In the midst of it all, Coutinho, the original concessionary, arrived with a fleet from Portugal. Caramourou loyally submitted, but Coutinho was a cruel master, and after a few years so exasperated the Indians that they killed him and restored their old chief Caramourou to his former place as Governor of Bahia.

It was evident that these great lords of the land who were so far removed from the central authority of Lisbon would eventually come in conflict with each other and with their Indians. Complications with the Spaniards at La Plata were also to be apprehended. Hence John III revoked the powers of all the concessionaries, and appointed Thomas de Sousa as Governor-General with full civil and criminal authority. He was ordered to establish a completely new administration and to found a city in the Bay of All Saints where the romantic Caramourou had achieved such distinction. It was to be not only fortified so as to resist the attacks of the savages and Europeans but was to be the seat of Government and the metropolis of Portuguese America. De Sousa's brother, Alfonso, who had discovered the Rio Janeiro, was at the same time appointed Viceroy of the East Indies, and had the honor of conveying the great Francis Xavier to the city of Goa.

Thomas de Sousa left Europe in April, 1549, with a fleet of six ships carrying nearly one thousand people among whom were the saintly Nobrega and five other Jesuits, who did splendid work in evangelizing the cannibals of the country. They reached Bahia in about two months. Old Caramourou was still there and came to pay his respects to the Governor General. He brought his Indians with him, and as the great official with his suite set foot on shore, they threw their bows and arrows on the ground as a sign of friendship and peace.

After the Mass of the Holy Ghost, de Sousa laid the foundations of the new city on a steep hill close to the right shore of the Bay. He called it San Salvador. A cathedral, a residence for the Governor and a Custom House were immediately erected, the Indians under Caramourou's inspiration joining enthusiastically in the work. In four months one hundred houses were built and plantations laid out. No expense was spared in the construction of the churches. They were planned on a generous scale and so devised that they might serve as forts in case of necessity. The Jesuits received a large concession and soon had a handsome church and college which were supported by revenues allotted by the crown. The whole city was meantime encircled with earthworks protected by a moat and artillery. In the following year another fleet was sent out, making the outlay on the colony so far, not less than 300,000 cruzadas. Next year a third fleet arrived. On it were a number of orphan girls of noble families who were provided with good dowries and were to be married to the officers and employees of the Government; some orphan boys were confided to the care of the Jesuit Fathers. This royal munificence continued uninterruptedly for years.

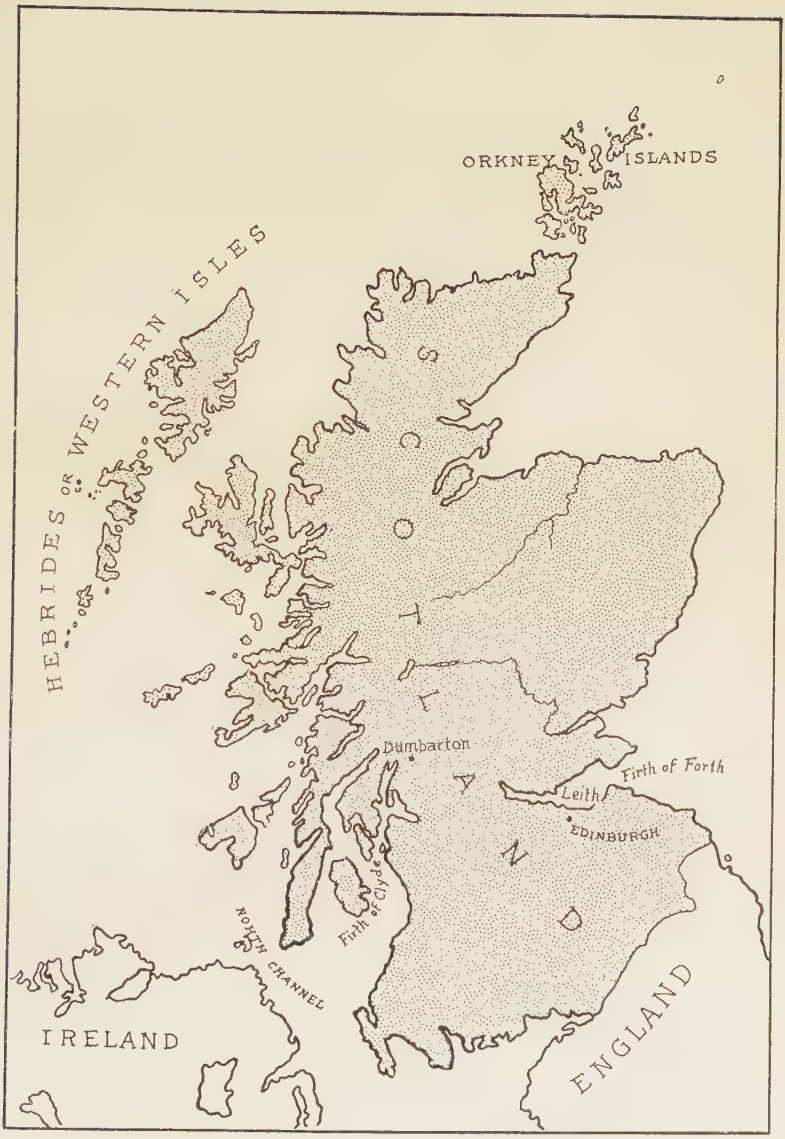
After four years' successful work, de Sousa asked to be relieved. De Costa succeeded him, and in 1558, Mem de Sa was named Governor-General. His administration was the longest and most memorable in the history of Brazil. Such was the country which Admiral Coligny, the high-minded leader of the French Huguenots, determined to appropriate to as great an extent as suited his fancy, in order that his coreligionists might worship God after the dictates of their own consciences.

In this part of our narrative we shall follow Lescarbot who got his account from one who was on the expedition. Being a Huguenot, or with strong Huguenot sympathies, he will not be severe on his friends.

" At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on the twelfth day of July

in the year of the Lord, one thousand five hundred and fifty five," he says, "Monsieur de Villegagnon set sail from the port of Havre de Grace, having provided and put in order whatever seemed suitable for his enterprise. He was accompanied by a number of gentlemen, workmen and mariners, and had two ships which King Henry had consigned to him. They were each of two hundred tons burthen and were amply supplied with artillery both for the defense of said vessels and for use inland. They were accompanied by a transport carrying supplies and whatever was needed for the expedition."

It was not professedly a Calvinist enterprise. Had it been announced as such, it would have provoked a public commotion. Hence Coligny, who is supposed to be a strictly truthful man, informed the King that it was merely a commercial venture. There were, however, eighty Calvinists on board, either secret or avowed. It was a motley crew, for besides the sailors there were mechanics and laborers and decayed gentlemen and worthless sprigs of nobility, and stalwart Scotch Highlanders. The latter are classified by Parkman as "probably Calvinists." Very likely they were not, as the sequel proved. Conspicuous among them all was the famous wandering friar André Thévet, who had already meandered through the Mediterranean Islands and across Asia Minor and Greece and the Holy Land, and was now off with this nondescript assembly to found a Huguenot colony. He was in search of what he called *des singularités* of which no better specimen could be found than himself. He had scarcely set foot on shore before he fell sick, refusing to recover till he found himself on shipboard going back to France. There he was secularized, and became the almoner, historiographer and cartographer of Catherine de Medicis and the King, which afforded him the opportunity of writing his extraordinary books, in one of which he gives a detailed description of Brazil, of which he had seen nothing except the mouth of the Rio Janeiro. He is not taxed with mendacity, but he was hampered by a powerful imagination as well as



THEATRE OF VILLEGAGNON'S EXPLOIT

a boundless credulity. He died in Paris, November 23, at the age of eighty-eight.

But the most complex individual in the fleet was its commander, the Sieur Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon. He was an ex-Knight of Malta. Whether he had abandoned his faith or was working on Coligny for his own personal advancement is a point that historians have not yet been able to determine. He was a giant in stature and was accounted the strongest and handsomest man in Europe. He was the nephew of the famous Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the defender of Rhodes, and had joined the Order in his early manhood. He distinguished himself in the Mediterranean campaign in many ways but especially by stabbing a Moorish horseman after he himself had been pierced by a lance, tearing his foe from the saddle, mounting the charger himself and then plunging into the thickest of the fray. In 1548, he was one of the rescuers of young Mary Queen of Scots from Dumbarton Castle where her mother kept her to prevent the English from carrying her off to marry Edward VI. Villegagnon was then in a French fleet that was anchored in the harbor of Leith. Leith is near Edinburgh, and Dumbarton to the west of it near Glasgow. The distance is inconsiderable, and apparently the rescue might have easily been made by a troop of soldiers travelling overland. But the intervening territory must have been invested by the English and hence another plan was adopted. Villegagnon, and his friend Essé, another Knight, with a party of sailors left Leith with two or three galleys, rounded the dangerous north coast of Scotland, reached Dumbarton, returned by the same route and made for France with the young Queen. After that Villegagnon was one of the famous men of Europe.

Later on when he was Vice-Admiral of Brittany, the news came that the Turks were about to make a descent on Malta. He hurried thither to entreat the Grand Master, Omedès, to put the place in a condition of defence. According to the "Histoire de Malte," Omedès was unworthy of his post. He

had secured his nomination by bribery and intrigue and was using his high office to enrich his family. He scoffed at Villegagnon's warning and did nothing. When, however, the Turks invaded the island and laid siege to the city, though they did not dare to assail the Knights in the citadel, which was some distance away, the beleaguered inhabitants clamored for Villegagnon. He and five or six other chevaliers, therefore, immediately broke through the lines at night, and were hauled up the walls by ropes. He assured the garrison that troops would be sent, though he knew it was a lie, and thus succeeded in infusing new life into the defense. Fortunately a false report, designedly sent out, that Doria was coming to the relief of the Island made the Turks raise the siege, and they then made for Tripoli.

Alarmed at the danger, Omedès implored the French Ambassador at Constantinople to use his influence with the Turks to give up the attempt on Tripoli. The Ambassador assented, made the request but failed, and the Turkish flag soon floated over the battlements. Omedès, of course, was responsible for the disaster and to save his face accused both the Commander of the garrison and the Ambassador of treachery. The case became international, and Omedès, by the help of the Spanish Knights, was on the point of proving his charges when Villegagnon entered the lists, revealed the infamous plot of Omedès and proved the innocence of the Commander and the Ambassador. Being a writer as well as a soldier, he published an account of the whole transaction and destroyed the reputation of the Grand Master. This was his second exploit in the field of letters; he had previously written an account of the African campaigns of Charles V. Both were in Latin.

Here all future reference to Villegagnon ceases in the "Histoire de Malte," a silence that is very much to be regretted for it is the mysterious and hitherto unexplained part of his remarkable career. The whole quarrel, however, reveals an intense racial hatred between the French and Spanish Knights of the Order, which may easily explain the savagery

of the encounters of the two nations in their struggles for the possessions of the New World, and this hatred became accentuated when the element of heresy entered on the French side. The Spaniards openly accused Henry II of being in league with the Turks on account of the French Ambassadorship established at Constantinople and the Calvinists of France were regarded as about as dangerous as the Turks.

When he quarrelled with the Governor of Brest, he determined to leave Europe and go to some part of the world where he could be his own master. The idea of a colony struck his fancy and as he had once visited Brazil, he pitched upon that country as the proper place to carry out his plan, because it was far enough from France to leave him a free hand, at least for the greater part of each year. To procure ships and provisions as well as to obtain the royal sanction, the Admiralty had to be interested in the scheme, and as the chief official in that Department of the Government was Coligny, the only thing to do was to persuade him that it would be an excellent place for his coreligionists who were then talking about leaving France in a body.

Coligny was in a receptive mood, for he was then nursing his wrath against the world in general, and chiefly against the Duc de Guise, who had been his most affectionate friend from boyhood, but who had offended him by claiming all the glory of a battle in which Coligny had borne a conspicuous part. From that out the two friends became bitter enemies. Then came Coligny's defeat at St. Quentin, where he was taken prisoner, and released only by paying a ransom of 50,000 crowns. That drove him from public life for a while, and in his retirement he is said to have abandoned the faith and adopted Calvinism, chiefly through the influence of his brother d'Andelot, a military man and consequently not much given to theology.

Villegagnon's proposition appealed to the Admiral. It would restore him to the King's favor, by holding out a prospect of filling the royal treasury with gold from America.

It would help him in his fight with Guise, and would also recommend him to his coreligionists, as a man solicitious for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He had no difficulty in obtaining the King's consent, and measures were taken to establish the colony of Brazil. It was a most extraordinary position for Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta.

The weather was fair when the ships got out to sea, but the clouds soon gathered, and a storm drove them to the coast of England. There they could find no anchorage, and in a badly battered condition they crossed the Channel and entered the harbor of Dieppe. Villegagnon's ship was leaking badly and three weeks were spent in caulking it and waiting for favorable weather. Meantime several of the passengers and some of the crew discovered that the sea was not a pleasant place and they made for home. Another start was made and again they were driven back; this time into the port from which they had sailed so gloriously more than a month before. Finally, on August 14th, they succeeded. They passed through the English Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, down the coast of Spain and Portugal till they reached the Straits of Gibraltar and from there made for the Madeiras. Arriving off the Canaries or Fortunate Isles, they saw before them "the Peak of Teneriffe, the Mount Atlas of ancient times." They conjectured that there were Spaniards in the fortress at the foot of the mountain, and were sure of it when a shot from its guns pierced the hull of one of the vessels. It was in an answer to their signal for water. Of course, Villegagnon responded as he was forced to do, for he was becalmed. His fire was effective; the houses on shore began to tumble, and women and children were seen hurrying to the protection of the woods. "We almost regretted," says the chronicler, "that we could not make our Brazil at that place." The reason alleged is puerile: "The boats were not on the davits." The French finally sailed away with the loss of one man and a damaged ship.

On the 28th of the month they were "off the promontory

of Ethiopia"—a region which has evidently slipped its moorings since then. The water had now become bad and the torrid heat had started sickness in the ships. Five men had died and many were helpless. Calms and storms succeeded each other and foul smelling rains fell which brought out boils on the bodies of the men. They were still nearly a thousand leagues from Brazil, and it was not until November 3, 1555 that they reached the mouth of the Rio Janeiro.

Villegagnon's choice of a site for his settlement was evidently prompted by his remembrance of Malta. It was a rock at the entrance of the harbor, between two column-like mountain peaks, seven or eight hundred feet high and entirely denuded of trees or vegetation. By its position the island narrowed the approach to the harbor down to a quarter of a league, and had he been able to remain there he would have been in absolute command of the river. But the high tides almost put his little wooden fort afloat, so he migrated to another island higher up, in the immense bay that gradually widens for a dozen leagues into a beautiful country, which, says Beauchamp, "is surrounded by majestic mountains whose shade trees lose themselves in the clouds that take on a purple and azure tint under the brilliant sun of the tropics. The tranquil bay is dotted with little islands of varied shapes whose meadows are clothed with ever varying hues of a vegetation that was continually springing into bloom and the shores were garlanded with odoriferous bushes, all laden with bright flowers, while the bays on the mainland ended in smiling valleys through which numberless rivulets coursed down to the sea." Such was the paradise in which these unpoetic old Huguenots found themselves. It apparently had little effect on their serious souls.

The islet chosen by Villegagnon was a little larger than the first but almost as inhospitable. It had neither water nor trees. The result was that his people were scorched by the sun, and had to go to the mainland to slake their thirst, with the inevitably bad effect upon their temper. But that was a

trifle for the Governor, and with characteristic energy he immediately set to work. On a rock fifty feet high he planted his gubernatorial residence, excavating beneath it sufficient space for a storehouse and a church. The latter was to do service also as a public dining hall. Evidently there was scant respect for the requirements of divine service. The houses of the colonists were built by the Indians who crowded to the Island, and were pressed into service. Villegagnon called the place Fort Coligny, in honor of his patron, and the land he fancied he was taking possession of, *La France Antarctique*.

The inhabitants were not attractive. Their dress consisted of nothing, and though they, at first, donned some of the gaudy stuffs they got from the sailors, they soon threw them away and resented any attempt by the French in behalf of the ordinary decencies. They were quite delighted at the advent of the strangers, but the strangers must have shuddered when they discovered that these smiling savages had an insatiable appetite for human flesh. They were cannibals of the worst type.

To the surprise of everyone, a band of twenty-eight Normandy sailors made their appearance. They had been shipwrecked on the coast seven years before and were living with the Indians. They had copied all the native vices and added some of their own. Villegagnon found them useful as interpreters, but he was shocked at their degradation. He himself was a man of austere morality, and in all the abuse that was heaped upon him subsequently, no one ever accused him of laxity of conduct. He had no objection to his men marrying Indian women, but he swore he would hang anyone who was guilty of irregular relations with them. Of course, he had no control over the castaways; for they lived in the woods with the savages. But his attitude in their regard made them his enemies and they determined to bring about the ruin of the colony. They found ample and ready material among the settlers, who were already in revolt against

Villegagnon's harsh methods, and were bitterly disappointed in the conditions in which they found themselves. Instead of gathering gold and diamonds in handfuls, they were crushed by hard labor and were continually facing starvation. They willingly listened to the proposal to assassinate him and return to France. They first proposed to blow up the powder magazine, but that would be self destruction. Then they determined to murder him in his sleep, and, with him, all the soldiers who had remained faithful. Everything was ready, except to secure the Highlanders who were Villegagnon's bodyguard. The canny Scots listened to the proposal and appeared to acquiesce. They were probably Catholics, for the Governor knew his surroundings and in all probability would not have trusted any one else so near his person. Besides, these soldiers remembered that he was the man who had risked his life to save Mary, Queen of Scots, and of course, they were true to him and told him of the plot. The reprisal was swift and bloody. Four of the ringleaders were hanged; the rest put in irons. One of them committed suicide by drowning, and another was strangled, by whom it is not said. Unfortunately the chief conspirator escaped and endeavored to arouse the Indians; but without success, for they adored the Governor. Villegagnon then wrote a letter to Coligny extolling the amenities and advantages of the place, and appealed for missionaries to evangelize the natives.

Villegagnon's letter evoked the wildest enthusiasm in Geneva. Calvin already saw his doctrine disseminated beyond the seas, and he made an anxious search for apostles best suited for the work. Very properly the one he chose was Pierre Richer, an apostate monk. His chief assistant was Guillaume Chartier. Jean de Léry, a student of theology at Geneva, was appointed chronicler of the expedition and adjunct preacher. With him were eleven other young men who were being trained for the ministry. To fire the public mind, a layman of wealth and influence was to be found, and Calvin and Coligny united on the Sieur du Pont, otherwise

known as Phillipe de Corquilleray, an aged nobleman, who had abandoned his country and his faith, and was living under Calvin's guidance at Geneva. He entered heartily into the movement, and not only helped it financially and induced a great many people of every class to offer themselves as colonists, but volunteered to lead the expedition personally to the Promised Land.

When all was ready, the pilgrims set out with great pomp and display, from Geneva, with Calvin's benediction upon them, and directed their steps to Coligny's palatial abode at Châtillon-sur-Loing, near which du Pont himself had formerly resided. Coligny received them paternally, praised their zeal and promised his protection. Du Pont also harangued them and took occasion to repeat to the assembly what he had no doubt said to them individually, that the undertaking involved many hardships, thousands of leagues lay before them with privations and perils at every step, but he trusted that their piety would give them strength and perseverance. He was almost too eloquent, for fourteen of the heroes abandoned the expedition at this point. The rest made their way processionally to Rouen and from there to Honfleur, where Bois-le-Comte, a nephew of Villegagnon, awaited them with three ships that has been granted by the King. The soldiers, sailors, artisans and the usual contingent of gentlemen out for sport made two hundred and ninety altogether. There were also six young boys who were to learn the Indian language and to act as interpreters later on. Beauchamp informs us (p. 245) that there was also "*une femme qui devait épouser le Gouverneur et cinq jeunes filles qu'on se reservait de marier quand l'occasion s'en présenterait,*" which means there was a wife for the Governor and six young girls who were to be married when the occasion offered.

This seems like an announcement that Villegagnon was about to give the usual proof of conversion by flinging aside the vow which he had taken as a Knight of Malta. But as Beauchamp has borrowed his account from Lescarbot, cu-

riosity is naturally aroused to see what that old writer, who affirms that Villegagnon had never ceased to be a Catholic, has to say on the subject. He tells us there were, *six jeunes filles et une femme pour les gouverner,* that is, "there were six young girls and a woman to govern them" (VI, C. iii, p. 152). Beauchamp very adroitly puts it as "six young girls and wife for the Governor." The perversion in the text is defamatory, and dastardly if intentional. Lescarbot describes the marriages of the young damsels later on with great detail, but says nothing of the nuptials of the Governor, nor does Beauchamp, although it would have been an event of more than usual solemnity.

At last the ships of this second expedition sailed away with all the honors of war amid the booming of cannon, the blare of trumpets, the beating of drums, the squeaking of fifes, the waving of flags and the cheers of the multitude that thronged the shore. France never glorified her Catholic colonizers in that fashion.

A good wind soon brought them to the Canary Islands and then, we are told, these pious Calvinists who were expatriating themselves for conscience sake "went ashore for plunder" (*pour butiner qvelque chose*), but were driven back by the Spaniards. From there they passed along the Barbary coast and had no scruple in attacking and plundering any vessel they met. Parkman says "they pretended to be short of provisions, and once they had boarded their victim, they plundered her from stem to stern." Of course, piracy meant bloodshed. Yet these men are continually held up to us for admiration. It is almost gratifying to hear that they had the same experience as their predecessors with the foul smelling and infectious rain and stagnant drinking water. The chronicler says that "while one hand held the cup, the other had to hold the nose, the biscuits also spoiled and the worms had to be eaten with the bread." The ships were becalmed for five weeks and when they passed the line, the age-old horse play was indulged in. Then we are vouchsafed the

precious information that "going further south they began to discover the antarctic pole." Lescarbot learnedly remonstrates that they could not see the pole from this latitude. They finally came in sight of the coast of Brazil, on February 26, 1557. They had been four months at sea.

As they approached, they fired a salute and the savages soon lined the shore, but, says the text, "as those Indians were allies of the Portuguese, the French did not go ashore." Ten or twelve leagues further on they exchanged shots with a Portuguese fort, but no damage was done; except to the consciences of the dominies. Later on they were nearly wrecked on an island but a pilot let go his anchor and "it was God's will that it should hold and so we were saved." There were some more cannon shots and some more apparitions of savages, and finally the travellers arrived at "the arm of sea and river named Gabara and Genèvre by the Portuguese." On March 7, they heard the guns of the Sieur de Villegagnon and returned his salute.

The Sieur received them with effusive kindness. He first embraced the venerable Du Pont, and while he was showing the same mark of affection to the ex-friar and his associate, they assured him that the object of their journey was to establish the Reformed Church in Brazil. He replied that he entertained similar sentiments, and further that "he wanted to be a father to them all and to furnish to the persecuted faihful of France, Spain and elsewhere a refuge where without fear of any earthly power they might serve God as they chose."

With his usual military peremptoriness he immediately ordered them all to march to the hall, where, before they dined, the ex-friar offered an invocation, and after a hymn was sung, preached on the XXVIIth psalm. When all was finished, "in accordance with the rule of the Protestants of France," the assembly was dismissed and the new arrivals sat down to their first repast in the New World. It must have appalled them. There was nothing but ground raisins, smoked

fish and stagnant cistern water. They then went to sleep in hammocks hung in a shed on the shore, all in one room under a roof which the Indians had covered with grass. They sorely needed rest but the next morning they were routed out in a most unfatherly fashion, and in the broiling sun had to carry stones for the fortifications from early dawn till late at night. They were ready to drop with exhaustion but the pious ex-friar, who seems to have been chief exhorter, encouraged them to continue.

If the motive of the new arrivals was to establish the Reformed Church in America, it certainly was not the dominant idea of Villegagnon. He was to be the lord of the realm and the others his serfs. He even claimed to be supreme in religious matters, in spite of the presence of the clergy, whom he ordered to preach an hour every working day and twice on Sunday. At divine service he knelt on a velvet cushion which was ostentatiously carried after him by a page. He prayed aloud at every meeting with great unction and insisted that at the Lord's Supper, the communion should be given to him first. From this ceremony we are told that "the sailors and other Catholics were excluded, as being unworthy to assist at this divine ministry." Hence though Villegagnon's piety was very edifying, his pride was exasperating, but it was attributed to his military habit of command and his inherited method of the grand seigneur.

"However," says Lascarbot, "although he had abjured the Roman Catholic Church publicly, yet he was never anything but a Catholic, and he always had in his hands the works of the subtle Lescot, so as to be ready to defend himself in his disputes with the ministers. But it seemed necessary for him to act in this manner, for being at the head of the enterprise he could not have succeeded if he were not in appearance, at least, one of the pretended reformers, although in doing so he was in danger of being accused to the King, who regarded him as a Catholic and of thus losing the pension of some thousands of livres which his Majesty had given him."

In other words the end justified the means. To settle a

controversy in religion, the Minister Chartier was sent back to France. He took with him ten young Indian boys, aged nine and ten and under. The ex-friar solemnly blessed them as they departed.

While Chartier was absent the theological battle waxed fiercer. Besides the previous dispute, there arose others about the wine and water in the Eucharist; the use of oil and salt in the baptism; the second marriage of ministers and bishops, etc. Villegagnon quoted St. Paul and St. Cyprian and St. Clement, for he had the Fathers at his finger tips. He routed all his adversaries and ended by denouncing Calvin himself as a heretic and an unbeliever. Finally he swore by St. James,—it was his favorite oath,—that he would break the bones of anyone that would contradict him. Léry who, of course, hated Villegagnon, reports other acts of tyranny and adds that as the Commandant changed his gorgeous apparel every day, you could tell in the morning if he was in good temper or not. If he wore yellow or green, the controversial horizon was clear, and especially if he had put on a robe of yellow camelot bordered with black velvet he was as happy as a boy out of school.

It came to such a pass that the people from Geneva delegated the Sieur du Pont to tell Villegagnon that since he had rejected the Gospel, they were no longer at his service and would refuse to work at the Fort. Whereupon their rations were reduced, with the result that some of the malcontents went to live with the Indians. He had told them that if they attempted to leave the island without permission, he would put them in irons, but they defied him and he cooled somewhat. His failure to act gave them courage and according to Lescarbot some of them proposed to throw his big body to the fishes; respect for his dignity, however, which probably meant fear of his strength, made them hesitate. For the moment, they contented themselves with excluding him from the Lord's Supper. They celebrated it at night and in secret, a most unwise proceeding, for it suggested conspiracy. It was at

this juncture that a theological difficulty disturbed the peace of mind of the dissidents themselves. There was but one glass of wine left, and it was solemnly debated if some other substance could not be used in the sacrament. Some maintained that Christ had taken the ordinary beverage of the place in which he lived and they might do likewise in Brazil. Lescarbot concurs with them in this view, from which one may take the measure of that puzzling historian's orthodoxy. The theological Villegagnon would have answered otherwise.

It all ended by their being ordered off the island. At first they refused to obey, but finally departed and lived for two months on the mainland, determined to take the first ship for France. There the Indians visited them, but the missionaries decided it would take two or three years to teach them the most elementary truths of Christianity. Of course, the heroic methods of Nobrega and his companions in the adjourning Portuguese colonies did not appeal to them. They would not have followed the example of the holy man who scourged himself to blood to get the savages to listen to him out of pity; nor of the other who tore a dead body from the women who were preparing it for the spit, even if this act made the Indians rise in rebellion and threaten to destroy the settlement, thus provoking the white inhabitants to curse the temerariousness of these fervent apostles. Indeed, Beauchamp, in his "Histoire du Brésil," says that not only did the Calvinist ministers make no effort to put a stop to the horrors of cannibalism, but that "iron chains sometimes found their way from Fort Coligny to bind the victims."

At last a ship called at the island for a cargo of Brazil wood, and on January 4, 1658, fifteen of the settlers set sail for home. As there were fourteen evangelists who had been sent from Geneva, it would appear that the clerical section of the expedition had all been Villegagnon's antagonists. One, however, remained on the island, probably Richer, for nothing is recorded about Chartier ever returning to Rio Janeiro. The Sieur du Pont took his place on the ship and Villegagnon

ordered the captain to transport the party to France, handing him, however, at the same time, a sealed packet which gave rise to the wild surmise that it enclosed a recommendation to burn them as heretics when they reached France.

They had not gone far when the vessel sprung a leak, and as they were still in sight of land, five of the fourteen were sent ashore, and the others continued on their course. They had not reached the equator when their provisions gave out, for they had been already nearly two months at sea. Trouble arose among the sailors, and the ship almost capsized in a gale; another leak declared itself later on, and the crew would have taken to the boats if the captain had not drawn his sword to kill the first man that dared leave the ship. Finally the leak was stopped. When still five hundred leagues from France the rations were cut down, the pilot lost his bearings, and in the month of April they found themselves wandering around the Azores. By this time the biscuits were rotten, the water foul and the passengers were hunting for rats to eat. The monkeys and parrots that had been brought from Brazil had already been devoured. In the beginning of May two sailors died raving mad, and the rest were so weak they could not work the ship; they were eating their shoes or gnawing bones, yet, had to be continually at the pumps to keep afloat. On May 12 the gunner died, but his loss was not serious, for he could have done nothing had an enemy appeared. Indeed, only one ship had been sighted since they left Brazil. Other sailors were buried in the sea and famine was making the rest ferocious. At last, the coast of Brittany came in sight; and the captain declared that if they had remained twenty-four hours more at sea, he had determined to kill one of the crew to feed the rest.

What became of the five men who left the ship at the commencement of the voyage? According to de Léry, Villegagnon drowned three of them for heresy and sedition. Whether that be so or not, their names are inscribed in the Martyrology of Geneva. Might it not be that they were

wrecked in their crazy boat before they reached the shore? The Governor is also credited with having drowned the minister who remained behind. He himself sailed for France when rid of his troublesome subjects, and arrived soon after they had begun to fill Europe with their accusations against him. The clamor, however, did not prevent him from presenting himself at Court and denouncing them as calumniators.

It is surprising that Coligny, who was again in power, took no action against him, but perhaps this silence gives the clue to Villegagnon's character and habits. He possessed too many of Coligny's secrets to make it safe even for that distinguished personage to prosecute him. Politicians have always been double dealers, but at this particular epoch of history their duplicity was phenomenal, and Coligny ranked high in this respect. Thus, while honored with many distinctions by his King, he was plotting against him. The English envoys, who were bargaining with him for the betrayal of Havre, hypocritically described the alliance with England as intended "to prevent their enemies from taking any advantage against God or his cause," though a proscribed criminal was employed as the delegate to Queen Elizabeth. When the plan to seize the king was anticipated by Guise, both Coligny and Condé were forced to fight against their own envoy, who was killed, while they escaped scot free, though Guise probably knew that the victim was their agent and that the massacre of Vassy, which was intended to bring about a general war, was of their devising. On the other hand Coligny's enemies were tricksters of the same sort. Thus the Queen Regent had the Huguenots sign a treaty of peace which she did not intend to keep. She made a journey through France with her son to reconcile the rebels, but it was only to count their numbers, to destroy their strongholds and to rescind the treaty. Coligny was pardoned his treachery and the murder of Guise was ignored. He was shortly after shot and that was made a prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholo-

mew which the Pope was mendaciously assured to have been simply a fight in defence of the life of the King. Religion counted for very little in all this. It was a matter of politics.

Thus Villegagnon was merely following the fashion, though perhaps he was one of the most respectable of those distinguished prevaricators. Apparently his fellow-knights did not consider him guilty, for he was given the Commandery of Beauvais-en-Gatinais and, in 1568, was made Ambassador of the Order at the Court of France. We find him also petitioning the King for a fleet to ravage the Portuguese settlements; an enterprise scarcely in keeping with the purpose for which the Knights of Malta were instituted. When the offer was disregarded, and there was no opportunity of using his sword, he took up his pen and indited a furious theological treatise against Calvin. That evoked replies without number, and for ten years Europe rung with the clash of these polemics. Villegagnon came out of the fray with the sobriquet of the "Cain of America." He finally died at Beauvais in 1571. Thus ended the experiment in Brazil.

HUGUENOT RIVERS OF FLORIDA

CHAPTER II

Gathering of the Forces

Undismayed by his failure to rob the Portuguese of their Brazilian possessions, Coligny determined to make a similar attempt against the Spaniards by establishing a colony in Florida, although Ponce de Leon had discovered that country in 1512 and Fernandez and Grivalha had visited it in 1517 and 1518. In 1520, De Ayllon had explored its coast as far as the present South Carolina, then known as Chicora, and had entered the Combahee River which he called the Jordan. He was followed by Narvaez in 1528 and de Soto arrived there with his great expedition of nearly 1000 men in 1539. It was not until 1562 that the French Huguenots took a fancy to the territory.

Of course, the recreant Villegagnon could not be thought of as chief of the enterprise, and the choice fell upon Jean Ribaut, who had given proof of his orthodoxy by commanding a vessel in the English service against the King of France.

Ribaut was a capable and experienced sea captain and was very expeditious in his preparations for this new work. He set sail on February 18, 1562, with two *roberges,* vessels resembling the Spanish caravels, but lost valuable time loitering about the West Indies and exploring the Florida coast. The land he first sighted was about 30° latitude, but it was too flat to appeal to his fancy, and after patriotically calling the first cape he rounded, Cap François, he passed on to a river which he put down on his map as the Rivière des Dauphins. That, however, did not suit him and on May 1 he entered a stream which he named the River May, so as to fix the date of its discovery. It is the present St. Johns. There he erected a stone column, a cross was too suggestive, and on it cut the arms of France. Prophetically it was placed

on a sand hill. We are told that the savages gazed with delight on the ceremony of its dedication and were accustomed to worship it.

One would naturally suppose that this proceeding was a prelude for the foundation of a colony. On the contrary the restless Ribaut again steered his *roberges* toward the north and as he journeyed onward called river after river by the name of some favorite stream in France, the Seine, the Somme, the Loire, the Charente, the Garonne and the Gironde, all of them indicating the old sailor's religious bias, for every one was identified with a territory dominated by Huguenot influence in the mother country. Apparently his inspiration evaporated as he ascended the coast for there he lapsed into the commonplace and could think of nothing but La Belle and La Grande. The latter he erroneously judged to be the Jordan, which shows that he was well aware of De Ayllon's precedence of him in that region. Strangely enough, however, instead of keeping the scriptural designation as one would naturally expect from this grim religionist, he called it Port Royal, as a tribute to His Majesty in France, whom he hated and had been trying to depose. Later on the Spaniards named the port Holy Cross, and the English, St. George, but ultimately the secular prevailed over the religious descriptive.

The country around was fair to look upon, the soil was rich, the oaks majestic, the pines redolent of balsam, the woods full of game and the sea of fish. There was gold in plenty, according to the natives, but the truth was a virtue the aboriginies did not cultivate. To Ribaut they seemed gentle and docile, but they turned out to be cannibals, and though his " caresses " pleased them immensely, those endearments could not persuade them to embark on his ships and be presented to the King. Like the rest of the aboriginies, they scalped their enemies, buried their dead with solemn rites, believed in the medicine men and worshipped the sun. One ceremony, never noted among the northern Indians, consisted

in quaffing a black brew at the opening of their councils. Its ingredients were a secret and the copiousness of the draught explains the delirium of the chief before going into battle. It was called *Apalachine.*

Ribaut immediately set about building a fort, and when it was finished announced his intention of returning to France for reinforcements. Before departing, however, he appointed Captain Albert as his successor and then gathering the little group of forty men around him delivered himself of a discourse. Both Parkman and Bancroft give only the general tenor of the speech but Lescarbot furnishes us with the details. It is a most extraordinary specimen of early American oratory.

"He exhorted them to be satisfied with their new abode and reminded them how glorious it would be for them to have accomplished this great but difficult undertaking. He did not forget to propose to them the examples of men who from a low estate had climbed to posts of honor, as for instance the Emperor Pertinax who though a shoemaker's son gloried in his base extraction, and who, to encourage others who were poor, covered with exquisitely carved marble the cobbler's stall of his less fortunate parent. He spoke also of the valiant and redoubtable Agathocles, the King of Sicily who because he was the son of a potter, always had earthen jars amid the vessels of silver and gold on his banqueting table, to remind him of the humility of his birth; and of Rusten Pacha whose father was only a cowherd, yet whose virtue and valor were so great that he married the daughter of the Grand Seigneur, his Prince."

About his own origin he said nothing but implied much.

To his successor he gave most paternal advice. "Captain Albert," he said:

"I must beg of you in the presence of all those whom you now have under you, to wisely acquit yourself of your duty, and to modestly govern the little band I leave you, that they will remain 'gaily' under your obedience, so that I shall have no occasion but to praise you, and in the presence of the King to extol, as I propose to do, the faithful service which in

presence of this assembly you promise to perform. And you, my companions in arms, I entreat you to recognise Captain Albert, as if he were myself, and to render him, that obedience which the true soldier owes to his Captain and his Chief, and thus you will live on terms of amity and brotherhood with him and with each other. If you do this, God will assist you and bless your enterprise."

With this flourish the eloquent tar departed and was never seen until two years later, when instead of being on terms of amity and brotherhood with his companions-in-arms, he was boiling over with rage and fury.

We do not know how long Captain Albert's rule continued, for the ancient histories are very loose in their chronology, but we know that Ribaut's exhortations were soon forgotten. The forty derelicts took to carousing with the Indians and in the fort, and when their provisions ran low, forgot brotherhood and amity and came to blows with each other. Unfortunately Captain Albert was not the man for the place. Unable to quell the disorder by mild methods, he hanged one of the rioters with his own hand and drove another from the colony. The victim of the gallows was only a drummer, and consequently the least warlike of the warriors, and thus easily spared in case of a battle. But this act of ferocity only made matters worse, and Albert himself was murdered. The mutineers then elected a certain Nicholas Barré as their commander. He had been with Villegagnon in Brazil, for during the troubles there a letter had arrived in Europe, from Rio Janeiro, signed N. B., and it was generally thought that he was the author.

Barré did not succeed much better than Albert. The provisions were exhausted and the Indians, who had begun to despise the French, refused to supply them with any more food, bidding them to live on the acorns which they picked up under the lordly oaks whose beauty had excited so much enthusiasm a short time before. Day after day, the poor outcasts scanned the horizon for a sign of the returning Ribaut, but he never appeared, and it was finally decided to

build a ship and return to France. They had wood in abundance of course, but no ropes, nor canvas nor tow. The Indians, however, supplied a substitute for cordage; the pine tree gum did for pitch, and old shirts and bedclothes were made into sails, and with this crazy craft and very little food in the bins they started out on the Atlantic. Their substitute for drink when the water gave out cannot be told in print, and when they had nothing left to eat they decided to kill one of the party. The victim, singularly enough, was the man who had been formerly exiled from the colony. According to the report of the men who eat him, he had offered himself to save the others, which is incredible. The gruesome feast was scarcely finished when a British ship came alongside, put some of the weakest men on shore—they were only seventy-five miles away—and carried those who seemed able to stand the voyage to England.

During these two horrible years, Coligny had done nothing for his unfortunate colony, nor had Ribaut. They were too busy devastating their own country. When peace was proclaimed, His Majesty was asked to send out some ships to find what had become of the miserable men who had erected a column in his honor in America, and at last, on April 22, 1564, René de Laudonnière set sail with three ships, besides a personal gift of 50,000 crowns from the King, and made for Port Royal, by way of the Canaries. On June 22 he dropped anchor in the Rivière des Dauphins, but "to the great regret of the savages," he went up the River May, where he found the Indians devoutly worshipping, as he fancied, the monument that Ribaut had erected there. Whereupon he philosophized on the different treatment accorded by the savages to the French and Spaniards.

Immediately, two lieutenants, Ottigny and Erlach, were despatched to hunt for gold. The wily savages willingly offered to guide them, but the journey was a series of bewildering excursions through the country, only to find that the gold mines were ever further and further away. Disap-

pointed in his expectations, Laudonnière again shifted his quarters, and went up to the Seine, and then to the Somme, and after many solemn discussions finally decided to go back to the River May. There he built a fort, which he called Fort Caroline, in honor of Charles IX. It has no connection whatever with the present North and South Carolina.

It was triangular in shape. On the land side it had earthworks nine feet high and a moat; the two other sides were protected by palisades, with a bastion looking seaward. There the magazine was placed. On the north side of the enclosure a house was built which was soon overturned by a hurricane. Opposite it stood the barracks, a miserable structure, thatched with leaves. The furnace was placed outside the entrenchments so as to guard against setting fire to the other flimsy buildings. When this was done, Laudonnière reported to the Home Authorities that the Indians were glad to see him erect the fort, but de Morgues, the artist of the expedition, was of a contrary opinion.

From this new post, fresh parties started out to hunt for gold, Ottigny and Erlach always being the guides. Of course it meant a series of battles with the Indians, the details of which are unnecessary to give here, but the character of these encounters may be conjectured by a single phrase of Charlevoix: *"Ils firent un grand carnage des fuyards et emmenèrent un grand nombre de prisonniers."* (There was a great carnage of the Indians as they took to flight, and a great number were made prisoners). In the midst of this sport the energetic lieutenants were suddenly summoned to the fort. A revolt had broken out among the men who had remained behind and wanted their share of blood and gold. Indeed, they had determined to kill Laudonnière if he stood in their way. When the lieutenants returned, the chief conspirators were hanged, some others sent to France, and a certain number permitted to join the expeditions of Ottigny and Erlach. Laudonnière thought he had quelled the mutiny, but he was mistaken. Thirteen of his sailors took possession of one of

the barques and set out as freebooters among the Spanish islands; and not to be outdone by the sailors, two carpenters with some accomplices seized another ship and sailed away, but were never heard of again.

Laudonnière was thus left without a ship in the harbor, and he accordingly set to work to build two others. To the delight of the Governor, the men labored feverishly, but he soon found out the reason. Before the ships were built, fully half of those who had been refused the permission of the woods had determined to decamp and enrich themselves with the booty of the sea. They entered Laudonnière's sick room and with a knife at his throat compelled him not only to sign a commission authorizing their trip, but to hand over to them the ensign of the fort. They then kept him prisoner in one of the ships while they made their preparations. Their objective point was an important settlement called Yaguana, on the Island of St. Domingo, where they proposed to arrive on Christmas Day, figuring that it would be easy to slaughter the inhabitants during midnight Mass. They quarrelled, however before they left the river, and one ship pointed for Cuba, the other for the Lucayan Islands. To all appearances the latter foundered at sea. After a few days, the luckier buccaneers captured a brigantine, and putting on it half of the French crew, continued on with it toward St. Domingo, where they stopped for repairs, and then made for Cuba. There they happened on an empty vessel, which they took without leave because it was better than their own, and again veered to St. Domingo. Off Cape Tiburon they captured a merchantman with a rich cargo and on board of it met the Governor of Jamaica and his two sons. He was a great prize, but he proved too much for the pirates. He invited them to Jamaica, promising them a fine time and a rich ransom, but when they approached the island, at dawn of day, they were confronted by three brigantines filled with soldiers. A fight ensued; the caravel on which the Governor arrived was captured by his friends, but the other pirate ship slipped its cable

and escaped, keeping on till it reached the north shore of Cuba.

Now their own pilot entered the game. He had been forced on board the ship and at this stage of the proceedings he saw his chance for retaliation. While they were all helplessly drunk he drove his ship across the Bahama Channel and when morning dawned they were facing Fort Caroline. Laudonnière promptly came aboard, put them in irons, shot four of the ringleaders, and thus ended the carouse of these apostles of the new religion.

In spite of all this, however, the hunt for gold continued, and we again read of "the French musketry doing terrible execution on the fleeing savages." But it was all useless. No treasures were found, and as no seed had been sown, no food was left in the fort to maintain the life of the starving garrison. The friendly Indians had long since ceased to help them, and more blood was shed in the attempt to get a few ears of corn. On one occasion they seized the chief of a neighboring tribe as a hostage, and on bringing him back, after a promise of food supplies had been extorted from the indignant tribe, returned to the fort with empty sacks. They carried with them also two dead men and twenty wounded. After that they determined to return to France.

While they were making their preparations to depart, a fleet was sighted floating the English flag. The colonists were overjoyed, for at that time the English were in league with the Huguenot rebels in France. From the largest ship of the squadron there came ashore an important personage, surrounded by his officers and a number of men. It was Sir John Hawkins, the English slave-trader, who had just compelled the Spanish colonies of the West Indies to buy at his own price a cargo of unfortunate blacks whom he had kidnapped in Africa. Queen Elizabeth was Hawkins' partner in this traffic, and, as if in mockery, Hawkins' flagship, which belonged to the Queen, was called the Jesus; the others were the Tiger, Solomon and the Swallow. On leaving England

the pious Sir John had exhorted his crew "to serve God daily, to love one another, to beware of fire and to keep good company," and, on returning to England, the success of his journey was ascribed "to Almighty God, who never suffereth his elect to perish."

Strange to say, Charlevoix calls Hawkins an *honnête homme*. Bancroft, however, has quite another opinion of this illustrious buccaneer. In his "History of the United States" (Vol. 1, p. 173) he reminds his readers that "the slave trade between Africa and America was not only never sanctioned by the See of Rome," but that "Leo X. declared that not only the Christian religion but nature herself cried out against the state of slavery." "Paul III, in two separate briefs," he says, "imprecated a curse upon Europeans who should enslave Indians or any other class of men." He also adds that it was "usual for Spanish vessels to be attended by a priest, whose duty it was to prevent kidnapping, and Ximenes, the stern Grand Inquisitor, refused to sanction the introduction of negroes into Hispaniola." All this is a prelude to his denunciation of Sir John Hawkins,

"to whom," he says, "the odious distinction belongs of having first interested England in the slave trade. He had fraudulently transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola. The rich returns of sugar, ginger, and pearls attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth and when a new expedition was prepared, she was induced not only to protect but to share the traffic. In the accounts which Hawkins himself gives of one of his expeditions, he relates that he set fire to a city of which the huts were covered with dry leaves, and out of 8000 inhabitants he succeeded in seizing two hundred and fifty. The deliberate and even self-approving frankness with which this act of atrocity is related, displays in the strongest terms the depravity of public sentiment in the age of Elizabeth. This commerce on the part of the English in the Spanish ports, was by the laws of Spain illicit as well as by the laws of morals detestable, and when the sovereign of England participated in its hazards, its projects and its crimes she became at once a smuggler and a slave merchant."

Hawkins' infamous business did not shock the Huguenots. They not only welcomed him, but, in his honor, Laudonnière killed a number of sheep and chickens, which thus far, says Lescarbot, "he had refused to sacrifice in spite of the sickness and starvation around him." No wonder the men rebelled. Hawkins on his part was so liberal that the Indians were told they were no longer needed as food purveyors. Their guest had supplied them with wine and flour and peas and salt and wax, and rice and oil, and had even bestowed fifty pairs of shoes on the barefooted heroes. Of course, he had helped himself to these goods wherever he found them and could afford to be lavish. To crown his magnanimity he offered to transport the whole colony to France, but to the amazement of everyone Laudonnière bluntly refused. He suspected an English trick to get possession of the territory. His attitude almost caused a revolt, but he compromised by buying one of the English ships for 700 crowns, besides mortgaging his cannon and ammunition. Hawkins was not angered at the rebuff and after a while sailed away. Evidently Laudonnière was a mean, selfish, suspicious creature, and one understands why he had such difficulty with his men. His mental traits would also lead one to suspect the veracity of his account of this and subsequent events. Incidentally, had he accepted Hawkins' offer he would have escaped a tragedy.

It may be of interest to know that, according to Camden (p. 158), and Stowe (p. 807), quoted by Lingard (VIII., p. 276) this same devoted servant of Queen Elizabeth, John Hawkins, tendered his services to the King of Spain a few years after these occurrences in Florida.

"On August 10, 1571 an agreement was concluded and signed in Madrid by the Duke of Feria on the one part and George Fitzwilliams, the friend and representative of Hawkins on the other, by which an order *to restore the ancient religion of England, to put an end to the tyranny of Queen Elizabeth, and to promote the right of Mary Stuart to the throne,* Hawkins was to bring with him into the service of Spain sixteen ships, the names of which are specified, carry-

ing 420 guns and 1585 men, and that Philip should grant to him and his an amnesty for past offences and pay him monthly 16,987 ducats for the charges of the fleet. The secret leaked out and Hawkins was summoned before the council. His exculpation was such that the lords were or pretended to be satisfied and engaged him in the Queen's service."

The particulars are in Gonzalez Memorias (VII., pp. 351-360). Such was the character of the guest of the Huguenots at Fort Caroline. He did not shock them. They had acted in like manner to their own countrymen.

Laudonnière had made up his mind to leave the colony and on August 28, when the wind was fair and the tide was high, he made preparations to sail. But the anchor had not been hoisted before a fleet of ships was sighted in the distance making for the shore. Who they were could not be made out for there was no flag floating at the peak and fear was felt that they might be Spaniards. A barque was sent out to meet them, but it failed to return until the following morning, when it entered the harbor with six other ships. The fort saluted but no answer was returned. Then long lines of soldiers were seen disembarking, each man with his arquebus on his shoulder and his steel cap on his head. In military order and in solemn silence they marched past the sentinels stationed on the beach, not only disdaining to answer the challenge, but even to notice the shot fired at them by a soldier who, dumbfounded, had let them pass. Fortunately his aim was bad. In alarm, Laudonnière's pointed a field piece at the advancing column, determined to fire if they came nearer the fort. Only then was there a cry: "Hold! we are Ribaut's men." Indeed, there was the long-bearded sailor, grim and sour, in the midst of his troop. Evil reports had come to France about Laudonnière's arrogance and dissolute life. It took a long time to convince the righteous Ribaut that the charges were false, but finally his rectitude unbent and he offered to make Laudonnière his lieutenant. The proposal was not agreeable, for how could one who had been first now serve in a lower place? Hence he adhered to his resolution

to go back to France to face his enemies. He was unaware that they were all around him at Fort Caroline. Meantime, Ribaut was the object of the most obsequious attention, when suddenly news came that the Spaniards had not only arrived, but had attacked some of Ribaut's ships, which had been left in the offing. After the battle they had gone to the Rivière des Dauphins and there had disembarked. It was Pedro Menendez, the historic ogre of nearly every Protestant writer who has described this event. He was not, however, as misshapen as he is represented. Indeed, Lowery in his work on "The Spanish Settlements in Florida" makes him a somewhat attractive personality.

He belonged to an ancient family of Asturia, where, according to Spanish historians, "the earth and sky produce men who are honest and not tricksters, truthful and not babblers, faithful to their King, generous, friendly, lighthearted and gay, daring and warlike. Menendez possessed those characteristics. The city of his birth was Avilés, a name by which he is frequently designated, and the date of his appearance in the world was February 15, 1519—the year that Cortez was in Mexico. His father had served in the Conquest of Grenada and had died when Pedro was still a child, but he left his soldier spirit to his son. To keep him at home he was affianced when eight years of age to Dona Maria de Solis, who was two years his senior, but in spite of this tie of affection, we find him when only fourteen out in a small ship in the Bay of Biscay, with eighteen or twenty men, fighting a French man of war. The little Spanish craft was badly damaged in the fray and would have surrendered had it not been for the eloquent appeals of young Pedro, who made his companions keep up such a sturdy fight that the French were afraid to board their pigmy antagonist and it finally escaped. Parkman describes this incident as illustrating Pedro's "precocious thirst for blood"—which goes to show that Parkman cannot be trusted in speaking of Menendez. In a boy of any other nation it would have been an act of splendid heroism.

MENANDEZ

He had nineteen brothers and sisters, so that when the patrimony was divided his share was very slender. After two years of experience before the mast he succeeded in buying a ship of his own and set out in it to attack the corsairs who infested the coast. One of his exploits consisted in rescuing a bridal party which had been carried off by the pirates, but unfortunately we have no details of this romantic episode.

In 1549 he came into collision with Roberval's famous pilot, Jean Alfonse. That worthy had captured ten or twelve Spanish vessels off Cape Finisterre and Menendez was commissioned by the Regent to pursue him, but was given neither men nor money for the expedition. That did not deter him, however, for he came up with the enemy off La Rochelle and captured five of the prizes. Indeed that battle was the end of Alfonse's career, for he was mortally wounded in the fight. Subsequently Menendez attacked Alfonse's son off Teneriffe and beat him.

These two triumphs won for him the attention of Charles V., who sent him out against the corsairs, granting him and his heirs, forever, everything they could capture. He was so successful in these expeditions that he was named Captain General of the Fleet and ordered to set about remedying the abuses of the commercial company known as the *Casa de Contractión,* which was not only responsible for the multiplied disasters that had fallen upon the Spanish ships in American waters, but was openly accused of financial irregularities, graft and smuggling. Naturally that brought down upon Mendenez the hatred of the company and involved him in calumny, law suits, persecution, poverty, and even caused him to be imprisoned.

He went with Philip to England for the marriage with Queen Mary, and at his side were the Dukes of Alva and Medina Coeli—ominous associates in the minds of anti-Spanish writers. Returning to Spain he was attacked by corsairs, but routed them utterly and kept on his course. In 1555 he

was despatched to the West Indies with six men of war to protect a fleet of merchantmen, which were sent out to raise money for Charles V., then at war with France. Menendez's ability as a seaman and his tremendous energy shone particularly on this occasion. He was back in Spain nine months before the appointed time and with 7,000,000 ducats in his lockers for the King. One would imagine that such an exploit would render him immune from the assaults of the *Casa de Contractión*. On the contrary, he and his brother were actually haled to court, tried and sentenced for irregularities in the management of the fleet, and thrown into prison. Their innocence was soon established and they were released.

In 1557 another fleet was put at his disposal, but as the *Casa* had some interest in it, he declined the offer and was then sent to protect the coasts of Flanders and Spain. His fleet was to consist of twenty-four ships and 1500 men, who were intended to relieve the army of Flanders. Moreover, he had to deliver to the authorities there the sum of 1,200,000 ducats. Without waiting for the fleet to assemble he set sail for Calais, where he not only landed both his troops and his treasures but captured two corsairs and beat off a fleet of eight ships that attacked him. This timely arrival with money and soldiers contributed to the victory of St. Quentin, in which his future enemy, Coligny, was badly handled. It was then that he performed his famous feat in the harbor of Dartmouth, on the English coast. He had been driven thither by hard weather, but could not enter the port, for across the entrance the mayor of the town had stretched a chain and stupidly and stubbornly refused to take it down, although the tempest was gathering behind the fleet. Without ceremony, Menendez went ashore with fifty men, battered down the tower to which the chain was attached, and let in his ships. The storm was so terrible that two Spanish and six English vessels were lost and 400 people drowned. The Admiral himself worked all night long, tying up some ships, freeing others from the obstacles in which they were entangled and rescuing

drowning men, three hundred of whom he saved from death in the deep. He was present at Calais on January 17, 1558, when the city was surrendered to the English.

Philip was at that time in great distress in Flanders, and Menendez was ordered to add four more galleons to his fleet to be ready to meet a huge French armada that was being assembled at St. Jean de Luz, and also to convey as soon as possible one thousand soldiers to the Low Countries. He did not wait to gather his ships together, but packed his thousand men between the decks of four small fishing craft and made the run from Valladolid to Antwerp in fifteen days. It was a daring adventure, involving terrific risks, but, in spite of them, he succeeded.

On his return to Spain to get more men and money he was ordered by the Council of War to add two other ships to his armament and to start again for Flanders. But, as he had found out that the French had got wind of this order for the increase of his fleet and were quietly waiting to capture the whole expedition, he refused to wait for the reinforcemnts and made another successful run to Flanders. This time it was on the wings of the wind, for he arrived safely in nine days. On his return to Spain he had the Archbishop of Toledo and the Regent Figueroa on board his ship, and when he was attacked by a French fleet of twelve galleons, under the command of the Admiral of Normandy, he gladly accepted the fight, scattered the enemy and brought his precious convoys to port.

He was to have gone back again immediately to Flanders with the Queen, but she died, and then he and his son travelled in disguise across France and joined the King in Flanders. To bring him back to Spain, Menendez took command of fifty vessels and started on the homeward journey. He had cleared the French coast when a fierce tempest gathered. He landed the King safely in Asturia, but some of the ships foundered and much of the precious cargoes of those that survived the storm had to be cast into the sea. " This tornado

arose," said Menendez to the King, "because your subjects stopped praying for your Majesty, after you left Flanders."

It is no wonder that after these frightful hardships he was stretched upon a bed of sickness, but in 1560 we find him in command of an Armada that was sent to Mexico. In 1562 he was to go again to the West Indies, but the *Casa* interposed, and their power was so great that only the royal authority could overrule them. Menendez started out and returned with a rich cargo, but he had no sooner landed than he was thrown into jail. He had insulted the company by forbidding it to fly the royal standard on their ships. That was the exclusive privilege of the Captain General. Charges of bribing and smuggling, dating back to the beginning of Menendez' career, were trumped up against him and though immediately disproved, legal technicalities were resorted to which actually kept the great man who had rendered such wonderful services to his country, almost two years in prison.

To these persecutions by his foes was added domestic sorrow. His son, Juan, had sailed from Havana to Mexico, in 1563, and had been shipwrecked off Bermuda. Released at last the heart-broken father—he was then only forty-seven—asked permission of the King to go out over the great ocean to look for the boy. To urge his plea he added that he could at the same time chart the whole Florida coast and so diminish the wreckage of the valuable Spanish fleets.

Both requests were granted, but a royal command was added, namely, to drive out the French Huguenots who had established themselves in Florida—a commission which was accepted with characteristic alacrity—and on June 29, 1665, he sailed from Cadiz with eleven ships, carrying 995 men, as well as a great number of guns for the forts he was to erect. He had thrown his whole private fortune into the enterprise. Storms drove him back to port, but with the result of increasing the number of his men, so that when he finally got to sea he had a few more ships and no less than 2600 people on board. Unfortunately, they were not all fighting men, for

among them were twenty-one tailors, fifteen carpenters and ten shoemakers, besides millers and masons and silversmiths and hatters and gardeners, and no less than 117 farmers. There were also twenty-seven families, who were to be the foundation of the future colony. It was quite unlike Ribaut's expedition, which was made up exclusively of fighting men and freebooters.

On July 20 trouble began. He ran into a furious storm; one vessel went down before his eyes, another returned to port for repairs and five more were separated from the fleet. On August 9 he reached Porto Rico; at Hispaniola he took on forty-three new recruits, and there he heard that Ribaut had preceded him, but had lost two months in examining the Florida coast. Nevertheless, although his fleet had been so sadly reduced in strength, and although he was encumbered with a great number of untrained fighters, he determined to go out to meet the foe. The Council denounced the act as madness but he persisted.

On August 28 he sighted Florida and anchored in the Rivière des Dauphins, which he called St. Augustine. But he did not know whether the French were north or south of him. He finally heard from the Indians that four ships were to be found a short distance further up. The question arose should he attack them or not? Some of his officers were for fortifying St. Augustine and sending for help to Hispaniola. He was for immediate action. Meantime a calm supervened, followed by thunder and rain, and only at nine o'clock at night did the sky clear. As a slight wind had sprung up, he decided to creep slowly along toward the French fleet, and at about half-past eleven he hailed them. They answered with their cannon, and kept up the fire all night long, though doing no damage whatever. Menendez did not respond, but at daybreak he again asked who they were. They replied that they were French Huguenots, and added, "Who are you?" "Pedro Menendez, General of the fleet of his Catholic Majesty Don Philip II," was the reply. "I have come hither to

hang you or kill you and I have orders to grant you no quarter. If there are any Catholics among you, I shall spare them but every heretic shall die." They answered with jeers and defied him, but when he approached to board, they lifted their anchor and fled. He was unable to follow and sending a few shots after them, turned south intending to enter the River May, but there he found five French ships at anchor and two battalions of soldiers drawn up on shore. It was Ribaut's fleet. He did not dare to attack them, for the other ships would surely return and he would be caught between two fires. He therefore went on to St. Augustine.

CHAPTER III

The Battle

When Ribaut was informed of the presence of the Spaniards, he, like Menendez in spite of the advice of his council, determined to go out and try his fortune in a naval battle. His orders from Coligny—not from the King—were to prevent Menendez from attempting anything that might prejudice the French claims in Florida. Hence, although Fort Caroline was in a dilapidated condition, he took four of his largest ships into which he packed every available man of the colony and all the provisions, leaving fifty or sixty soldiers to defend the fort. A start was made on September 6, but contrary winds kept him in the roadstead until the 10th.

Meantime, Menendez had already begun to build St. Augustine. Solemn Mass had been celebrated on the 9th, and on the following day, news arrived that Ribaut was coming down the coast. A ship was got ready at midnight to start for St. Domingo to ask for help, but it was ebbtide then and the anchor was dropped on the bar of the inlet in two fathoms of water, while Menendez went alongside in another ship. At dawn the French fleet appeared; but the low water prevented any attempt to cross the bar. Two hours went by; the weather was fair; the sea was calm when suddenly a violent north wind sprang up, lashing the waves into fury, and the French fleet disappeared in the rack. St. Augustine was saved with a suddenness that was almost startling.

Now came Menendez' opportunity. He had noticed that the French ships were crowded with soldiers. He knew that the hurricane would keep them many a day out at sea, and perhaps, wreck them on the coast. Evidently Fort Caroline was undefended; and now was the time to capture it. He took 500 men with provisions for eight days, and in spite of

the protests of some of his council and the entreaties of the colonists who saw themselves thus left without protection, he started northward through the swamps and forests that separated him from the enemy's stronghold. The tempest was still raging in all its fury, the torrential rain was drenching his men to the skin and endangering their powder; often they were up to their waist in the morass, but they struggled on for four terrible days, in their efforts to reach the fort.

It is at this juncture that we get another glimpse of Menendez' real character. He was not the fierce and remorseless savage of anti-Catholic history. On the contrary, he was a quiet, calm, patient, unrevengeful man. Over and over again, he heard his soldiers murmuring against him as a mad mountaineer who knew nothing about fighting, yet he paid no attention to them; when others, frightened by the dangers of the expedition, deserted, he was equally patient, and even when some of his officers refused to follow him, he uttered no word of reproach, but as on a previous occasion when the secrets of a council of war had been divulged, he contented himself with speaking briefly of the enormity of the offence, and finally when there was danger of his entire force refusing to go on, he did not storm or rave or threaten; he calmly remonstrated, appealing to them on the ground of piety as well as of patriotism, and strange as it will appear in one who is generally rated as a butcher, he spent whole nights in prayer after his terrible days in the forests and swamps, begging God to give him courage and strength to do his duty.

Exhausted in mind and body, he stood at last on the hilltop at early dawn amid the driving rain looking down at the miserable defences of Fort Caroline. There was no sentinel on the fortifications. The preceding night had been so fierce in the war of the elements, that the lieutenant, out of pity, had sent the wretched soldier to his quarters. So great was the neglect that three wide breaches had been left in the palisade, and even the gate was open. Raising the war cry

of " Santiago," the advance guard rushed into the open fort, and the work of death began, as the sleepy soldiers tumbled out to defend themselves. Laudonnière, sick as he was, showed himself everywhere in the fight,—he tells us so himself,—but soon fled to the woods followed by what was left of his miserable garrison. All this happened before the main body of the Spanish troops had entered the enclosure, and when the Spanish flag floated over the palisades, and sentinels were placed above the powder magazine, it was before the trumpet blast had summoned the rest of the army. An order was sent to the ships in the river to surrender, and when a refusal was returned, a cannon shot sunk one of them, while the others slipped their hawsers and made for the open sea. When the fighting had ceased, an order was given to spare the women and children, about seventy in all. The soldiers who remained in the fort were taken prisoners, but Laudonnière had escaped with about twenty men to the ships.

Ribaut, the son or nephew of the commander-in-chief, had shown himself a recreant in the fight. He had not discharged a shot in defense of the fort; he refused subsequently to sail down to look for the fleet that had gone to St. Augustine; he rejected the proposal to burn the ship which he was leaving behind, and then set sail for France. In indignation Laudonnière refused to cross the sea on the same vessel with him, and though, according to his own account, he was in a dying condition, he must have been stronger than he imagined, for he reached Bristol after a stormy voyage and from thence repaired to France. He informs us that before leaving Fort Caroline he had induced one of his men to re-enter the harbor and scuttle the ship left behind by Ribaut, a most improbable feat, for people who had fled so far and so rapidly from the enemy. When all was over, Menendez hung his prisoners to the trees of the forest and placed over them an inscription: " These men have been treated thus not because they were French but because they were heretics and enemies of God." Naturally, one asks for whom was the warning

intended? Surely no Frenchmen would ever read it. Lowery regards it as a myth invented by some writer as a graphic reproduction of Menendez' subsequent exculpation. Counting those who were hanged and those who were killed in the fight about one hundred and forty perished in the capture of Fort Caroline.

As usual Parkman's account of these occurrences is ghoulish. He heaps up all sorts of gruesome details gleaned from the stories fabricated by the fanatical writers of the period.

"The ferocious soldiery," he says, "maddened with victory and drunk with blood, crowded to the water's edge, shouting insults to those on board, mangling the corpses, tearing out their eyes and throwing them towards the vessels from the points of their daggers. Thus did the most Catholic Philip II champion the cause of Heaven in the New World." In a note he adds, "This is a contemporary MS. in the Bibliothèque Impériale inserted by Ternaux-Compans in his 'Recueil.' It will be often cited hereafter."

He forgets to say that the fact of a MS. being contemporary is no guarantee of its truthfulness; nor does he explain how this performance could have taken place in sight of vessels which at the first shot from the fort had gone far down to the mouth of the river and were out in the roadstead. It certainly did not occur during the parley that preceded. Whether "the most Catholic Philip II" considered that he was "championing the cause of Heaven in the New World" is immaterial. The fact is that both he and Menendez were punishing a set of miscreants who had murdered one of their own governors, eaten one of their companions, seized Spanish ships, slaughtered Spanish subjects, sacked Spanish towns, butchered Spanish Indians, and perpetrated worse crimes in those raids than anything ascribed to Menendez. If he, as alleged, put the French to death as "heretics," which is doubtful, for he spared the Catholic French only at the entreaty of the priests, it must be remembered that for him "heresy" was not merely an abstract statement or misstatement of a dogma, but something terribly concrete which in

France meant the dethronement of the King, the destruction of the Government, the devastation of the country and the sale of its strongholds to the nation's worst enemies. He did not propose to let heresy of that stripe invade the Spanish possessions, especially by an armed force who had no commission from the King of France, but had been sent out by the arch-rebel Coligny at a time when France and Spain were at peace. Indeed, Charles IX demanded no satisfaction for the killing of these men. Lastly, it is unfair to denounce the action of Menendez as peculiarly Spanish, for worse things were being done in every part of Europe at that time. Not to mention other deeds, for the list would be too long, only a few years afterwards, Jacques Soria, a prominent Huguenot and one time Governor of Brouage, Champlain's birthplace, chanced upon forty Jesuit missionaries who carried no arms, were not going to any French country, but were on their way to the forests of Brazil to convert the cannibals, yet he hacked them to pieces on the deck and then threw their mangled remains to the sharks.

Once master of Fort Caroline, Menendez made haste to get back to St. Augustine. Taking with him twenty-three men—for the rest were too exhausted to follow, he hurried on through the forests and swamps though the storm was still raging. The deserters had reported him dead, and his people who were in consternation were amazed at his return. Soon the Indians brought the news that there were wrecks along the coast. Evidently it was Ribaut's fleet. Whether the crews were saved or not he did not know but he immediately set out with forty men to reconnoitre. Beyond what is probably Matanzas Inlet he saw a number of men who were unable to cross to the mainland, for their ship's boats had been lost. Nevertheless, they were armed and even had their banners with them. Finally one of their number swam across the intervening water for a parley. Menendez announced himself and told them they might trust to his mercy. They evidently did not believe him,—indeed, he had previously

announced he would give them no quarter,—and they offered to pay 20,000 ducats if their lives were spared, but the bribe was refused. It was now a question of starvation on the sandbank or the dubious mercy of their sworn enemy. They chose the latter, and were brought over in boats, two hundred in all, and put to death when they reached the shore.

On the following day another detachment of three hundred and fifty were seen near the same place. They were busily engaged constructing a raft but when discovered they drew up in line of battle with colors flying and fifes and tambours playing. Ribaut himself was in command and came over on the raft to discuss the situation. He also offered money to the extent of 100,000 crowns for an assurance of safety. It would have been of great use to Menendez, just then, but as in the former case it was refused. The parleys continued for two days and meantime two hundred of the men had contrived to escape. The rest surrendered and met the fate of the predecessors.

The usual palliation or justification of this act is that Menendez could not have admitted this great body of savage freebooters into his defenceless colony, without being false to the King and to the people entrusted to him. He had landed there a few weeks before with only 800 people; 500 of whom were soldiers, 200 sailors and 100 married men and women with their children. The entire number had been more than cut in half by the 500 men who had been sent to capture Fort Caroline, so that there were really no soldiers left in St. Augustine. To have admitted five hundred and fifty of his deadliest enemies into the colony would have been simply handing over his people to be massacred. He had no enclosure in which to keep prisoners, no ships to send them away, and no food to feed them. Moreover, they were miscreants of the worst description, with no authorization from any government, and had come with the express and sole purpose of obliterating every vestige of the settlement and putting its inhabitants to the sword. It was a band of armed

murderers attempting to enter a man's house. To say that Menendez deceived them by an implied promise of mercy is to suppose that these freebooters were children. He had announced his purpose when he hailed their ships at sea. Finally, if it is objected that to treat prisoners in that manner is not war, his defenders say that they were not soldiers, but pirates, as well as rebels against their own King, who never disputed the justice of their death. It was the way of the age and what occurred in the land of Parkman's ancestors, only thirty years before that time, might be aptly recalled. In Gasquet's "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries" (I,263), we read that

"The three Carthusian priors, Houghton, Webster and Lawrence together with the Brigittine, Father Reynolds, and his neighbor, John Hale, Vicar of Isleworth, were executed at Tyburn on May 4, 1535. The details of the execution were of a nature more horrible than usual, even in the terrible and barbarous punishment of death for treason. To each as he mounted the scaffold a pardon was offered if he would obey the King and parliament. Each in turn rejected the offer of life at the price of a guilty conscience. Houghton was the first to be executed. Mounting the gibbet he knelt down and recited a few verses of the 31st Psalm and calmly resigned himself to the hands of the executioners. The rope was stout and heavy, in order that the martyrs might not be strangled before the rest of the barbarous butchery could be performed. It is almost impossible to credit the frenzy of diabolical cruelty which is said to have been perpetrated on this occasion in presence of the court, and as the people believed, of the King himself. Whilst still living they were ripped up in each others presences, their bodies dishonored, their limbs torn off and their hearts cut out and rubbed into their mouths and faces."

"The faces of these men did not pale," says Froude (II, 359), "their voices did not shake; they declared themselves liege subjects of the King and obedient children of the Church. All died without a murmer. The stern work was ended with quartering the bodies, and the arm of Houghton was hung up as a bloody sign over the archway to awe the remaining brothers into submission. At this execution were present the Dukes of Richmond, the Earl of Wiltshire, his son

and the other lords and courtiers stood quite near the sufferers. The King himself would like to have seen the butchery, though he was not present, but nearly all the court were; the King's principal chamberlain bringing forty horses. Five of the riders were accoutred and mounted like borderers; they were armed and wore visors, that of the Duke of Norfolk's brother got detached and created a great stir."

Or again, Henry's method of suppressing the Pilgrimage of Grace might be meditated on. He thus writes to the Duke of Norfolk:

"Our pleasure is that before you shall close up our banner again, you shall cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village and hamlet that have offended, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all others hereafter that would practice any like matter, remembering that it should be much better that these traitors should perish in their unkind traitorous follies than that so slender punishments should be done upon them as the dread thereof should not be a warning to others."

The victims of this wholesale slaughter were not freebooters but honest Englishmen demanding their rights.

That Menendez was not a bloodthirsty man is evident from his whole previous career, as far as we know it, and from his dealings three weeks later with the remnants of the Florida Huguenots. News was brought to him that the two hundred who had escaped, were actually erecting a fort and building a ship, lower down on the peninsula and consequently were armed. Taking with him three hundred men, one hundred and fifty of whom he had to summon from Fort Caroline, he set out to find the outlaws. On his arrival they took to the hills, whereupon he sent a messenger after them to offer not only life, but kind treatment and service in the Spanish army. Had he been regarded by them as the monster that prejudiced and bigoted historians have ever since portrayed him, they certainly would have preferred death in the forest, to the risk of putting themselves in his hands. But the fact is that the entire band, with the exception of twenty, came down to his camp, were enrolled among his

troops, the officers were even admitted to his table and neither soldiers nor officers had ever any reason to regret having trusted his word.

The chief sources of the gruesome tales told about these tragedies are, first, Laudonnière's account, based on a story told him by a French sailor who claims to have escaped from the enemy; but neither Laudonnière himself nor his sailors can claim much respect for their veracity; the second is a "Petition presented to Charles IX by the widows and orphans of those who perished in Florida," which reeks with horrible details about Ribaut being flayed alive and the like. As it was written under the influence of violent passion and to evoke political and religious hatred it cannot be regarded as trustworthy. Scant attention was paid to it even in France at the time of its publication.

"As a matter of fact," says Charlevoix, "the hatred of the court for Huguenots and especially for Coligny, their chief, who was always in arms against his King and the religion of his forefathers, largely contributed to the indifference that succeeded the first feeling of natural and patriotic indignation. Indeed the Frenchmen who were put to death in America by the Spaniards were not regarded as French subjects at all, but as followers of the most bitter enemy of the King and of religion. No remonstrance whatever, was addressed to the King of Spain."

This is in keeping with the verdict of Bancroft on the character of these supposed victims of religious hate.

"The worst evil in this new settlement," he says, "was the character of the immigrants. They were a motley group of dissolute men, mad with a passion for sudden wealth. They began a career of piracy against the Spanish and were the aggressors in the first act of hostility in the New World, a crime which was soon avenged." (Vol. 1, p. 65.)

It was very fortunate for Americans that they made no permanent settlement in this country. They were not saints as they are sometimes portrayed by their eulogists, but sinners of the very worst type. Indeed, the persistent denunciation of Menendez has all the appearances of an effort to dis-

tract the attention of the world from the real character of his enemies.

The last scene in this horrible tragedy was the exploit of Dominique de Gourgues, a hitherto unknown personage, who resolved to revenge the massacre of his countrymen, by making a holocaust of an equal number of Spaniards. It was not religion but misguided patriotism that prompted him. In 1567, he set out from France with three small vessels and a commission to hunt negroes in Africa and sell them as slaves wherever he could find a market. Such was not his real purpose; he merely used it as a pretext to deceive the authorities. Arrived at the West Indies, he worked up his crews to a wild enthusiasm when he revealed his real intentions, and then steered his course to Florida which he approached, says Parkman, in his usual melodramatic style, "as the moon rode high above the lovely sea and silvered in its light the ships of the avenger as they held their course." They passed St. Augustine and went onward to Fort Caroline. Thousands of Indians, we are told, received them and after several impossible dialogues, which are scrupulously repeated verbatim by the historian as if they were really uttered, the civilized men and the savages attacked the fort. It is unnecessary to describe the marches and counter marches, the sorties and repulses. It will suffice to say that the Frenchmen proved they could be just as ghoulish as the Spaniards. Every man in the garrison was massacred, and in imitation of Menendez a certain number were hanged upon trees with the inscription above them: "Not as to Spaniards but as to traitor and murderers"—the companion myth of the Menendez placard. Then de Gourgues, to the amazement of the Indians, embarked on his ships and sailed for France, not however, before an old woman declared that "she was now ready to die since she had seen the French once more." The readiness with which the aborigines and their European guests exchanged confidences in languages which neither understood is little short of miraculous. One would have ex-

pected that de Gourgues would have immediately proceeded southwards to demolish St. Augustine and thus complete his work. Perhaps, he was afraid of meeting Menendez, who however, was not there, for we are informed that just at that time " the butcher of the Heretics " was in Spain in conversation with " his best friend, the sainted General of the Jesuits, Francis Borgia."

This raid of de Gourgues is more revolting than anything charged against his enemy. It was not only useless but it left the unfortunate savages to the mercy of the Spaniards, while the white men got all the questionable glory of the exploit. It was the act of a boy who breaks a window and then runs away; but in spite of this farcical ending, de Gourgues is hailed as a hero, while Menendez, whose exploit he was desirous of emulating, is denounced as a monster. Yet one was prompted purely by vengeance and the other was defending his people.

With the French out of the way, Menendez addressed himself with his characteristic energy to the establishment of forts throughout the peninsula. Meantime, he was searching for his son, but never found him. In 1574, he was recalled to Spain to command an armada of three hundred sail, with 20,000 men, to attack England and Flanders. It never left Santander where it had been assembled, for Menendez died towards the end of that year. It might have had better luck than the Invincible Armada of 1587. He was only fifty-five when he ended his remarkable career. Of course, calumny pursued him in his grave. Even the illustrious Grotius affirmed that he had committed suicide, but Parkman assures us that " the Spanish bigot was rarely a suicide, and that reliable documents give no proof of such a termination of his life." In brief his crimes existed mainly in the minds of his enemies. As they could not conquer him they cursed him. Had his race and religion been different he would have been regarded as a hero.

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

CHAPTER I

Early Days

For those who have visited the place and know its history there is no city on the continent so picturesque in its site and surroundings and so reminiscent of the past as the city that Champlain founded on the St. Lawrence. In spite of the many storms that have swept over it from within and from without, Quebec still retains to a wonderful degree many of those features of Old France which he and his successors intently and insistently impressed upon it. Enthroned on its rocky eminence above the majestic river whose waters seem to stop there, it lifts its head still higher to the sky where the crenellated walls of the citadel crown it, and the protruding cannon assure it of peace. Across the river and facing it is Pointe Levis with a cluster of splendid colleges and convents and churches on its crest; while beyond the St. Charles, on the other side of the Rock, the eye follows an interminable double line of white houses glittering in the sunshine and stretching far away to the horizon beyond Beaupré, looking, as they appeared to the fancy of a Canadian writer, like an unending procession of acolytes wending their way over the green hills to some distant and unseen sanctuary in the east. It is the region where the cascade of Montmorency leaps over the precipice into the river below, and the gigantic headlands lead down to the mysterious Saguenay and to the far away crags on the coast of the Gulf. To the north, the Laurentides heave their huge bulk to the clouds, and on your left to the west is the last home of the Hurons, near where the Cabir-Coubat, the Winding River, plunges into its dark

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

gorge and appears again as the St. Charles to flow along the low meadow-lands into the St. Lawrence that carries it to the sea. The city itself in its upper portion is like an old French town of the thirteenth century, with its narrow streets, some of which rush precipitously down to the river, and with houses that at times crowd out close to the roadway, leaving scant room for the wayfarer to avoid the drays that occasionally rumble along or the rattling calèches that are relics of olden times. Formidable fortifications with sentried gates surround you on every side and when you look down from the parapets you see far beneath you a grimy huddle of buildings, many of them battered and dilapidated by one or two hundred years of Canadian storms, but clinging all the closer to the fort for protection with only a dingy and narrow street groping its way through the pile. Without straining your fancy you can imagine you are looking down from the towers of a feudal castle on the dwelling place of the retainers and villagers of some old baron of former times.

Quebec teems with memories, some glorious and some mournful, but all of them precious. Alongside of you are the Plains of Abraham where England and France grappled for the possession of the New World, and where Wolf and Montcalm both died. On the slope of the hill is an inscription telling us that "here Montgomery fell," and a shaft of granite shows you where Cartier beached his ships during the terrible winter of 1534. Out of the long past start unbidden the figures of the gorgeous old governors who, while they ruled the struggling colony, never presented themselves in public unless preceded by martial music, and accompanied by pages and men-at-arms in dazzling apparel. But above all are the memories of the martyrs Brébeuf and Jogues and Daniel and Garnier, and others whose weary feet once trod these streets, and who went through those gates to their bloody death in the wilderness and wigwam. Quebec was the last home that bade them farewell. But above all, the city bears the impress of its founder, Samuel Champlain, whose

gigantic statue towers upon the bluff and looks out to the country beyond.

An enthusiastic writer calls upon us to admire the majesty of the man "descending the steps of his ancestral castle, his eyes fixed on the heavens, his cross upon his breast, as he leaves his home and kindred forever, to bury himself in the forests of the New World." Unfortunately for this description there were no ancestral castles in the little village or town of Brouage where Champlain was born. The "Dictionnaire Géographique, Historique, Administratif, Industriel et Commercial de toutes les Communes de la France" informs us "the town of Brouage was founded by Jacques de Pons in 1555." Consequently it was about twenty-five years old when Champlain was born. It was fortified by Richelieu later on and had about forty houses. The government establishments which he placed there were afterwards removed because of the unhealthiness of the locality. After that its population diminished and in our days it is merely a market for salt. Opposite but somewhat to the north is the Isle du Ré, from which Father Bressani wrote his letter after being freed from the Mohawks, and in a direct line west from Brouage is the Island of Oleron, which is famous in the maritime history of France for its wonderful *Rooles* or Code of Maritime Legislation. Brouage has a canal which was built to drain the marshes that made the neighboring naval station of Rochefort insalubrious. Rochefort has its memories also, for it was the place to which clever young Canadians like the Le Moynes and others were sent to be trained as sea-fighters. The boys must have been happy to have found themselves so near Brouage; but there was another city not far away which was less congenial. It was La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Huguenots, whose political changes always affected Brouage, so that sometimes the smaller town was under Calvinistic, at others under Catholic control. Thus, about a year before Champlain's birth, its governor was the notorious pirate Jacques Soria, who had distinguished himself by flinging forty

Jesuit missionaries into the sea. Later a Catholic sailor, the famous Poulain, was its ruler.

These Calvinistic surroundings may explain the name "Samuel," which Champlain received in baptism, and which has made some writers fancy that he had been brought up in Calvinism. Kingsford finds a proof in the absence of any baptismal register. But that would apply to Cartier as well. The fact is that the Catholics were merely adopting the fashion of their friends and relatives. Thus we have Isaac Jogues and Isaac Razilly and Abraham Martin, and even Sidrach appears in the registers.

Champlain was born in 1570 and was the son of a fisherman, a God fearing man, who entrusted his boy to the priest of the parish for an education. His studies cannot have been extensive in those days of strife and bloodshed, but at least the teacher instilled into his pupil a great desire to learn, for Champlain never lost a moment all his life long to increase his fund of knowledge. Dionne calls the priest *le prieur*. He was consequently a monk and was possibly out of his convent because it had been destroyed in the religious wars of the time, but the fisherman's son must have been often away from school and with his father out on the deep, imbibing that intense love for the sea that remained with him till the end of his life. On the Bay of Biscay he had the chance of knowing the ocean in all its moods.

But he had experiences other than nautical. He was only eight or nine years of age when the Duke of Mayenne besieged Brouage; and in 1586 François d'Epernay had entrenched himself there and was attacked by such redoutable soldiers as Henry of Navarre and the Prince de Condé. Whether Champlain was behind the battlements on the latter occasion we do not know, but he was somewhere in the army, and even after the assassination of Henry III, which brought the warring Frenchmen temporarily to their senses, he continued in the service. But the salt was in his blood and he was longing for the sea.

At the cessation of hostilities, the Spaniards were abandoning a post that had been granted to them temporarily on the northwest coast of France, at Blavet, now Port Louis, near l'Orient. The soldiers had to be conveyed home and his uncle was captain of one of the transports. Hence we find Champlain, in August, 1598, sailing on the St. Julien down to Cadiz. There he remained a month, and every moment of his time was employed in exploring the neighborhood, taking notes and making maps. From Cadiz his ship went to the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Fifteen leagues up the stream was Seville, which no doubt the eager Champlain took the first chance to visit. While there news arrived that the English were contemplating a raid on Porto Rico, and all haste was made to send out a fleet of twenty ships with 2000 men to save the island. But it had already been captured. The Duke of Cumberland had anchored off San Juan, entered the city, then looted and burned it. The inhabitants who had not been taken prisoners had fled to the mountains and the invaders had, after spending a whole month in riot on the island, set sail for England with their twelve ships loaded with booty. Much to Champlain's chagrin the order to go and meet them was rescinded. However, something better, or at least more peaceful, was in store for him. Francisco Colombo, a Knight of Malta, was going out with a fleet to Mexico, and not only was the St. Julien engaged as a convoy, but young Champlain was made its captain, and at the beginning of January, 1699, he started for America.

After a sail of two months they sighted Désirade Island, which lies between Antigua on the north, Sainte-Marie Galande on the south, and Guadeloupe on the west. Désirade was the first land seen by Columbus on his second voyage and the name was suggested by the *desire* of the great navigator to succeed in his work. Near Désirade was the Isle of Nevis, which at a future day was to be identified with the name of the great Canadian, d'Iberville. From there the ships made for Porto Rico, threading their way through the maze of

the Virgin Islands, which were said to be eight hundred in number, but are only forty. They were numerous enough, however, to furnish a safe refuge for the Dutch filibusters until Englishmen of the same trade drove them out and took their place. Finally the fleet arrived at desolate San Juan, which the English had left only fifteen days before.

Champlain took notes of all he saw, not only of the devastation of the city but of the physical peculiarities of the surroundings. He describes the fruitless but shady *sombrade* tree that sends its branches into the earth, and in one instance that he saw covering a league and a quarter. There were oranges and enormous citrons and *algarobas* and *papittas* and *corazons,* or heart fruit, as big as a man's fist and with a taste like sugared cream; there was the cassava, whose poisoned root the Indians made into bread, taking from it in some way its dangerous qualities. He is equally minute in describing the animal creation.

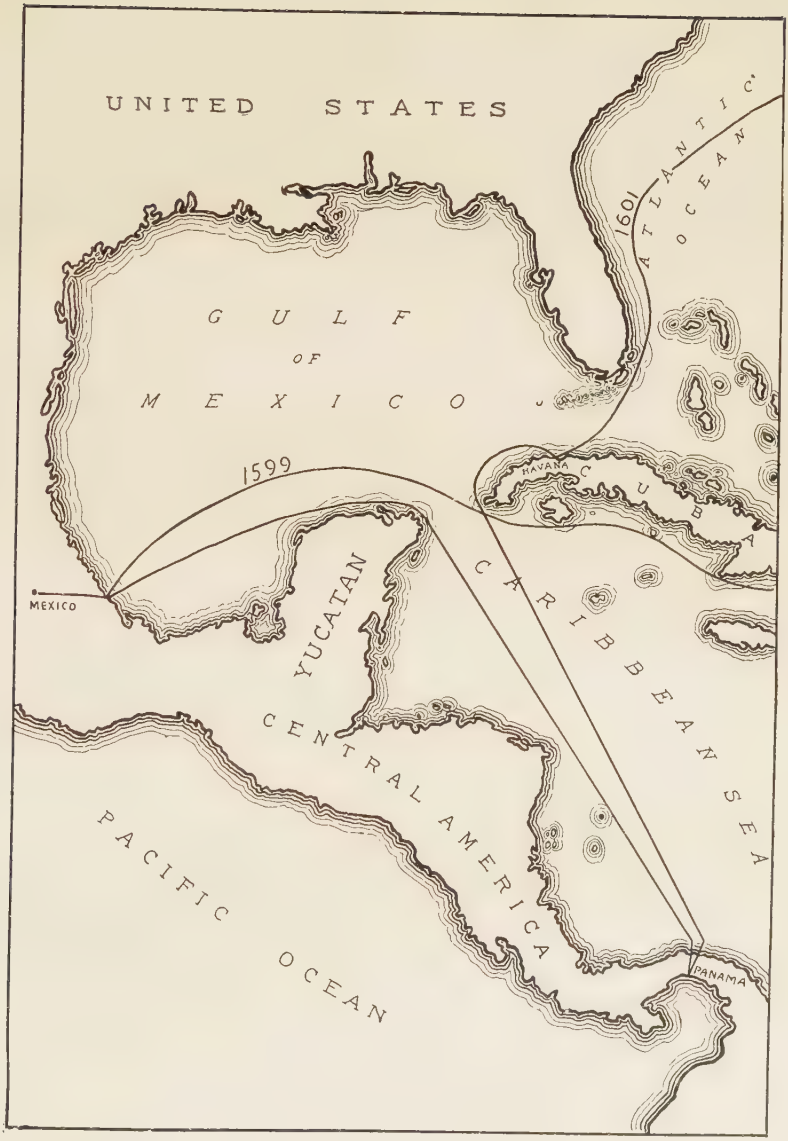
After a month at Porto Rico the fleet was divided into three sections, one going to Cartagena, another to Panama, while Champlain's division sailed with the Admiral to Mexico, 1200 miles away. They stopped at St. Domingo, where they heard from a negro that there were two French ships in the neighborhood. The Admiral set off in pursuit, but to the disgust of Champlain lost heart when he faced the foe. They then skirted the south coast of Cuba and finally reached Saint Juan d'Ulloa, in Mexico. It appears on the map a little south of the old Vera Cruz, where Herñando Cortez had formerly burned his ships. A garrison of two hundred soldiers protected the harbor, and two miles from the port was a trading post called Bouterin, while four leagues further on was the new Vera Cruz, but it was on a river, two miles inland.

After a fortnight's stay on the coast he went up to the City of Mexico, which he tells us had then a population of 12,000 Spaniards and 60,000 converted Indians. On its well laid out streets were splendid palaces and churches and great mercantile establishments. The country around was fertile and cov-

ered with countless herds of cattle. Minute details of all he saw are carefully recorded. Nor was this a transient prosperity; for twenty-five years after Champlain's visit the Viceroy sent to the King of Spain a parrot made of gold and silver and diamonds. The feathers had their natural color and the art with which this wonderful specimen of workmanship was executed amazed the people of Europe. It was estimated as being worth 500,000 ducats. In the church of the Dominican convent at that time there was a sanctuary lamp which had three hundred branches of wrought silver, which held numberless wax tapers, and one hundred lamps, each of a different form, costing in all about 400,000 ducats. The garments of the women were extravagantly luxurious in their texture and were covered with gold and silver and precious stones. The English traveller, Gage, who visited it fifty years later, wrote that the carriages on the streets of Mexico were superior to those of Madrid or any other capital in Europe. Everywhere there were displays of gold and silver and rarest gems and cloth of gold and the finest silks of China. When one calls to mind the wretchedness and poverty of the English colonies at a much later date the expeditions of the freebooters are easily explained.

After seeing all he could of Mexico he sailed around Yucatan and went down as far as the Isthmus of Panama, a distance of four or five hundred leagues. Porto Bello, or Colon as it is now called, was guarded by two forts and a garrison of three hundred soldiers. He found it a most unhealthy place. From there he travelled across to Panama, which in spite of the recent assaults of the English pirates, Hawkins and Drake, was then a prosperous city.

The Isthmus was a favorite hunting place for the buccaneers of that period, for all the wealth of South America passed that way in transportation to Spain. The precious burden was carried on the backs of mules, but how easy it would be, mused Champlain, to dig a canal through the twelve miles that separated the Chagres River from the ocean. He



CHAMPLAIN'S VISIT TO MEXICO

made this suggestion on his return to Europe, but he was not the first to conceive that project. The old Spanish maps reveal several lines along which a canal might be made. But in spite of the immense wealth at its disposal and the undoubted skill of its engineers Spain never attempted to cut the great passage. They wanted to shut themselves in.

The fleet finally started homeward. A stop was made at Cuba, where Champlain recorded his horror at seeing "white men smoking like savages." After three months the voyage was resumed, and skirting the Florida coast it seemed to him that the country beyond was fertile, but sadly neglected by the Spaniards. Bermuda was sighted; then the ships were scattered by a storm, but evidently met again somewhere near the Azores, for two English ships were captured, and finally they dropped their anchors in the harbor of Seville. Champlain had been absent from Europe for two years and two months.

Such was his first cruise as captain of a ship. He was the exact opposite of the skippers who ploughed the Spanish main in those days. Their sole object was to shed blood and get booty. His was in all things to be a Christian. The opening passage of a treatise he wrote on navigation reveals his character. "The first duty of a commander on the high seas," he says, "is to be a man of God." The necessity of good morals is insisted upon; blasphemy is prohibited "lest it bring the curse of God upon the crew"; a regular time for prayers is prescribed; and a pious and skilful chaplain is regarded as an absolute necessity "to instruct the men, to hear their confessions, to console them in sickness and danger, and to prepare them for death."

CHAPTER II

Gropings for Canada

He had abandoned the Spanish service on return home and was gratified with a commission and a pension from the King of France. Work was awaiting him. Interest in the regions that Cartier had explored had revived but as yet had not taken any definite shape. He himself tells us that "in 1599 the Sieur Chauvin, of Normandy, Captain in the Royal Navy, a capable sailor who had served His Majesty in past wars, although of the so-called reformed religion (*la religion prétendue reformée*) had established a trading post at Tadoussac. He had received a monopoly of the trade for the King and had made a promise which he did not keep of sending out five hundred men. He equipped several vessels "and all would have been well," says Champlain, "except for the fact that although his men were all Catholics they had only Calvinist ministers and pastors for chaplains."

Tadoussac's cold climate and rocky soil made it a poor place for a colony; nevertheless, that was the spot chosen, although Pontgravé, who was in command of the ships, wanted to go further up the river. A sort of barracks was built and then both Chauvin and Pontgravé started for France, while the men soon eat up all the provisions, lounged about in idleness, began to fight with each other, fell sick, and either died or went with the savages. Chauvin made another attempt in the following year with the same result, and on a third journey he himself "caught some malady or other which sent him off to the next world."

"What was blameworthy in this expedition," says Champlain, "was to have given to a man of an opposite religion a commission to propagate the Catholic Apostolic and Roman faith which heretics hold in such horror and abomination.

CHAMPLAIN AT TADOUSSAC

"The fourth enterprise was that of the Sieur Commandeur de Chastes Governor of Dieppe, an honorable man, a good Catholic, a great servant of the King who had worthily and faithfully served His Majesty on many occasions." Though an old man he proposed to go out personally and found a colony on the St. Lawrence. With that end in view he purchased Chauvin's commission from the King at a good price and then organized a society of gentlemen and merchants to finance the enterprise. Champlain offered his services and he and Pontgravé were commissioned to proceed to Tadoussac and ascend the river as far as the Sault. They crossed the Atlantic in the lightest kind of ships, some of them having only ten tons burthen, but reached Tadoussac without accident. After a short trip up the Saguenay they took five sailors in a boat of light draught and ascended the St. Lawrence as directed. Champlain made a map of the country through which he passed, adding observations on the character of the land, the habits of the people, the sources of the rivers, noting especially whatever he thought worth being recorded about the mighty St. Lawrence. They then returned to France, but on arriving at Honfleur they heard to their dismay that the venerable De Chastes had departed this life and that the merchants of the country were up in arms against the monopoly which had been grantetd to him. The Canada enterprise apparently in consequence of these unexpected obstacles would have to be abandoned.

Now the Sieur de Monts appeears on the scene. He was a gentleman of Sainctonge, the King's Chamberlain and the Governor of Pons. With Chauvin he had once visited the St. Lawrence, but it did not suit him. He wanted a place further south. Hence he received that geographically undetermined place, Acadia, where he was ordered by the King to found a colony and to establish there the Catholic Apostolic and Roman faith. Although De Monts was of the "*religion prétendue reformée*" he nevertheless had the courage to accept this absolutely impossible task and forthwith equipped several

vessels for the enterprise. With him were men of both religions and also priests and ministers.

Champlain was asked to accompany the expedition. He did not fancy it much and said very frankly that the religious strife which was sure to break out would ultimately wreck the colony. Nevertheless he set sail for Dieppe, not in command of any vessel, but merely as a chronicler of the voyage. The ships had different destinations; some were to go direct to Tadoussac, others to Cape Canso. De Monts and Champlain took the southern route and in a month's time landed, not at Canso, nor at La Hève, which De Monts had changed for Canso when he was out at sea, but at Port au Mouton. De Monts was evidently a man of moods.

From Port au Mouton Champlain was sent out to find a suitable place to establish the colony. Taking ten men with him he stopped at Cape Negro, sailed around Cape Sable, went ashore on Shag and Tusket Islands, and entered St. Mary's Bay, which he partially explored. Then turning back he reached Port au Mouton in the middle of June. He had been a month away and De Monts had almost given him up for lost. On this trip was Maître Simon, who was credited with being an expert miner. He reported that there was a silver mine north of the bay. The news was comforting to De Monts. His object was money.

While waiting for Pontgravé to arrive, De Monts set out with Champlain to inspect the region that had just been visited. They took a look at St. Mary's, were delighted with Port Royal, which Champlain claims to have named, and then sailed into Mines Basin, which Longfellow has immortalized as the "Basin of Minas." They then crossed the Bay of Fundy, or the Baie Française, and on St. John's day arrived at a river which they named after the saint. The Indians called it Ouigoude. There Champlain heard that it was very easy to go from the Ouigoude to Tadoussac. The islands of Margaux and Menan were next visited, but the injudicious De Monts was charmed mostly by an islet only half a league

in circumference. He called it Ste. Croix and resolved to plant his colony there. He immediately began to build his houses and summoned the people from Port au Mouton to inhabit the rock. They had no water; all the trees except one were cut down for building; the winter began early; there was no means of reaching the mainland on account of the ice, and all the time De Monts was dreaming of copper mines. He then set out for France, after having transferred to Poutrincourt the beautiful possession of Port Royal which De Monts did not think possessed the features desirable for a colony.

Profiting by his absence, Champlain set out to explore the coast south of him. He left Ste. Croix on September 2, 1604, on a boat of seventeen or eighteen tons, with ten sailors and two Indian guides and sailed through the numberless islands of the coast, on one of which his boat almost went to pieces. A monument erected there three centuries later records the fact that he gave the place its name of Mount Desert. On the sixth of the month he met some Etchemin Indians who had come down from the Penobscot to fish and they led him up the river to find the famous Norumbega, the country of gold and silver about which the whole world in Europe had gone crazy. He found nothing but a few wretched Indians in miserable huts, and when he reported it, the myth of Norumbega evaporated; though for a time not a few illustrious travellers still believed in it, among them the famous Captain John Smith of Virginia. On his way back to the sea he inquired about the source of the Penobscot. Had he fully comprehended his Indian guides he would have understood that Moose Head Lake was nearby and that the Chaudière River would have carried him rapidly down to Quebec. Apparently he did not grasp the situation, so he travelled about ten or twelve leagues further along the coast, but as his Indians had now deserted and his provisions were growing scarce he failed to reach the Kennebec. He turned back and arrived at Ste. Croix on October 2, only to find the whole colony ravaged by scurvy. Out of the seventy-nine settlers thirty-five died and

twenty-three more were at the point of death. The rest were longing for home. Indeed they were about to leave for France when Pontgravé arrived with an ample supply of provisions.

De Monts had invested too much money in his undertaking to permit him to think of relinquishing it while there was any hope of success and although Champlain had reported that he had seen no better place than Ste. Croix a new tour of exploration had to be made, and hence, on June 18, they started south with two barques manned by twenty-five sailors and a few colonists. An Indian and his wife acted as guides. For twelve days they wandered along the islands at the mouth of the Penobscot; on July 1 they reached the Kennebec and Champlain taking a canoe paddled up to Merrymeeting Bay, which is formed by the confluence of the Androscoggin with the Kennebec. On the 8th they reached Casco Bay, where they met a chief whose name, Ameda, suggested that he knew something about the Jacques Cartier tree. But he had never heard of it. At the Saco River another tribe was discovered who were more concerned with the cultivation of pumpkins, corn and tobacco than with war. Cape Porpoise, where Kennebunk now stands, was the next stopping place, and further south they reached Cape Anne, which for a long time the French wrote as Kepane. There they found a conglomerate population of Weechagaskas, Neponsits, Punkapaogs, Nomantums, Nashaways and Nipmucks, whose boats were not canoes but piroques or dug-outs. On the 17th the Frenchmen nearly foundered on a rock where the water was six fathoms deep, but "God saved us," says Champlain. They were now in Massachusetts Bay and went up the Gua River, which was named after De Monts and is now the Charles. On the 18th they were down at Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers were to land later. Then they turned Cape Cod and on August 2 anchored in a harbor which they called Malle-barre. The Armouchiquois who dwelt there were the only Indians that gave any trouble. One of them stole a kettle

from a sailor, whom they stabbed, and that brought a volley of musket shots from the boat; but this fusillade was near being more disastrous to the whites than to the Indians, for Champlain's musket exploded in his hands and for a moment he thought his end had come. Fortunately he escaped uninjured. Finally the explorers turned back after spending five weeks in useless explorations. In nine days they reached Ste. Croix.

De Monts had by this time made up his mind that Ste. Croix was a poor place to live in, so he ordered every one back to Port Royal. Houses were immediately built, Champlain's being especially attractive. Besides his dwelling he had laid out a garden, with its irrigating ditches, its trout pond and its little summer house. But he did not loiter there. While De Monts was in France Champlain was out again hunting for the everlasting copper mines which the chief was so eager to find but which always eluded discovery. Pontgravé, who was in charge of the colony, had plenty to do in caring for the sick people who had been transported from Ste. Croix. And thus the winter passed.

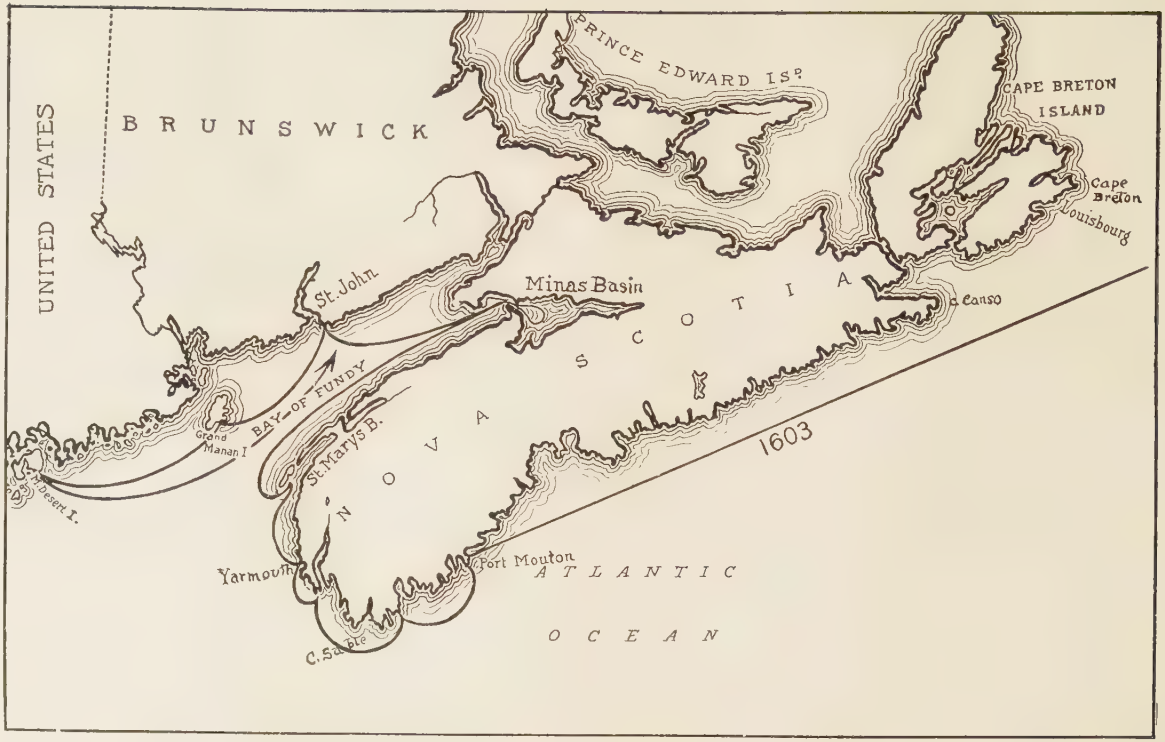
When spring came, Pontgravé joined him in another journey along the coast, but they did not go far. They struck across the bay for the Grand Menan and there came near losing their lives as well as their ship. They were being driven furiously on the rocks when happily a huge billow lifted them high in the air into the waters beyond. Fully four days were needed to repair the damage. Another four days were passed in Shell Harbor and then a second attempt was made to go down the coast, but either the incompetence or malice of the pilot prevented them. They were dashed against a rock and came within an inch of drowning. The offender was brought in chains to Port Royal and there they saw the colonists making for the ships. The poor wretches had suffered enough in Acadia and had determined to go back to France.

They left Port Royal on July 15 and were already eleven

days at sea when a shallop hailed them. From it they learned that De Monts was actually on his way to Port Royal with plenty of provisions and had perhaps already arrived there. He had been detained in France by a series of law suits, but had at last set sail on the Jonas, and knowing their distress and discouragement had dispatched the shallop at Cape Canso to head them off, if as he feared they were abondoning the colony. So they turned back and found De Monts already established in the old place. With him was Poutrincourt, to whom Port Royal had been transferred. Lescarbot, Poutrincourt's bosom friend, was also there. It was the first and only visit of that historian to Acadia.

As Port Royal no longer belonged to De Monts, he decided to make another search for a site along the New England coast. It was a perfectly useless expedition for every part of it had been already carefully examined, but he had to be humored. The present Gloucester, which they called Beauport, was the only new place they stopped at. The breakers and sand bars of Cape Cod gave them no end of trouble, especially at what is now known as Chatham, which Champlain describes as "a good place for a town [a *république,* even] if the harbor were deeper and the entrance broader." He was evidently facetious. There they planted a cross, but the Indians threw it down in the night and murdered four sailors who, in spite of orders, had remained on shore. A fifth man was shot in the breast with an arrow. Poor fellow! It would have been better had he died at Chatham for he was hanged later at Quebec for attempting to assassinate Champlain. The weather prevented any further exploration to the south, which was unfortunate, for they might easily have entered New York. Moreover, two of the crew were sick, provisions were running short and hence the ship was turned toward Port Royal.

The winter of 1606-07 was happily not severe and under the inspiration of the festive Lescarbot a merry time was had with banquets and literary entertainments. The game in the



CHAMPLAIN'S EXPLORATION OF ACADIA

forest and the fish in the streams made the former possible and easy, and Lescarbot took care of the latter. But on May 24 intelligence came that De Monts' charter had been cancelled and consequently Port Royal had to be abandoned. Before going, however, Champlain made another investigation of the Bay of Fundy and discovered on the shores of a little inlet an old moss covered and decaying cross, an evident sign that Christians had been there. Who they were no one will ever know. Finally, on July 30, 1607, the colonists bade good-bye to America, apparently forever, Champlain going on the same ship as Poutrincourt. They put in at Cape Fourchou, La Hève, Chibouctou, and were off Cape Canso on September 30. In a month's time, the Jonas entered St. Malo. Champlain had passed three years and five months in Acadia.

CHAPTER III

Quebec

De Monts was not all crushed by the failure of his Acadian enterprise though he had sunk a fortune in it, and when Champlain laid before him the maps of Canada and proposed an establishment on the St. Lawrence he entered whole-heartedly into the scheme, secured a year's monopoly of the fur trade of the river and sent out Champlain and Pontgravé to Quebec to take possession. Pontgravé arrived first and in an encounter with a contraband trader named Darache was badly wounded as were several of his men. As an open war would be unwise at the very inauguration of the new business undertakings he was persuaded by Champlain, who reached Tadoussac later, to take no present action, but when the chance offered, to refer the matter to the French courts. Meantime Darache promised good behavior. Champlain's ship, it is conjectured, was the Don de Dieu, which was to figure more prominently later on.

After a short run up the Saguenay they started for Quebec, on June 30, 1608, and three days later Champlain and thirty men went ashore at the foot of the Rock. Marsolet and Brulé, who were to disgrace themselves later on, were among the number. A clearing was made, the building of the *habitation* was begun and Quebec was founded. It was a new departure for until that time there had been nothing but trading posts in Canada, and places like Tadoussac, the islands at the mouths of the Richelieu and Ottawa had been selected as being easily reached by the Indians. Quebec on the contrary was to be a dwelling place for settlers, and that explains the many troubles that Champlain had to deal with in the course of his life.

A short time after he had begun work a Captain Testu

arrived with a freighter from Tadoussac. He had been engaged only a short time in unloading when he hurried in alarm to Champlain's quarters. "I have just heard something startling," he said. "You are going to be assassinated tonight; one of the accomplices has just revealed the plot." Champlain was not at all worried. On the contrary he quietly sent out word to his men that he would give them a fine supper on board the ship that evening to reward them for their persevering toil and devotion. The plotters accepted the invitation with great glee; it would make it easier for them to carry out their plan and they were in a jolly mood as they climbed over the side of the ship. Their merriment ceased, however, as they went below. Handcuffs were clapped on their wrists and ankles and they were dragged before their intended victim. There was no help for it and they admitted their guilt. Champlain immediately took them down to Tadoussac and handed them over to his chief, Pontgravé, but when he returned to Quebec he found that the friends of the murderers had made a wreck of the settlement, imagining perhaps that their intended victim had fled. Pontgravé, however, arrived shortly with the prisoners and they were regularly tried by a jury made up of the ship's company. The chief conspirator, Duval, the same individual who had been wounded by an Indian at Cape Cod, was promptly hanged and his head was hung on a pike planted on the walls of the fort. Four of the conspirators were sent to France for trial but there they were pardoned. The reason of the plot, according to Lescarbot, was that Champlain worked them too hard and fed them badly, which scarcely fits in with Champlain's character. The truth is that Duval had made all the arrangements on his way out from France. His plan was to seize the vessel and with the help of the contraband traders at Tadoussac, who were up in arms against Champlain for interfering with their business, to escape in one of the Basque ships to Spain. He was fortunately trapped, and after this example of Champlain's methods there was no more trouble with the

men. It was the second execution at Quebec. One of Roberval's crew, a Michel Gallion, had been hung at Cape Rouge during the winter of 1542-43.

Champlain built his "habitation" as he called it, at what is now the corner of St. Pierre and Sous-le-Fort streets. It was a double story affair; the upper part was for himself, and the lower for the men. It had a gallery ten feet broad running all around it and was surrounded by a ditch fifteen feet wide and six feet deep and was protected by cannon.

Pontgravé set sail for France on September 18, leaving Champlain with twenty-seven men and a good stock of provisions at Quebec. The improvident savages around them were just then in a condition of starvation. They had eaten all their provisions and were at one time seen devouring the putrefying carcasses of a dog and a sow that had been thrown out of the fort. Of course they had to be fed. Sickness of every kind was also prevalent in their wigwams, and on the other hand scurvy attacked the whites. One after another the men were buried in the snow, and when Pontgravé returned at the beginning of the following June, eight wretched sailors, the sole survivors of the twenty-seven who had been left there, dragged themselves out on the banks of the river to receive the representative he had sent up ahead of him from Tadoussac.

Champlain was summoned to France to make his report, but just then an army of Hurons came down the St. Lawrence. They were on the war path against the Iroquois. Would he join them? He consented.

This act has been made a serious charge against Champlain. It is said to have been the beginning of the long series of wars with the Iroquois which resulted in so much bloodshed, and which time and time again brought the colony to the verge of ruin. It is alleged that he should have held himself neutral between these savage tribes. But in the first place, no one could have ever foreseen that the Iroquois would have developed into such formidable foes, or that they

would have been helped by the Dutch and English colonies which did not then exist. Moreover, a promise to aid the friendly Indians in their wars had been made in 1603, when Champlain was merely a subaltern. Again, had he refused to take the side of the Algonquins, among whom he lived, they would have made short work of him and his little handful of sick and starving men. In brief, those long continued wars are not to be charged against him, but against the Kings of France who never gave the colony any military assistance until fifty-seven years after that time, namely, in 1666, when a mere fragment of a regiment kept the Iroquois quiet for eighteen successive years, though nothing was done to them except to burn a couple of their villages. It was the King's incompetent Governors who broke the long peace that followed that parade into the Iroquois country.

Champlain consented to go on with the Indians, and on July 3, he and eight other white men set out on the expedition. They had gone no farther than the mouth of the Richelieu, when the savages began to quarrel among themselves and a number turned back. At Chambly six Frenchmen deserted, and Champlain thus found himself entering the enemy's country with only fifty-eight Indians and two whites. The number of the enemy was of course unknown. It looked like madness to go on, but had he turned back, his reputation for courage would have been irretrievably lost. So he kept on his way. On July 12, they were on Lake Champlain, and it illustrates the self-possession of this wonderful man that at every moment of his journey he jotted down in his note book whatever came under his observation; how, for instance, the summit of the mountains to his left was covered with snow; where the various islands are situated and at what point each river enters the lake; the birds, the wild animals, the vegetation; the carelessness of the Indians in the night watches, their consultations with their sorcerers, their dances, their instructions for the fight, their delight in a dream he had, and many other incidents. He was

carefully chronicling all this, though he might never return to Quebec alive.

On July 29, at 10 o'clock at night, as they were silently paddling over the smooth surface of the lake, probably near the present Crown Point, a number of dark objects were seen moving towards them. The recognition was immediate and mutual, and the war cry from both sides broke the stillness of the night. The Iroquois hurried ashore to build their defenses, while true to their habits of improvidence, the Hurons and Algonquins remained in their boats a little distance out, all night long. There was much singing and dancing on both sides, and abusive words, for they were within an arrowshot of each other, and the Iroquois had even sent to know when the fight was to begin. It was to be at dawn by common consent, and when the time came the boats were beached and preparations made for the fight. How many Iroquois braves were in the party was unknown. It was soon discovered, however, for out of the fort marched two hundred savage warriors in their paint and feathers eager for the fight. What could fifty-nine do against that number? But there was no stopping now, and a rush was made towards the yelling Iroquois. On they went, but suddenly at a given signal, when about thirty paces from the enemy, they stood stock still; their ranks opened and there before the eyes of the astonished Iroquois stood a figure, the like of which they had never seen before; a warrior in complete armor; with helmet and corselet and cuisses and cuirass. The manoeuvre was evidently of Champlain's devising. The Iroquois were terrified, though only for an instant. They recovered themselves and then every arrow was drawn to the head. Champlain saw the movement and calmly lifting his huge musket to his shoulder, and running his eye along the barrel, aimed at the three great chiefs who stood close to each other conspicuous among their men. Fire leaped from the mouth of the gun, the startling explosion followed and to their horror, the braves saw their three leaders weltering in their blood.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

He had put four slugs in the charge. Then two other shots came from the bushes where Champlain had posted his companions. Each weapon told, and after a discharge of arrows the Iroquois fled to their boats.

Champlain was a demi-god after that, but with all his influence he could not prevent the scalping and torture that followed the victory. He did, however, shorten with a bullet the agonies of one poor wretch who was burning at the stake. They were angry at him for that for a while, and then begged him to pursue the Iroquois. There was another lake, they said, to the south of them, and then a great river that led to the sea. Had he consented, he would have discovered the beautiful expanse which thirty-seven years afterwards Father Jogues called the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament, and would have descended the Hudson to New York more than a month before Hudson had entered the harbor in the Half Moon. Champlain's battle was fought on July 30, whereas Hudson passed the Narrows only on September 11. Perhaps he would have been daring enough to make the attempt, but he had to hurry back to Quebec.

On October 13, he was in France, pleading with Henry IV to restrain the traders who were robbing the colony of its only means of support, but he failed utterly, and all that he could obtain was some help from de Monts' old associates and a few more settlers, thus raising the number of people at Quebec, all told to twenty-seven. Moreover he himself came very near never returning to America, for we find him seriously sick on board his ship at the Isle of Wight, whither he had been driven by stress of weather. From thence he was transported across the Channel for treatment. But he recovered quickly, and then made an amazingly rapid run across the Atlantic, leaving Honfleur on April 8, and casting anchor at Tadoussac on the 25th. A seventeen days' trip across the Atlantic in a sailing ship, such as were used in those days, was a great exploit. It was fortunate for him and for the establishment at Quebec

that the wind was so favorable. For the Iroquois had recovered from their panic; and their canoes were expected to come down the Richelieu to the St. Lawrence at an early day.

On June 18, they had thrown up their defences at the mouth of the river where the French and Indians hastened to meet them, but in the excitement Champlain nearly lost his life in a swamp where the Indians had abandoned him. The fight began immediately; a shower of arrows fell around the besiegers, and again Champlain had bad luck. An arrow pierced his ear and buried itself in his neck, but with supreme unconcern he plucked it out, examined it curiously for a moment, and then flung it away. The first volley of bullets did no harm; they were lost in the intervening branches, but finally the French got close to the stockade and resting their guns on the logs picked off the red men at pleasure. Still the besieged fought like madmen. A breach had to be made and ropes were thrown around the posts to wrench them by force of arms from their place, while the huge trees around were cut down and made to fall on the fort. At that moment a reinforcement arrived. Some traders who had been sitting quietly in their boats, looking on at the fight, at last grew ashamed of themselves and came to the rescue of their countrymen. Under the cover of their fire a rush was made against the beleaguered Iroquois and the slaughter began. The place was ever afterwards known as the Cap du Massacre, or better, Cap de Victoire. Incidently it may be noted that the conduct of the traders in this fight was an example of their methods. They followed Champlain wherever he went, whether to a fight or a conference; traded with the Indians and without lending a hand either in war or peace reaped all the profits, and left him without any money to support the colony.

The news of the victory brought rejoicings at Tadoussac, while news from France brought consternation. Henry IV had been assassinated, and in October, both Champlain and Pontgravé were again crossing the ocean. The death of the

King meant the ruin of Quebec. They found de Monts in despair. Indeed he would have abandoned the whole enterprise had not Champlain sustained his courage. The new King could not be approached in the matter of regulating the unrestrained traffic on the St. Lawrence, so that Champlain and his friends were helpless. Another event, however, affecting Champlain personally took place that winter in France. Though forty years of age, he married Hélène Boulé, a young maiden of twelve and a Calvinist. But he made her a Catholic first, and then leaving her with her mother, he started over the Atlantic; not for a seventeen days' trip, this time, but for a month and a half of constant danger of death. He was caught in the ice and fog, and, trained mariner though he was, he, at times, completely lost his bearings. Nevertheless, he regularly jotted down in his log every shifting of the wind, every lifting of the fog, every peril from the mountains of ice which at times threatened to crush his frail barque and bury him in the sea. He was not alone, however, in these perils; one ship was sighted, which was caught in the ice floes and had been for three months trying to reach Acadia. He himself reached Tadoussac only on May 13. There, everything was buried in three feet of snow. It was fortunate that he had left his young bride at home.

However, the winter had passed comfortably enough; for there was plenty of game, and the health of the little garrison was excellent, and hence on May 21, 1611, he journeyed up the river to visit Cartier's Hochelaga. As usual, he was pursued by a swarm of traders who watched every one of his meetings with the Indians. He went ashore at the Place Royale which he cleared to some extent and fortified, and on this occasion named the little island out in the great river, St. Helen's, after the girl he left behind him. They had restricted ideas of cities in those days, for he writes in his journal that "it would be a good site for a great and strong city." Unfortunately one of his young Frenchmen

named Louis, foolishly attempted to descend the Falls. His recklessness cost him his life, and as a reminder of the accident, his name, says Dionne, was given to the Rapids. It was not called after the King of France as is popularly supposed.

On June 16, Champlain had a secret conference with the Hurons, and agreed to join them later in an expedition against the Iroquois. They insisted, however, that he should not permit the traders to follow him. He agreed and returned to Quebec, only to set sail again for France where ruin was staring him in the face. He left Tadoussac on August 11, 1611.

While going with de Monts to see the King, he was thrown from his horse and nearly killed. He could ride the billows of the ocean more easily than the steed. The King listened kindly but did nothing. From that moment de Monts threw up all connection with the Colony and laid the entire burden on the shoulders of Champlain. Any other man but he would have shrunk from such a responsibility, for he was both penniless and friendless. It happened also, just then, that two young Indians who had been brought over from Canada by some one or other to Europe, met him one day on the streets of Paris, and told him that two hundred Hurons had gone down to Sault St. Louis and were greatly incensed at finding that he had gone to Europe; indeed they had been informed that he was dead. Added to this, the Malouins in France were protesting to the King that the fur trade on the St. Lawrence belonged to them, in virtue of the discovery of the river by their townsman Jacques Cartier. Thus, trouble after trouble was being heaped upon him.

Harried to death by all this, he laid the matter before Pierre Jeannin, the first President of the Parliament of Paris, and also consulted Charles de Bourbon, the Comte de Soissons, who was at that time Governor of both of Dauphiné and Normandy. He based his appeals on patriotic motives. They appealed to the Count and he consented to accept the

Directorship of the company. Champlain was made his lieutenant governor and general. Unfortunately the Count died soon afterwards and the Prince de Condé took his place. Though the latter concerned himself very little about his obligations, nevertheless, his influence at Court would have been strong enough to thwart all opposition, if rightly employed, but the merchants of France had set their face against the project because it meant a diminution of their receipts in the fur trade. Hence all that Champlain could do was to get four miserable ships which, after being held up in the harbor by claims and protests, finally set sail from Honfleur on March 6. Arriving at Tadoussac, he posted up the miserable commission which had taken him two years to obtain. Evidently the struggle with his French enemies cost him considerable suffering to the extent even of changing his personal appearance, for when the Indians came aboard and asked: "Where is Champlain?" some one answered: "He is in France." "He is not," said an old chief. "Here he is," and he took hold of the scarred ear of the great man, and pointing to it said: "This is the mark of the wound he got at the Richelieu."

Champlain had returned to America possessed with the idea that he was now going to make the greatest discovery of his life; the North Sea. While in France, Nicolas Vignau, who had been living with the Indians, had contrived in some way or other to cross the ocean and meeting Champlain in Paris told him a story about wintering with the Nippissiriens, the nation of Sorcerers who occupied the territory around Lake Nippising, and then traveling with them as far as the North Sea. He had maps to vouch for the truth of his claim. Champlain was thunderstruck, but suspected that the whole thing was a fairy tale, and he told Vignau, that a lie in a matter which involved so much expense and danger meant death for the man who perpetrated it. The scoundrel, however, persisted only the more vehemently in maintaining it was absolute truth. The Directors of the Com-

pany in consequence on Champlain's return to Quebec ordered an exploring party to be fitted out.

Leaving St. Helen's Island, as a cannon boomed a farewell, he started out on May 27 with five Frenchmen, among whom was Vignau. On May 29, they portaged around the rapids at Lachine, and entered Lake St. Louis; on May 30, the Ottawa was reached, and after crossing the Lac des deux Montagnes, they arrived at the Long Sault. Further up they passed the mouth of the Gatineau which comes from the north, and the Rideau with its curtain-like fall flowing from the south. Continuing on, they saw the Falls of the Asticou or Chaudière, which Champlain calculated was ten or twelve *brasses* in height. The Chats was the next cascade and then a tributary river known to the Indians as the Madawaska was set down as entering the Ottawa from the south at 46⅔°. This was the last scientific observation during the journey, probably because the instrument, the astrolabe, was lost at that point or rather at Muskrat Lake near it. At all events, 254 years afterwards, viz.; in 1867, an astrolabe or sextant was found in Lot 12 of the township of Ross in Renfrew County. On it was engraved the date "1603." It was probably the lost treasure. They finally arrived at Allumettes Island, where the chief Tessouat who had met Champlain at Tadoussac in 1603, gave the travellers a warm reception, but dissuaded them from attempting to go on to the Nippisiriens, on account of the danger. In surprise Champlain protested that his guide Vignau had lived among those savages and had gone with them as far as the North Sea. This brought on the disclosure. The Indians surrounded Vignau, and denounced him as a liar. He protested on his soul, again and again, that he was telling the truth, but finally broke down and confessed that the whole thing was a fabrication. What his purpose was nobody knew, but Champlain's death just then would have been opportune for the traders; perhaps the plan was to kill him or lose him in the wilderness. Vignau was not hanged as he had

been threatened. "I left him to God," is all we find in Champlain's diary. Thus ended the dream of discovering the North Sea. In disgust Champlain returned to Quebec, which he reached on August 28, and then set sail for France. It is a curious fact that this time he crossed the ocean on the ship of a certain Sieur de Maisonneuve, who had received a license from the Prince de Condé to trade in New France. About the identity of this de Maisonneuve nothing is said. The journey was made very pleasant for Champlain.

The object of this transatlantic trip of 1614 was to remedy some of the flagrant abuses practised by the traders, and also to procure missionaries for the Indians and colonists. He failed in the first respect, but was happy in securing the services of the Recollects, Fathers Jamay, d'Olbeau, Le Caron and Brother Du Plessis. They set sail from Honfleur on April 24, 1615, and in a month's time came ashore at Tadoussac. The voyage was a rapid but not a happy one. The employees of the Company were mostly Huguenots and amused themselves in making the missionaries as miserable as possible. Even the interpreters, who were supposed to be Catholics, refused to teach the friars any of the native languages. They were probably acting under instructions, for even the Catholic stockholders were averse to this missionary enterprise. It was going to diminish the money receipts by civilizing the savages and making Quebec something more than a trading post.

On their arrival, all the Recollects except one went up to Quebec and stayed there for a time. Le Caron, however, in his anxiety to meet the Hurons who were trading at Montreal, hurried thither, but in a few days he was back again at Quebec to get what was needed to say Mass, which he proposed to celebrate in the presence of the savages. Champlain, it appears, met him on his down trip. The indefatigable friar again ascended the river, erected an altar somewhere on the banks of the Rivière des Prairies and offered the Holy Sacrifice, on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24, 1615. It is

figured out that on the following day Father d'Olbeau said Mass at Quebec, near the place where the Church of Notre Dame de Victoires was afterward erected.

On July 4, Champlain started for the Huron country to take part in the expedition against the Iroquois. Le Caron had preceded him to those parts, not however, to fight, but to preach the Gospel, and it is recorded that Mass was celebrated at Carhagouha, on August 12, 1615, after which Champlain and his ten Frenchmen, among whom was young Etienne Brulé, who was to figure so badly in subsequent Canadian history, set out to join the warriors.

They reached Cahiagué on April 17, and after considerable delay because of the late arrival of some of their allies, went down by Lakes Couchiching, Simcoe and Sturgeon, and then following the River Trent, arrived at the Bay of Quinté. The Andastes were expected to meet them on the other side of Lake Ontario and Brulé and some Indians went on ahead to hasten their coming.

Crossing Lake Ontario the invaders landed probably at the place where Oswego now stands. There they stowed their canoes and continued inland as far as the southern shore of Lake Oneida. They found the enemy near where the famous, or infamous, Oneida Community settled later, probably at Nicholas Pond, about three miles east of Perryville. Other authorities insist upon Onondaga, and others again say it was at Canandaigua Lake. It was then October 10. The Iroquois were established in a palisaded village eagerly awaiting their foes. The Hurons waited some days for the Andastes, but as there was no sign of them, the signal was given to begin. The Frenchmen had meantime built a platform that towered above the palisade and from it they poured volley after volley on the enemy, but with little effect; the Hurons were meantime trying to set fire to the defences, but were driven back with heavy loss. The fight continued for two days and at last, amid snow and hail, the attacking party gave up the fight and sullenly retreated, carrying off many a

wounded brave. Worst of all Champlain himself was shot in the knee and thigh and suffered intensely. They carried him to the boats which were ninety miles away. To do so they strapped him in a basket like a papoose on its board and put him on the back of a savage. "After two or three days," he says, "I could stand it no longer, so I ripped off the bandages and freed myself from that *gehenna,*"—a pious word for "hell." He does not tell us what method of conveyance was substituted. Finally they reached the Indian village which they had left four months before with such great expectations of victory.

It was now too late to return to Quebec. The rivers and lakes were frozen and a journey over the ice and snow in his weakened condition would have been suicide. He nevertheless wanted to make the attempt, but by inventing all sorts of excuses the Indians contrived to make him pass the winter among them. It was a fortunate thing for future ethnologists that they did so, for he did not spend his time in idleness. With the Recollect, Father Le Caron, he visited several villages. It was an opportunity thrust upon him of studying the people, and during the entire time that intervened until the end of May he wrote an exhaustive description of the surroundings. It is to-day the classic treatise on Huronia. In his simple and attractive style he furnishes us with a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge. He describes the method of winter travelling, notes the various conformations of the land, the position of the lakes, the course of the rivers, the dress of the people and their want of it, their tonsorial devices, their banquets, their disgusting food and the way they prepared it; their quarrels and his mode of adjusting them, in which his kindly and almost paternal way of dealing with these wild people always reveals itself. He gives a remarkably correct idea of the geography of the adjacent regions, and of the course and character of the St. Lawrence; he locates the countries to the north, west and south, with their exact longitudes and latitudes; he furnishes a list of the varieties of game

to be found in the forests, as well as the fish in the rivers, lakes and ponds. He tells his readers about the climate, both north and south of Lake Ontario, and of the diversity of trees and fruits to be found in both localities; he describes the shape and structure of the houses, their interior arrangements, descending even to the devices they resort to against the mice and the vermin with which their habitations swarm; the frequent shifting of village sites which still occasion so much trouble in the study of Indian topography; their dances, their hunting and fishing parties, their various wardrobes and the religious ceremonies, the sorcerers, etc. The account he gives us of the unbridled and promiscuous licentiousness of these tribes ought to set at rest forever the ridiculous superstition that still lingers in the minds of some people that the primitive man was a personage of very lofty moral tone.

On their way back from war with the Iroquois the tribe had broken up into several sections, some to fish, others to hunt. Champlain had joined the hunters, who were going to round up deer by running them into an enclosure of palisades. Arrived at the chosen spot, they rapidly constructed a trap in the form of a triangle. It was about nine feet high and 1500 feet long. When the hunt was well under way Champlain had an adventure that nearly cost him his life.

"I set out in pursuit of a bird," he says, "of a very curious kind. It had the beak of a parrot, a red head, a yellow body and blue wings. It was as large as a chicken and went in short flights like a partridge. The desire I had to kill it made me pursue it for a long time until finally it flew away. Giving up all hope, I then started back on my tracks, but could find none of the hunters, though I thought I was making straight for the enclosure. I went right and left but lost my bearings completely. Night came on and I settled down to sleep under a tree. The next day I kept on walking until three in the afternoon, when I came to a stagnant pool where I killed two or three birds. Wearied out with my tramp, I sat down and cooked the birds. When my repast was over I knelt down and asked God to help me in my misfortune. For three days there was nothing but rain mixed with snow.

"Leaving it all to God's mercy, I plucked up courage—going hither and thither all day long without finding any trace or trails except the tracks of wild beasts, of which I saw quite a number in the woods. Night came on, but no comfort with it. At day-break, after a little repast, I determined to look for a stream of water and to follow its course down to the river into which it emptied, judging that it must be the one where the hunters had camped. At mid-day, I came to a lake about a league in length, and then I brought down some game which was very comforting, for I had only eight or ten charges of powder left. Proceeding along the shore of the lake to find its outlet, I came upon a fairly large rivulet which I followed till 8 o'clock at night, and then I heard a great noise. I listened but could not make out what it was, until at last I decided that it must be a cataract on the river I was looking for. Drawing nearer I found I was above the falls, and close by was a spacious prairie on which there was a great number of wild beasts. On my right was the broad river. On the prairie I found a trail over which Indians had been carrying their canoes. Studying it for a while I recognized I was at the river (probably the Catarocqui) by which I had passed. Quite happy, I sat down and made my supper of the little I had, and then went to sleep for the night. In the morning I looked around me and concluded from certain mountains along the river banks that I was not mistaken and that the hunters were four or five good leagues higher up. I made the journey at my ease, following the river bank until finally I saw the smoke of their fires. They were glad to see me, for two scouts who had set out to find me, had given up hope and returned to the camp. They warned me to keep close to them in future, or if I did go away, to be sure I had my compass with me. I had forgotten to take it the morning I set out. It was a serious matter for them, for they would never have dared to go down to Quebec because they would have been suspected of murdering me. Until we reached the village and ever after, the chief detailed an Indian to stay near me. They were shocked to hear that I had roasted some of the deer meat over the fire, for they fancy that if any grease falls in the flame, or if you throw any bones in it they will not shoot any more deer that season."

Thus between studying the people and joining in their hunts and settling their disputes and living contentedly with

them in their poverty and filth the winter passed. It was not until May 24 that he was able to start for Quebec. It took him forty days to reach Montreal and he arrived in Quebec only on July 11.

CHAPTER IV

The Fall of Quebec

In the autumn of 1617 he was again in France striving to stave off the wreck of his colony. The Catholics of France as yet showed little or no interest in the work and the best he could do was to form an association dominated by Calvinists. They were the moneyed men of St. Malo and Rouen, who were willing to assume the financial risk. As usual, the royal charter stipulated that the religion of the colony should be Catholic. Champlain of course knew how farcical such a provision was, though perhaps he hoped that the services of the Recollects who had been secured might counteract the evil influence of the Company's employees whom he characterized as " a bad set of scoundrels who came out to the country for no good and who set about corrupting the savages and using the most wicked and villainous language about our religious teachings, so as to make us odious in their eyes."

Among the conditions worthy of notice in the charter, one was to change the name of Quebec to Ludovica; another to erect defences on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and also a fort at Tadoussac; a third, to build a basilica in honor of the Holy Redeemer, and near it a Recollect monastery for fifteen religious. Finally the King was to send out three hundred families, consisting of at least four persons each. None of these magnificent promises were kept. Condé was made the President of the new organization at a big salary, but sold his appointment to Montmorency, who was credited with a desire of reforming the abuses and sustaining Champlain against the attempt on the part of the Company to substitute old Pontgravé in his place and thus create an enmity between these two life-long friends. Up to this it is difficult to trace the formations and reformations and reconstructions of these

trading companies as it is to follow the shiftings in an Indian fight.

Champlain finally set sail but he was not yet over his troubles. On his arrival at Tadoussac he found that the employees of the old Company refused to relinquish their rights, and there was imminent danger of a clash between the rivals, so that Champlain felt compelled to fortify himself at Quebec. Then to his dismay, Montmorency wrote him that the de Caëns, a conspicuous Huguenot family of Rouen, would take charge of the business affairs of the Company and that one of them was actually on his way to Quebec. Before he arrived, Pontgravé representing the defunct Company made his appearance with his credentials and it required all the skill and forbearance of Champlain to prevent an open rupture. In this conjuncture, Champlain's tranquillity was sublime.

This wretched state of things characterized Quebec, after thirteen years of existence, and the colony was still in almost as wretched a condition as when Champlain first arrived. Counting settlers, missionaries, clerks, interpreters and workmen, the population amounted to only forty-six people. In the winter of 1624, there were not four barrels of Indian corn in the colony and as soon as spring came Champlain sailed for France. He was like a sea bird with these constant flights over the ocean. In 1625, Montmorency in disgust severed his connection with the Company, but his feelings were soothed by receiving from his nephew Ventadour the neat sum of 100,000 livres for the position. Evidently it was only Champlain and the colonists who received nothing from Quebec. In that year the Jesuits Brébeuf, Charles Lalemant and Massé, accompanied by the lay brothers Charton and Burel were brought over by de Caën who graciously "consented" to receive them on his ship. With them was the distinguished Recollect d'Aillon. But the Jesuits were not allowed to land when they arrived at Quebec, and had to be sheltered in the Recollect convent on the St. Charles.

Finally in 1627, after reducing the Huguenot stronghold of Rochelle, Cardinal Richelieu took the whole matter in his own hands and organized the Company of the One Hundred Associates, which was to send out two or three hundred colonists every year until they reached the number of 4000; to supply everything needed for agriculture; to maintain three priests for fifteen years; to complete the fort and to supply it with ammunition and provisions; but it was too late. Before Richelieu's ships arrived, Quebec was in the hands of the English, and thus twenty years of heroic sacrifice on the part of Champlain and his associates had been thrown away to satisfy the greed of business corporations.

The whole sad story is in wretched contrast with what was at that very time taking place in the English colonies. They, too, began with the chains of monopolies upon them, but they shook them off. Jamestown, in Virginia, was founded simultaneously with Quebec, but in 1620 it had 4000 colonists, who made their own laws, administered their own courts of justice, cultivated their own fields, carried on trade, practiced the industries of civilized life and kept the Indians in subjection. The victory had been won gradually and with due deference to law and order. Thus the charter granted in 1606, by James I, did not concede to the people one elective franchise or any right of self-government. "They were subjected," says Bancroft, "to the ordinances of a commercial corporation of which they could not become members, to a council in England which had no sympathy with their rights, and to the arbitrary legislation of the sovereign." The colonists were only one hundred and five in number and they had only twelve laborers and a very few mechanics. As in Quebec, they were wasted with hunger and disease. Many times, three or four died in a night; in the morning their bodies were dragged out like dogs to be buried, and fifty men, one half of the colony, perished before autumn. The Indians were unfriendly and dissension and strife reigned among the colonists themselves.

In the following year, seventy new immigrants arrived but there were even then no carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths or masons among them. To make up for it, Smith, who took charge of the colony, forced "the gentlemen adventurers" to work for their living, telling them that "he who would not work could not eat." There were now two hundred colonists, and that year only seven of them died. Although they were still in subjection to the corporation, yet the feeling of the public mind would not allow immigration to be restricted, and hence nine vessels came out with five hundred settlers. Unfortunately, however, many of them were dissolute gallants and rakes. Smith held that element in check while he was on the ground, but when he was compelled to return to Europe in consequence of a serious accident that befel him, disorders began, the Indians were provoked, famine ensued, and, as in the Florida colony, thirty of the idlers seized a ship and went off as pirates to the West Indies, with the result that the four hundred and ninety inhabitants dwindled down to sixty and they were so feeble and dejected that if help had not arrived, they would have all perished. They had actually burned the town and were going off to Newfoundland, when two ships sailed into the James with emigrants and supplies and also a Governor, who though representing the Company, restored order and inaugurated a reign of prosperity in the colony. There were then only two hundred people, but soon afterwards six ships with three hundred emigrants arrived; so that the population rose to seven hundred, and soon afterwards their condition was changed from that of mere employees of a corporation to private owners of land; the planting of tobacco was encouraged and the hunting for gold was stopped. Then came a demand for political rights which resulted in the removal of an obnoxious Governor and the abolition of martial law. In 1619, a colonial council was convened without waiting for approval from any authority, and in the sessions, all the interests of the colony were discussed. In

1621, there was not only an increase of 1260 emigrants, but the colony had a written constitution. The people were no longer employees of a corporation, and in 1623, the Corporation itself was dissolved.

The same story was repeated in Plymouth which was at the beginning, in the power of a company. In 1620, the first settlers underwent hardships as terrible as those which Champlain suffered at Quebec in 1608. But they were ready for anything on account of the object they had in view. On shipboard coming over, they bound themselves, by compact, to form a body politic, and to enact laws, ordinances and constitutions, independently of the corporation, and even without explicit sanction of the King, protesting at the same time their loyalty to England. Land was assigned as private property, and the whole male body constituted the home legislature. The consequence was that whereas Quebec after ten years of existence had only sixty colonists, Plymouth had three hundred.

Of course, Champlain could never have accomplished such a feat. The Company that held him and the colony in thraldom was the creation of the King from whom all authority derived. Indeed, the dictum of Louis XIV: *l'Etat c'est moi,* continued after him and is just as true of the constantly shifting tyrants who rule the French Republic to-day. Conditions were different in England. Charles I was the last ruler who dared to be autocratic in his government, and the agitation for constitutional rule which was convulsing the Mother Country at that time reacted on its dependencies. Hence the failure of the French and the success of the English colonies in America.

When the de Caën Company took hold, Champlain was so convinced that success was now assured that he brought out his young wife, about whom much sentimental nonsense has been written. The Indians were said to have regarded her as a divinity and thought she must have kept them in her heart when they saw their faces in the mirror at her belt.

She tried to instruct them, and one grave historian discusses the likelihood of her condescending to consort with the three or four other women of the colony. All this is of course absurd. In the sordid surroundings of Quebec at that time there was no place for a feminine divinity; mirrors were not new things for Indians; their language was simply impossible for her, and one cannot consider her so bereft of intelligence as not to have found comfort in the excellent women she found in the colony. But the place was too trying for her, and hence Champlain brought her back to France. There she asked permission to enter a convent, which he refused, but allowed her to take a private vow. When he died she became an Ursuline. Even that life was too exacting. She then established a convent of her own and took the habit, but in her quality of Lady Foundress she had a furnished room of her own which had a fire in it, though the other nuns had to do without that comfort, and she was exempted from getting up in the early hours for Office. Clearly Champlain was wise in refusing to let her be a religious. He would have been wiser in not making her his wife. The marriage was ill-judged. It did not bring him comfort, nor companionship, nor children, nor was she at his bed-side when he died.

Even before she fled to France the condition of Quebec was intolerable and became worse daily. Its poverty, defencelessness and internal strife were things of common knowledge. Its people were at that time approaching starvation. Beyond the rations of a few ounces of peas which were assigned to them daily, and the fish they could beg or buy from the Indians who now looked upon them with contempt, the garrison had nothing to support life. The spring came and anxious eyes were turned down the river for the ships that were expected from France, but none came. At last, on July 10, a sail was sighted, but to the consternation of every one a British flag floated from the peak. It was David Kerk, or Kertk, or Kirke or Quirk, who had come to demand the surrender of the city. He sent a boat ashore and Champ-

lain was invited to surrender. He was told that Tadoussac had been taken, that his food supply was cut off, for the live stock at Cape Tourmente had been seized, and that a French ship had struck its flag lower down the river.

"Consider what you propose to do," wrote Kirke in his communication. "I prefer to act courteously rather than to use force, but with God's help, I shall have your habitation whatever course you adopt. Let me know your pleasure and if you desire to discuss the matter with me, send me someone for that purpose and I assure you he shall be received with all kindness, and whatever reasonable demands you may make will be accorded. Awaiting your reply, I am, etc., David Kerk."

Champlain read the letter to his council, and then answered:

"Having still some corn, beans, peas and other products which make as good flour as the best wheat in the world, and knowing that to surrender our fort in the condition in which it now is would make us unworthy to appear before our king, I think that you will have a greater regard for our courage if we meet force with force than if we cravenly surrendered what is so dear to us, without first seeing what your cannon can do. Come on. We wait the moment to receive you and to disprove, if we can, any pretension you may have to put your hands on this place."

It was a prouder answer than the one Frontenac gave later on at another seige of Quebec. At the time it was written, there were absolutely no provisions in the fort and only fifty pounds of powder in the lockers. The messenger withdrew, scaled the side of the ship, and to the amazement of the little garrison the anchor was hoisted and Kirke turned down the St. Lawrence. He was convinced that Champlain was ready, and on the other hand as Roquemont's fleet was expected, he thought it unwise to be caught between two fires. The issue proved the decision to be a wise one. He met the fleet down the river, and after a fifteen hour fight captured every one of its ships. Another fleet following close behind, flew back to France, hotly pursued by the enemy; a

third was lost in the fogs, and a ship which the Jesuits had freighted with provisions was wrecked on Cape Canso, and a priest and a lay brother were swallowed up in the waves.

Champlain heard of these disasters sometime afterwards, and he waited through another dreary winter and spring expecting relief from France. But none came. Famine had the wretched colony in its grip and news came that the English were ravaging Acadia. Finally, on Thursday morning, July 19, 1629, three ships were reported off the Isle d'Orléans. Kirke had come to take the prize he had been compelled to leave the year before. They sailed up somewhat near the fort, outside of the supposed range of the cannon. Soon a messenger arrived from the fleet bearing a letter from the captains. It was signed Louis and Thomas Guer, the last name standing for Kirke. It was couched in the most courteous phraseology, and assured Champlain that his enemies were his most affectionate servants. An answer was sent back after having been submitted to Fathers Le Caron and de Brébeuf, in which the helplessness of the garrison was admitted, a condition of which the Kirkes were very well aware, for the French renegades, Marsolet, Le Bailiff and Brulé, who were on board the fleet had already furnished them with the information. A conference for discussing the terms of the surrender was asked for, and the ships were warned not to come any nearer to the guns.

The messenger was an out-and-out Englishman and could not speak French, and no one in the fort could speak English, so the first parley was held in Latin, with Father Le Caron as interlocutor. Champlain put the question: "Has war been declared?" and the messenger answered bluntly "No." Father de la Roche was then sent to the fleet where he pleaded for a delay of fifteen or at least eight days. A positive refusal was given and then the diplomatic friar took a haughty tone and warned Kirke that there were resolute men in the fort who were determined to sell their lives dearly and that an assault might be a costly affair. Kirke was some-

what disconcerted by this braggadocio, and agreed to let Champlain make his own terms of capitulation. The articles were in the main that Kirke should first show his commission; that every one who desired to leave should be carried back to France; that the soldiers should go out with their arms and baggage; that the peltries in the fort should be given in exchange for provisions, etc. The articles were signed by Champlain and Du Pont, the weather-worn sailor with whom he had faced so many dangers in the past. The conditions were accepted with some slight modifications. The soldiers, however, were angry at not being allowed to carry off their peltries and wanted to fight, and even Le Caron, one of the friars, uttered some foolish things about the English being only a beggarly set of rascals and poltroons who could easily be whipped. It was a rebellious reflection on Champlain's offer to surrender, but he quieted the malcontents and Kirke finally came ashore and took possession. He drew up an inventory of the means of defense that he found in the fort. It is worth giving.

"Four brass pieces weighing about 150 lbs. each; 1 brass piece, 80 lbs.; 2 small iron pieces of ordnance about 800 weight each; 6 murderers; 1 small iron piece of ordnance of 80 lbs.; 51 small iron bullets; 26 brass pieces, weighing 3 lbs. each; 40 pounds of powder; 13 whole and 1 broken musket; 3 arquebuses; 2 large arquebuses, 6 to 7 feet in length; 10 halberds; 12 pikes, 5000 to 6000 bullets; 60 cuirasses, two of them complete and pistol proof; 2 brass guns weighing 800 pounds."

Such was the condition in which France left Champlain to defend her transatlantic possessions. Forty pounds of powder and an assorted set of battered old cannon and muskets, and only two cuirasses that were pistol proof. The English ships would have made short work of the hunger stricken garrison.

On July 22, the English flag floated over the citadel, and on the following day Kirke with some of his party paid a visit to the Monastery of the Recollects and the House of the

Jesuits. At the latter place, the Fathers showed him some books, paintings and church ornaments and he took three or four of the best paintings. In speaking of this appropriation Douglas in his "Quebec in the Seventeenth Century" furnishes us an instance of the skill with which historical misrepresentations are made. It is a slight thing but it is typical. The chaplain of the fleet was with Kirke on that occasion and we are told that "the Protestant minister did not refuse to accept the gift of some of the good Fathers' books." But Champlain says explicitly, "*le ministre anglais eut aussi quelques livres qu'il a demandé aux Pères.*" There is quite a difference between "asking" and not "refusing to accept." Nor does Douglas say a word about the amenity of Kirke in pillaging the entire establishment of the Jesuits which was supposed to contain an immense assortment of furs. Brébeuf was there at the time;—he had just come down from his Indian mission,—and it is scarcely kind of any one to classify him as a smuggler. Finally, we are informed by Douglas that when Champlain uses harsh language about the French renegades, he was "either speaking under extraneous influence or perhaps the manuscript of the edition of 1632 of Champlain's 'Voyages' had been, as already suggested, revised by others." It is only just to say, however, that Kirke's Protestant chaplain seems to have been on the whole a very excellent man. He had a hard time of it after the French left. He did his best to prevent some Indians from being put to death, but failed; he strove to stop the sale of liquor to the savages, and that only aroused the wrath of Kirke and his soldiers, to such an extent, that they put him in jail, and kept him there for six months under the pretext that he was stirring up mutiny in the garrison. Probably he regretted that he had not gone off with Champlain.

"On the 25th of July," writes Champlain, "we hoisted anchor and set sail." Not a word more than that does he put down in his record about the feelings of his heart as he took his last look at the ruin around him. When the ship reached

Malbaie, about twenty-five leagues from Quebec, another vessel was sighted trying to get to windward, so as not to be overhauled. It was Emery de Caën on his way up the river. Kirke gave order to his gunners to fire at her, and de Caën replied with better aim than his foe, for the first shot carried off the head of one of Kirke's best seamen. Twenty or thirty volleys from all the guns of both ships followed but apparently with little damage to either side. Accurate shooting was evidently not reduced to a fine art in those days. Then orders were given to close on the enemy and board her. As the movement was being executed Kirke stepped up to Champlain and with infinite grace said: "Sir, you know the rules of the sea, which forbid any one of the opposite side to remain on deck during an engagement. You will not therefore think it strange if I ask you to go below." So the hatches were nailed down on Champlain and his companions, and the vessels drew near to each other, but as they attempted to come alongside, their bowsprits got entangled and the claw of Kirke's anchor accidentally gripped the side of the enemy's ship and held both vessels looking at each other, head on, but unable to move. It was a ridiculous position and the sailors on both sides, now that their guns were useless, kept hurling cannon balls and stones at each other. At this juncture a mutiny broke out on de Caën's ship and some one cried out: "Quarter, quarter!" "I shall give you quarter," answered Kirke, "and as good quarter as I have given to Champlain whom I have here a prisoner." "Show him to us," they shouted, and Champlain was brought on deck. No doubt they received him with cheers, though he does not say so. "I want you to tell de Caën to surrender," said Kirke, "but mark me, if they fire while you are on board, you are a dead man." With that splendid self-possession which he always displayed in danger, Champlain calmly replied: "Captain, you can put me to death if you choose, I am your prisoner, but it will reflect small credit on you or your brother after your written promise

to land me in France. What power have I over de Caën either to bid him fight or lay down his arms?" The rebuke must have cut Kirke to the heart, as Champlain looked into his eyes and then passed to the other ship. There was no difficulty in convincing de Caën of the uselessness of further resistance, for two other ships were on their way up the river to complete his destruction. The surrender was soon made and Kirke sailed down to Tadoussac with his prize. There Champlain was received with distinguished consideration by David Kirke, though he was pained to meet the apostate Frenchmen, Michael Brulé and Marsolet. From Tadoussac he went to England and from there to France.

CHAPTER V

Recouvrance

Before he reached Paris, Champlain was told by the French Ambassador in London that the English King had conceded that Quebec still belonged to France. The treaty of peace had been signed on April 24, 1629, and Kirke had taken possession of the city on July 20. A demand was therefore made for its surrender. Charles I acquiesced, without much difficulty, for his New England and Virginia colonies were at the time giving him no end of trouble and he was not anxious to increase his burden. Besides, he needed money. France had not paid the entire dower of Henrietta Maria, and it was finally agreed that on the receipt of the balance of 800,000 crowns, Canada, Cape Breton and Acadia would be surrendered to the French King. But it was Champlain's persistent representation of the advantage of holding Canada as a source of revenue to the Crown, and of the national disgrace that would be incurred by giving up such a vast territory which had been wrested from her by a shameful violation of justice, that finally induced the Cardinal to insist upon the restitution.

It is curious how little mention there is of this great event in English histories. Lingard has only a short note of the fact that Canada and Acadia were restored to France, but says nothing of Henrietta's dower or that Quebec was captured by Kirke after the treaty had been made, nor have we been able to find anything about it in Macaulay or Hallam. The latter, however, goes out of his way to repeat nasty stories about the Queen's character which were based chiefly on the charges of the bitter enemies, political, racial and religious, by whom she was surrounded. Hallam calls her "a pernicious woman." Kingsford finds the proof that the payment of her dower entered as a determining element in the treaty is to be

traced to a letter from the King to Sir Isaac Wake, Ambassador to France, dated June 12, 1631. There is, however, no mention of the dower in the treaty itself.

De Caën was sent out to take possession, probably to give him a chance to recoup his losses and he immediately set sail.

With him was Plessis de Bochard, the Government's representative. On March 1, 1632, Champlain received from Richelieu a commission as lieutenant, with full powers over the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and was thus made the first Governor of Canada. He left France twenty-two days afterward with three vessels: the St. Pierre, of one hundred and fifty tons, carrying twelve guns; the St. Jean, of one hundred and sixty tons and ten guns, and the Don de Dieu, of eighty tons and six guns. On board the fleet were two hundred persons, counting the crew and settlers, and a good supply of provisions and munitions of war. With him were the Jesuits, de Brébeuf and Massé, both of whom had been in the Colony before its fall. The settlers were exclusively Catholic. With singular fatuity the Governor was left in the grip of the Trading Company which had to pay all the expenses of the Government. It was the usual cheap and disastrous method by which France imagined she could develop her possessions beyond the sea. However, the religious antagonism which actuated the previous Associations was absent, and thus some measure of cooperation could be counted on.

The fleet stopped at Tadoussac and Champlain was received with enthusiasm by the Indians. He was not only their father and their friend but their old companion on the field of battle. He appealed to them to cease trading with the English, and in order to prevent Tadoussac from continuing as a trading post he later on fortified Richelieu Island, fifteen leagues above Quebec. The channel was extremely narrow at that place; the smallness of the island permitted it to be well fortified and thus no furs of the Western Indians could pass down the river.

Leaving the three ships at Tadoussac, Champlain went up

to Quebec in a lighter craft. He arrived on May 22, and with drums beating and the French flag flying, the little squad of soldiers marched up the steep ascent to the fort. There de Caën handed the keys of the citadel to Plessis de Bochard, who, in turn, delivered them to Champlain. After this ceremony Kirke withdrew.

The subsequent career of Kirke is not without interest. The story is told by Prowse in his "History of Newfoundland." As he had attacked Acadia and Quebec on his own private initiative, and as the expedition had been financed chiefly by his father and Sir William Alexander, his failure to keep his prize, of course, resulted in his bankruptcy. Hence, to enable him to make up for his losses, Charles I named him and his associate, the Duke of Hamilton, the proprietors of the whole of Newfoundland, a gracious concession of 42,000 square miles. Previous to that time several commercial corporations had endeavored to develop that country but had failed. Thus, in 1611, the London and Bristol Company, of which Sir Francis Bacon was a member, embarked on the enterprise but soon came to grief. Then Sir William Vaughan established a Welsh colony, which he called Cambriol Colchos. That also ended in disaster. Next, Sir William Falkland tried his hand with an Irish settlement, with no better success. Finally, Lord Baltimore, the father of the Lord Baltimore who later on founded the Catholic colony of Maryland, was granted a district called Avalon, in the southern peninsula of the Island.

Baltimore was a convert to the faith but was nevertheless after his conversion retained in the Privy Council of James I. In order to afford a refuge to the persecuted Catholics of Great Britain, though without announcing it as such, he sued for a grant in Newfoundland and it was readily accorded to him. In 1622 he sent out Captain Edward Wynne to build the dwelling houses. In 1628 he and his wife and all his family, except the eldest son, established themselves there, but finding the climate too severe, he asked for another concession in

Maryland, without, however, relinquishing his property in Newfoundland.

In 1639 Kirke arrived and immediately levied on all of Baltimore's property. A long series of law suits began, in the course of which it came out that Kirke was a tyrant and extortioner of the worst description, imposing unjust fines and taxes, keeping a public house or common tavern for the sale of liquor, cornering the fish supplies, and doing nothing for the religious instruction of the people. He was not a renegade Frenchman as is commonly supposed, though his mother was French, but he was born in England. He was not even a Calvinist, but a member of the Church of England, and we find him writing to Archbishop Laud that "the air of Newfoundland agrees perfectly with all God's creatures except Jesuits and schismatics," and that "a large number of the former class had died." The Jesuits never knew that the Society had been so generous to Newfoundland.

Kirke was frequently summoned to England to stand trial in the suit that the Baltimores had instituted against him and never returned to Newfoundland except under bonds. In 1652, according to Prowse, he died in prison in England. Dionne denies it. In any case Canadians have reason to rejoice that he did not remain as Governor of Quebec.

At the advent of Champlain the colony immediately took on new life. In the following spring four shiploads of emigrants arrived. Among them were farmers and mechanics and laboring men, and also a Seigneur, who immediately divided his concession at Beauport and organized a settlement which contributed greatly to the defence of Quebec, when at a later period it was again menaced by the English. The moral character of this new population is described as follows by Father Le Jeune in the "Relation" of 1636:

"Every year we see a great number of most respectable people coming hither to our immense forests to live here in in peace and piety and freedom and security. Usury, cheating, thefts, robberies, assassinations, treacheries, enmities and

malice with its black plots are heard of here only once a year, and that is when some one brings over the papers from Old France."

Indeed the conditions seem to be almost too idyllic. The church was thronged with worshippers at every service, and we are even told that the soldiers scourged themselves for their sins, that penitents walked long distances in their bare feet on the ice to atone for the disorders of the Carnival time in far-away France, and that Champlain's own household was a sort of religious community. Pious books were read at table, and every one assembled, not only for evening prayers but even for examination of conscience. This is too much for Kingsford and in his "History of Canada," for while professing his enthusiastic admiration for Champlain's remarkable piety, he protests that these devotional practices were restricted to him personally. He also maintains that the construction of Notre Dame de Recouvrance was not undertaken "in pursuance of a vow made by the Governor in France but was merely an official act. His direction to have the Angelus rung at morning, midday and night, was a social as well as a religious necessity in a community where there were few clocks, watches or sun dials, the advantage of which he could not fail to see." In a foot note he explains what the Angelus is. "The prayer," he says, "is from St. Luke, i, 38: '*Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*';" and he then adds, "the text continues: '*et abiit ab ea angelus*'—and the angel departed from her." Not being a Catholic, Kingsford could not appreciate how amusing this appendix to the Angelus is, and Catholics will be enlightened as to the chronological advantage of the devotion. Would not a bell without a prayer have told the time just as well?

The same historian also expresses his disapproval of the exclusion of Protestants from the reconstructed colony. But he has not a word to say about the prohibition under pain of death of any Catholic daring even to show himself in the colonies of New England and New York. As a matter of

fact the French Calvinists had controlled Quebec until that moment and had failed to do anything for it. Apart from religious considerations the change was desirable from a business point of view.

On Champlain's initiative the mission work of Brébeuf and his companions was inaugurated, and their systematic study was begun of the geographical and physical characteristics of the country into which they penetrated, as well as the ethnological and linguistic information with which they supplied the scientific world. The "Relations" also kept alive the interest of the most influential people of France in the colony and left to Canadians a treasure house of historical information about the aboriginal history of their country. Before Champlain died, the College of Quebec was founded, an Indian school and settlement was established at Sillery, and proceedings were instituted which in a brief period brought to America the Hospitallers of Hôtel Dieu and the great Ursuline, Marie de l'Incarnation, with her nuns.

It was a splendid beginning and was full of promise for a magnificent future. But there was a cloud in the sky. Champlain was at the end of his career. He did not live long after his triumph. Worn out by his life of exposure in the forests and on the high seas, and doubtless wearied by the years of battle against treachery, hatred and neglect, he felt the first stroke of death in the paralysis of his members, toward the middle of October, 1635.

"On the 25th of December," says the "Relation," "the day of the birth of Our Saviour, Monsieur de Champlain, our Governor, was born anew in Heaven. His was a blessed death. It was true that he had led a life of exalted justice and equity, but at his death his wonderful piety amazed us all. Tears poured from his eyes and his lips uttered the most loving aspirations for the service of God. He was not taken unaware. He had long prepared his general confession and he made it with sentiments of profoundest grief to his devoted friend, Father Lallemant, who was at his side every moment of his long sickness. He bequeathed all his pos-

sessions to the glory of the Mother of God. He was buried with all the pomp and ceremony possible, and the preacher who spoke his praise did not lack a lofty theme. The name of the hero will be glorious to the remotest posterity."

This peculiar will in which he bequeathed all his possessions to the Blessed Virgin, meant the little church he had erected in her honor. A covetous cousin contested the will. She got next to nothing, but her greed served to bring out the fact that the great man died poor. Beyond a few shares of stock, which may have been worthless, he had very little in the way of worldly goods. He was buried with all the pomp with which primitive Quebec could invest the sad ceremony, but singularly enough even in Quebec they have lost the memory of his last resting place. His body was said to have been placed in the Governor's chapel, but where and what the chapel was has not yet been determined. During the excavation for the water works at Quebec, at the foot of the Champlain Stairs, which descend to Champlain Street, a vault was found which contained a coffin and some bones. The bones were gathered and buried, no one knows where. After a ten years' interval, interest was reawakened in the matter and a number of scientific men set themselves to find the remains. The vault from which the coffin had been taken was examined and some letters were found cut in the wall which were thought to be a part of the epitaph of Champlain. But there is no certainty about it, "though," says Kingsford, "everything suggests that it was his grave that was thus ruthlessly disturbed by the necessities and requirements of modern civilization."

For a Catholic there is a somewhat amusing statement to be found later on in Kingsford (I, 158) about the location of the grave. He is speaking of the arrival of Montmagny, Champlain's illustrious successor, and he says:

"He landed and was received with the usual ceremonies. On ascending the road to the fort, on the day of his arrival, a cross struck his attention. It was possibly in the cemetery

over Champlain's grave, visible from the hill where he himself subsequently constructed a vault and a small chapel to Champlain's memory. It is related that M. de Montmagny went on his knees before this wooden cross and that his example was followed by the small body of men who followed him; among them, the Jesuit Fathers Chastellain and Charles Garnier. The party were then proceeding to the church to return thanks for their safe arrival. M. de Montmagny was marked both by sense and ability and the act itself without explanation must be attributed to impulse, and whatever praise it may receive from the Jesuit Fathers *it cannot command universal respect.* The proceeding is explicable, if we believe that as he was ascending the road, Champlain's grave denoted by the cross, at the lower level to the left was pointed out to him and that he acted on the belief of a sincere Roman Catholic taught to pray for the dead. There were but a few rods to be passed over before M. de Montmagny would arrive at the church where service would be performed and a Te Deum chanted with all the ceremonial which the choir could command. It is true that the Jesuit Father does not name Champlain's grave and speaks of the crucifix only as an emblem of faith. The discovery of the vault with Champlain's bones at this spot, however, may explain the proceeding; for M. de Montmagny had but to wait a few minutes to join in the service of the Church."

It is noteworthy how men of the stamp of Kingsford cannot state a simple fact without displaying their religious bias. A majority of such men in the Colony would probably have objected to the Governor's act of piety. Their exclusion by the new charter was an act of prudence. We are grateful to him, however, for the picture of this little scene at Champlain's grave.

For a long time Champlain's greatness was forgotten as completely as his grave. Dionne in his " Samuel Champlain " calls attention to the fact that a whole century elapsed before a word in his praise was uttered. It came from the pen of the Jesuit historian, Father Charlevoix.

" Champlain," he says, " was a man whose merit gives him the undoubted right to be styled the Father of New

France. Endowed with keen mental appreciation and actuated by strong moral rectitude, no one better than he was able to carry out his purpose in the most exasperating surroundings. Nothing but admiration can be accorded him for that persevering constancy with which he carried out every work entrusted to him; the undaunted steadfastness which he displayed in the greatest dangers; the courage that made him rise superior to the most unforeseen and greatest difficulties; the ardent and disinterested love of country which always inspired him; the tenderness and compassion that poured out from his heart for the distressed and unfortunate, the solicitous concern for the interests of his friends and the neglect of his own, and the profound sense of honor and righteousness which characterized his entire life.

"In his conduct as in his writings Champlain was always a truly Christian man, zealous in the service of God and actuated by a child-like piety. He was wont to say, as we read in his 'Memoirs' that 'the salvation of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire, and that kings should never extend their domination over idolatrous countries except to subject them to Jesus Christ."

These words were uttered to silence the clamor of those who asked what use would Canada be to France, though it was of common knowledge that the Kings of France employed the same language as Champlain, and that their desire to convert the savages has frequently held them back from abandoning a colony which both impatience, and inconstancy, and the blind cupidity of certain individuals had so long prevented from entering on the path of progress. Had Champlain been listened to and assisted when he needed it, by those who assigned him the task, he would have had no difficulty in building his colony on a solid foundation. His policy has been only too well justified by the failure of those who refused to follow it.

Charlevoix's eulogy of Champlain was a very bold utterance at the time, for it was coupled with a stinging rebuke of many distinguished people whose ancestors had stood in the way of the development of New France, but it let loose the pent up feelings of many other writers, Protestant as well as

Catholic. The latter, of course, were more enthusiastic than the former, for as Parkman says: "the heretic might like him more if the Jesuit liked him less"—which is an admission that their religious bias was a bar to the truthfulness of their appreciation. But no one who studies Champlain's life, especially as it is revealed in the great man's own account of his "Voyages," can withhold from him the tribute not only of admiration but of affection. He is an ideal to be placed before the growing boy, the young man just entering upon a career, the man of the world, the soldier, the sailor, the patriot, the legislator, though perhaps statesmen and politicians might find the motives of his conduct too lofty and perhaps too incomprehensible for every day use; or too noble for diplomatic subtleties.

One scarcely knows what to admire most in the multitude of splendid qualities which gave him such a distinctive place among the world's heroes. There was, for example, his amazing courage; not an unconsciousness of danger, as when one is carried away by the wild fury of the fight, but a full appreciation of its imminence and extent, as when he stood smiling at the two hundred Indian arrows, any one of which might have pierced the joints of his armor, and then calmly lifting his arquebus, as if he were firing at a target, toppling over the three painted chiefs and deliberately loading again; halting an attack on a palisade so that some dilatory Frenchman might have a share in the sport, *pour leur faire plaisir;* not out of wantonness, however, but because he needed their muskets to protect the assailants; or again in the night and fog and storm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the icebergs threatening to crush his little ship, carefully taking his observations and planning to escape from a horrible death. What a splendid and trusted leader he would have made at the head of an army on the field of battle, or in a fierce naval engagement! Nor was he an explorer or a discoverer of the ordinary kind. He was not satisfied with merely sailing along a coast or ascending a river and determining the place on the map of the

countries he visited, but he noted the most minute details, the flowers, the trees, the birds and fishes and beasts, the character and customs of the inhabitants, their dress, their food, their dances, their family life, their morals, their superstitions, etc. He went among the people, lived with them, shared in their filthy meals with as much grace and dignity as if he were at the table of Richelieu, adjusting their difficulties, settling their disputes, remonstrating with them for their barbarous practices and always endeavoring to instil into their hearts some idea of God, of religion and morality. Accustomed as we are to think of him as identified with Quebec, one is exposed to forget the vast amount of information he has contributed to geographical science. He has described for us not only the coast but the interior of Mexico; he has told us of the West Indies; he was the first to map out Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy, and all the coast of Maine down as far as Cape Cod, and to penetrate into the interior in search of the mythical Norumbega. He was the first to explore the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, and to ascend the Saguenay; the first to describe the Ottawa and to explore all the adjacent regions; the first to cross Lake Ontario and visit Western New York. It was he who gave the name La Mer Douce to Lake Huron, and he endeavored even to reach the North Sea by land.

The purity of his morals was marvellous. From his earliest youth, in the midst of the corruption of a seafaring life, at a time when the freebooters made the name of sailor an abomination because of the hideous and sanguinary licentiousness of their lives; in the camps of his native country, when the ravages of war afforded opportunities for unbridled indulgence; amid naked savages, who had not the slightest idea of the commonest decencies, and where he was even pursued by libidinous squaws, whom he patiently and pityingly dismissed, with a reproof that amazed the poor creatures, though they could scarcely understand it. In every part of his life he was without reproach, and twenty years after his death a

missionary wrote that the Indians were still speaking of his wonderful chastity.

His country, its greatness and its glory, were ever in his mind. For that he labored and suffered and starved; for that he faced the assassin's dagger, the perils of the ocean and the tomahawks of the savages; for that he crossed the ocean twenty times, always at the cost of great suffering and at the risk of his life, till he was a man of nearly seventy. It was in her interest that he bore patiently with the avarice of traders, the treason of those he had benefited; remonstrating and pleading with merchants and nobles and princes and prelates, and when the whole of France was ready to give up all concern for its possessions in the New World, never desisting till he won them to his view. He was in the fullest sense of the word the Father of New France.

His amazing serenity of soul in the midst of multiplied disasters was almost preternatural. Defeated at every step for twenty years, he not only never gave vent to his feelings, never broke out as almost any one else would have done into angry denunciation of his foes, though one defeat seemed only the harbinger of another; and when at last he saw his entire life a wreck he uttered no complaint, said not one bitter word, but calmly went down into the hold of his enemy's ship, a prisoner, to be exhibited to the world as a discredited man whose folly or incapacity lost a kingdom to his country. He is the realization of the old Roman poet's dream of the

> *"Justum et tenacem propositi virum*
> *Fractum si illabatur orbis,*
> *Impavidum ferient ruina."*

> "The upright man, intent upon his resolve,
> Were all the world to crash about his head,
> Would stand amid its ruin undismayed."

He was more than that. He was what he insisted that even a captain on the high seas should always be to his crew: a man of God.

Both Kingsford and Dionne, writing before the event, expressed the hope that the three hundredth anniversary of his coming to Quebec would be celebrated in a way that was worthy of him. The hope was realized; and as Champlain himself would have desired, the religious element was given the first place. The inauguration of the festival coincided with the Fête Dieu and the ceremonies began with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the romantic streets of Quebec. Those who were present can never forget it.

It was a rare Sunday of May and the cloudless sky hung over the city like an amethyst. Along the street that skirts the edge of the bluff of the upper city were graceful arches spanning the entire roadway, and in some places leaping across the intersecting avenues, to leave a passageway for vehicles beneath. On the arches and the façades of houses were inscriptions whose outspoken faith and tender piety were almost startling in an age like ours that is so engrossed with material things. Flags and banners of every nation fluttered from the public buildings and private dwellings, and great throngs of people waited reverently and silently for the pageant that was to pass before them. The bells of the city boomed in the distance and then the blare of trumpets and the strains of martial music signalled the advance of the long line of soldiers, zouaves and militia in brilliant uniforms and decorations glittering in the bright sunshine. They were followed by great societies of men who walked bareheaded and in silence, reading their prayer books or reciting their beads, or joining in the full chorus of voices that rose in splendid harmony whenever the procession halted. Then, to the surprise of those who are accustomed to Protestant surroundings, hundreds of nuns were seen in every conceivable religious garb, from sombre gray and black to glittering white and blue, not only of the active orders, but recluses as well, who had been called from their cloisters to take part in the rejoicings of that eventful day. They saw the world again for the first time since they had bidden good-bye to their weeping friends and relatives to

hide themselves behind the convent grilles. There were monks, all shaven and shorn, in bare or sandalled feet; priests and monsignori, in black and purple, preceding or accompanying the whole hierarchy of Canada; each prelate in cope and mitre, and, though some were bent with age, making that long journey of two or three miles in spite of the exhaustion it entailed. Finally, under a gorgeous canopy, with a throng of acolytes swinging censers and scattering flowers, came the Archbishop carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and close behind as a guard of honor the Prime Minister of the Dominion accompanied by the most distinguished member of his cabinet.

From the Rue St. Jean the cortège descended the long and steep slope to the lower city, and as one gazed at the unending line in which gold and purple and scarlet glittered in the sunlight, with the red and white banners fluttering in the breeze against the gray outline of the houses, the fresh green of the trees and the kaleidoscope colors of great throngs of people, while the strains of music from instruments and voices were wafted back again up the heights to where you stood, you were vouchsafed a moment of delight that could never be forgotten. Reaching the level ground the procession swerved into the great boulevard, keeping on its way beneath the double archway of trees until it reached the magnificent repository, fifty or sixty feet in height and crowned with a stately dome which glittered with a myriad lights. When the bishop, holding the ostensorium, and attended by his priests, ascended the three lofty flights of richly carpeted stairs leading to the dome, and then turned on all sides as he held the Sacred Host to bless the 20,000 people who knelt in every available spot in the street below, you found yourself contemplating a spectacle that you could see nowhere else on the continent. On the following day another event characteristic of the city occurred—the unveiling of the statue of the great Laval, whose two hundred and fiftieth anniversary coincided with the three hundredth of Champlain.

Under the rich foliage of the Montmorency gardens were

seated the most distinguished people of the Dominion, and on the left, in front of the archepiscopal palace, a crimson carpeted stairway led up to what almost looked like a throne, where, under gorgeous hangings of purple and scarlet and gold, and amid deep banks of palms and flowers, were the Apostolic Delegate, the Governor General, the hierarchy and the most conspicuous functionaries of the Government. Massed on the slope of the hill were 30,000 or 40,000 people surrounding the great veiled figure at whose feet sat a group of Hurons and in front of which troops of mounted cavalry and infantry kept guard.

The ceremonies began with a chorus of six hundred voices, and as the vast volume of music rolled on over the blue waters of the St. Lawrence to the cliffs beyond, you could almost feel the hearts of those around vibrate with enthusiasm. The theme was *La France,* and it appealed to the popular heart. Then from the base of the monument a group of dainty boys and girls, holding variegated ribbons which reeled off some invisible spindle, advanced across the wide open space and mounted the steps of the throne, placing in the hands of the Governor the ties that, as it were, bound the political life of the country to the monument. A button was touched, and the golden circle from which streamers of many colors hung and draped the statue slowly ascended until the majestic and colossal figure of the great Archbishop stood revealed. Salvos of artillery and volleys of musketry announced the unveiling to the country around, and the loud and continued cheers of the enthusiastic multitude arose to the skies and re-echoed from the rocky sides of the citadel. But the circle continued to rise higher and higher until at last it fitted into and completed a splendid crown out of which showers of roses began to fall on the statue beneath, and then snow white doves, one after another, perched for a moment on the rim of the crown to blink at the blazing rifles beneath and after a flutter took flight into the clear blue above. Balloons exploded in the sky, from one of which a united French

and English flag descended upon the people, and from another a golden mitre. It is impossible to describe the effect on the excited multitude. It all seemed to be a realization of the dreams and a reproduction of the characteristic traits of him whose colossal statue towered high on the esplanade, between the chateau and the citadel; the warrior, the navigator, the explorer, the sagacious ruler, the dauntless hero who had all his life faced death on the wild ocean or the wilder battlefields of savage and civilized men; who, deserted, helpless and alone, had laboured for a quarter of a century to found a nation, and when his work was done calmly gave his soul to God

To the civic celebration which took place later in the year came the representatives of many nations. Those of France were especially eager to see the great country which had expanded from the colony which Champlain had founded but which the supineness or ignorance or apathy of their ancestors had lost. They saw the past and present pass before them in a magnificent historical drama which was enacted on the very spot where the fleur de lys of France was replaced by the banner of St. George. In a series of splendid pageants was reproduced every phase through which Canada had passed for three hundred years. There were the grand seigneurs and stately dames to whom Louis XIV had entrusted the government of New France in the early days; there were the plumed and painted savages whom the first Frenchmen had subdued and civilized; there were the voyageurs who had paddled up the great rivers and across the boundless inland lakes losing themselves at last in the faraway forests near the Vermillion Sea; there were the patient habitants whose descendants, now grown to millions, still cling tenaciously to the language of Old France, and mingling with the throng were the battalions of British troops whose presence on the Plains of Abraham recalled the victory over Montcalm which planted above the citadel the blood red banner of England. It was that flag which the warships in the

mighty river saluted with the thunder of their guns acclaiming also the distinguished personage around whom all these magnificent ceremonies centered who was none other than Prince George, the present King of England. Back of him were the stately buildings of the Palais Legislatif where the language of the legislators is French, though the capital of the country is in English-speaking Ottawa above the falls round which the French *voyageurs* portaged as they went on their way to the conquest of the distant West. It is not the New France that Champlain dreamed of, but a mightier empire, dual in the race and language of its population but with both of its constituent elements rivaling each other in a patriotic love for their country and both united in enthusiastic veneration for the heroic man who made the Dominion possible by his establishment of the colony of Quebec, Samuel Champlain.

CHARLES DE LA TOUR

CHAPTER I

Huguenot Acadia

It may be a shock to certain preconceived ideas to hear that Acadia was in the beginning, practically a Protestant colony; for it is usually held up as an ideal of the very opposite. But it is a fact, nevertheless. It became really Catholic only towards the end, and very much to its credit, but it was founded by a Calvinist against the protests of the Catholics of France, and for more than fifty years its inhabitants were either adherents of that faith or strongly influenced by its principles.

Acadia sounds so much like Arcadia that there was always a danger lest the poets would confuse the two. In fact, Abbé Raynal in his "Histoire philosophique et politique" is reproached by Parkman with doing so, though good authorities such as Watson, Rameau and Haliburton say he was not far wrong. Lescarbot, the first historian of the country, writing to the Queen Mother says, "Port Royal is the most beautiful earthly habitation God has ever made," and Father Biard, one of the first missionaries, declared, "Its beauty makes me wonder that it has been so little sought up to this time."

Acadia or Acadie was not its original name. It was plain "Cadie" without a prefix. The appellation is not French but Indian. Nor was Acadia the restricted territory which Longfellow has immortalized. In the original charters and in the popular imagination almost any part of the eastern coast of America was Acadia. Madame de Guercheville fancied she owned everything from Florida to the St. Lawrence when she purchased the claim of the Sieur de Monts,

though in reality he had only been permitted as "Lieutenant General, to cultivate, to cause to be peopled, and to search for mines of gold and silver in the land of Cadie from the 46th to the 40th degree north latitude," which assignment brought New York into the favored land. But even these lines were disputed, and the uncertainty of its extent caused constant friction between the French and English settlers.

The first grant of the territory was made to Cartier's nephews, but was shortly after revoked and given to de la Roche, who ruined himself financially by the venture. Then a Huguenot sea captain named Chauvin, the French for Calvin, bought the claim, but died of exposure near the Saguenay. Whether the mariner was of kin with the heresiarch is not said. Next, de Chastes, or Chattes, a Catholic, took it, but died, and it finally fell into the hands of a Huguenot noble named Pierre du Gast—spelled sometimes Gua, the Sieur de Monts de Saintonge, who became the real founder of the colony; obtaining the charter from the newly converted Henry IV.

De Monts was an intimate of Chauvin, and had been with him at Tadoussac. He had seen the shoals of Basque and Breton and Norman fishermen off the banks of Newfoundland, where, says Hakluyt, "they came with hundreds of vessels long before any settlement was made in those parts." Possibly also, he had gone down as far as what we now call Acadia or Nova Scotia, and concluded that it was the proper place for his colony.

Champlain was against the project from the beginning, as the situation was too much exposed to attack. But there was another consideration that worried him. It was the character of the future colonists. A recent writer has described the great mariner as "a bigoted and devout Catholic who agreed with the policy which Richelieu announced later of having no conflict of creeds in New France." It was not bigotry, and if it were, then the Puritans of New England and the Huguenots of Florida must incur the same reproach.

They insisted much more efficaciously on having "no conflict of creeds in their colonies." De Monts, however, convinced the monarch that it was the best thing to do, and so Henry gave his consent on condition that the Indians should be made Catholics,—a curious piece of administrative wisdom; commissioning a Calvinist to foster a creed he detested.

As de Monts was merely seeking money he had no scruple in striking the bargain, which, of course, was bitterly denounced by Catholics and for another reason as vigorously opposed by the merchants and statesmen of the country; because the charter implied a monopoly in the fisheries and fur trade. The Duke de Sully condemned it, and the Parliament of Rouen refused to register the royal letters. But the King was not to be balked, and so on November 8, 1603, de Monts became Lieutenant-General of Cadie and proceeded with all possible speed to his new possessions.

It was an odd crew that sailed out of Havre de Grace on March 7, 1604, and most of them behaved badly. Champlain, who was on board merely as a spectator, gives a sorry report of the voyage. A priest and minister were of the company, and "their controversy," he writes, "was not marked by the meekness of the Gospel, but descended sometimes even to blows." Their polemics continued on shore and when they died, they were buried in derision side by side;—a disposition which very much shocked old Friar Sagard later on. The sailors and settlers were also equally divided in religion.

At last the miserable voyage came to an end. They rounded Cape Sable and entered the Bay of Fundy or Baie Française. They took a look at Baie des Mines, Longfellow's Basin of Minas, then crossed to the other side and finally dropped anchor in Passamaquoddy Bay, at the mouth of the St. Johns River, off a little island which they called Ste. Croix. True to its name, Ste. Croix proved to be a place of suffering, and so they wandered about, skirting the coast of the mythical Norembega, which was thought to be what is now Maine, and sailed down to Cape Cod, which they

called Malebarre. They finally established a colony in the spacious and beautiful harbor which Champlain named Port Royal, though some dispute him that small honor of the choice of the name. It is now called Annapolis, and is the oldest town in this part of the world after St. Augustine.

De Monts' chief coadjutors were divided religiously. Thus Poutrincourt, the second in command, was a Catholic, but the author of the "Huguenot Emigrants," Baird, assures us that he was "only nominally such and was in full sympathy with his Huguenot associates de Monts and Lescarbot." (Vol. 1, p. 94). According to Faillon, in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" "Lescarbot was a Catholic, but he was a Huguenot at heart" (*Colonie Française,* Vol. 1. L, p. 91). "De la Tour was anything and everything. Like the Huguenots, the Catholics had adopted the fashion of calling themselves by Jewish instead of Christian names. Thus the ship on which de Monts sailed for Acadia was called the Jonas. It frequently came near imitating its namesake. Its Catholic chaplain rejoiced in the name of Joshua—Josué Flesche, or Fleché, as Rochemonteix calls him, though others spell it Fleusché, and Lescarbot, Fleuschy. There were plenty of Abrahams and Davids in the colony, and a little later we find a Jacob and a Solomon. Its second Catholic Governor bore the name of Isaac. Omitting other illustrations, Montcalm's famous battlefield, the Plains of Abraham, was called after its owner, Abraham Martin, whose nickname, "the Scotchman," would suggest a Calvinist strain. He too was connected with Acadia, for the sponsor at baptism for his young son was de la Tour, at one time Governor of Acadia, who changed his religion three times. When the colony became Catholic, however, this peculiar nomenclature largely disappeared and in the list of names affixed to an oath of allegiance made to the Governor of Annapolis, we find the only trace of this singular custom in the name Abraham.

De Monts' control of the colony was brief. His charter was annulled in 1605, and he returned to France, leaving Pou-

trincourt in charge and making over to him Port Royal and the neighborhood. The concession to Poutrincourt was subsequently confirmed, on condition that he would accept the missionaries appointed by the King, but true to the spirit of the colony, he determined not to obey. Consequently when he weighed anchor on the next journey out, he had with him only the incompetent Joshua Fleché, whose Catholicity would not weigh too heavily on the half-Calvinist colony. The following is an instance of his easy going ways:

Poutrincourt's son, known in Nova Scotia history as Biencourt, then a mere lad, was in the colony, and also Lescarbot, a flatterer of Poutrincourt, a lawyer by profession, a traveller by inclination, who wrote a history which is quite remarkable for its bias, its pedantry and its Scriptural cant, and is the main cause of much of the confusion that rests upon this period. These two incompetents, the youth and the adventurer, undertook to instruct the savages in Christianity, and at the end of three weeks presented twenty converts to the abbé, who baptized them forthwith, calling them by the names of the most distinguished people in France, beginning with the King. The new Christians, who thought they were becoming Normans or Patriarchs, on account of the name given to the abbé, had no intention of renouncing their pagan ethics. One of them pointed proudly to his eight wives who stood around him. A hundred other converts soon followed. Such was the first bit of indigenous Catholicity Acadia was treated to. Of course the stupid or timorous abbé was roundly scored for it later by the authorities of the Sorbonne (Faillon 1, p. 100).

Proud of his exploit, young Biencourt betook himself to France, to show the needlessness of any missionaries but those of his own choosing. Incidentally he had to revictual the colony. The first news he heard on arriving was that his patron, Henry IV., had been assassinated. The Queen Regent, however, who had time amid her tears to listen to his story, was delighted by the reports of this lay missionary, but

evidently had her misgivings, for she ordered him to take with him the priests previously appointed.

He was his father's son and instinctively strove to evade the order, and would have succeeded had not another complication arisen. He had no funds, and the only backers he could find were two Calvinist merchants of Dieppe, who, when they heard there were to be Jesuits aboard, held up their hands in horror and withdrew their loan, at the same time demanding interest for the temporary use of their money.

Four thousand pounds had to be forthcoming and Biencourt had nothing. Then appeared the fairy godmother of the tale, the Marquise de Guercheville, an enterprising, vigorous woman; wealthy, devout, interested in missions but not in trade, influential at court, headstrong and "under the influence of her confessor," says Champlain, though that is denied. Taking in the situation, she purchased the ship and cargo, gave some shares to the missionaries and sent them on board, not as unwelcome passengers, but as part owners. Thus, after six years of flouting and snubbing, the undesired, and by that time no doubt undesiring Jesuits. Biard and Massé, embarked. On January 21 Father Biard wrote to his superior: "Midnight has just struck, and at dawn we hoist anchor and sail away." (Rochemonteix 1, p. 32).

After this poetic departure, it took four months to reach Acadia. The vessel was small, the crew bad-tempered, for they were mostly aggressive Calvinists and hated priests, especially the brand they had on board. The weather also was wintry, and provisions short, but the ecclesiastical owners, who, notwithstanding their critics, never benefited by their shares in the stocks and never intended to, won the good will of all of the crew, though this is questioned, and at last the battered old hulk, which was in Parkman's fancy the Jesuit Mayflower, and was very inappropriately called the Grace of God, dropped anchor, on Pentecost Day, in Port Royal Harbor.

As on the sea, there was not much Grace of God on shore. Half of the colonists were Calvinists, and the Micmacs, as we

have seen, were unprepared Christians. Champlain says that the principal convert, the great chief, Membertou, had the reputation of being the worst and most treacherous Indian in the colony, but Lescarbot describes him as a *"chef d'oeuvre de piété chrétienne."* Disputes and quarrels were incessant; misery and starvation followed abundance, many sickened and died or returned home, and at one time there were not twenty-five people in the colony. Ship after ship had been sent out; money had been squandered or misappropriated, until at last, tired of it all, the angry Marquise directed her last equipment, to touch at Port Royal, to pick up the priests whom nobody wanted, and go elsewhere. La Saussaye, the commander, did as he was bid, the Queen also adding her injunction, and after landing at Port Royal and finding only five Frenchmen at home, one of them an apothecary and Lieutenant Governor, sailed across the bay to what is now the favorite summering place of fashion, Mount Desert, in Maine, and established there the mission of St. Sauveur.

Now the incidents crowd on each other. Scarcely had they arrived, when up from Virginia comes the bold buccaneer, Samuel Argal. He had fourteen cannon, with a ship of one hundred and thirty tons, and a ragged and ravenous crew of sixty men. He was out for codfish, but his equipment was not the usual one for such a trade. With a flourish of trumpets, a roar of cannon, and a rattle of drums, he entered the harbor, captured the vessel in the roadstead, killed a few men who attempted to defend it, and, going ashore, rifled the strong box of the commandant, who was conveniently absent. To his great glee he found the royal commission and put it in his pocket. Next day La Saussaye returned. "What right have you here?" thundered Argal. "I am here with a royal commission," was the reply. "Where is it?" Alas, it was not to be found. "Pirates!" cried Argal, "you shall all be hanged." And he sailed away to Virginia with his booty and his prisoners. Murdoch and the "Relations" say he had a Catholic physician with him, and Father Biard, while praising

the doctor, gives quite a flattering description of the famous freebooter himself, the very reverse of Bancroft and Parkman, who ascribe to Argal every sin in the calendar.

"In Virginia," says Father Biard, very good naturedly, "we expected nothing less than to walk ignominiously up the ladder to be let down gracefully by the rope." In fact, "the ferocious" Governor Dale, or "Maréchal" as they called him, for he had been an old soldier of Henry IV., insisted on the hanging; but Argal pleaded and explained that the Jesuits could be forced to show them all the French settlements, which the rulers on the James had determined in solemn council to destroy, in spite of the fact that France and England were at peace, or perhaps for that reason. So back they sailed in three vessels to Mount Desert, and after taking what was left—Saussaye had meantime fled to France—made for Port Royal. "It is useless to go there," said the priests. "The colony is in abject misery, if, indeed, it exists at all." To their amazement they found it revictualed and relatively prosperous. The Jesuits were evidently liars.

As usual no one was at home. Everything of value was seized and the houses given to the flames, the blaze calling back the colonists from the forests and fields, only to see their retreating foes, and lo! in the midst of them, two priests. They had evidently led the English there to destroy the settlement. The three vessels sailed away, but before they left the harbor, a boat brought out a messenger, denouncing Biard as a Spaniard, a fugitive from justice in Europe, and as having been guilty of grave scandal in Port Royal. With this farewell Biard sailed away.

English contemporary writers, and Haliburton after them, concur in affirming that "Biard, out of indigestible malice that he had conceived against Biencourt, encouraged the attack and guided the English thither (Brief Intelligence from Virginia by Letters; Purchas IV., 1808). Champlain and the "Relations" assert the contrary. It is worth noting, perhaps, that one of the writers in the "Brief Intelligence" says

that Biencourt on this occasion volunteered to transfer his allegiance to King James, but that Argal did not like the conditions. The writer is an Englishman, which ought to entitle him to consideration. But on the whole it is a badly mixed up case. However, as Champlain was the most disinterested witness, we believe him as to the reason of Biard's action.

One of the vessels reached the James, another foundered on the coast, and the third, the one in which the Jesuits were kept, instead of going back to Virginia, was driven across the Atlantic to the Azores. Several times there was question of dropping the alleged Spaniard and his companion overboard, especially when nearing the islands, for there the vessel would be searched. But they agreed to lie concealed in the hold while the official visit was being made. Had they revealed their identity it would have been the end of their English captors. But another unexpected and more vigorous search was made. They fouled a Spanish ship on entering port and the fiery Spaniard denounced it as a hostile act. The captain was brought ashore to answer for it; and meantime the offended parties went through the ship from stem to stern, while the Fathers had to play hide and seek to escape detection. Their fidelity convinced their captors that they were not traitors and that something else than human motives actuated them. After three weeks they started out, not for America, they were too short of provisions for that, but for England, and now the last act in this comedy of errors was played.

They entered the harbor of Pembroke, in Wales. The town was startled. Here was a French ship, for it was Mme. de Guercheville's, and the captain had no papers; Argal had kept them. He was clearly a pirate, and must be hanged. What should he do? He appealed to his Jesuit prisoners. They came ashore and told the whole story. The captain was then no longer a pirate but an English hero. And the Fathers? They were not hanged, as they expected, but were lodged in the Mayor's house, visited by the nobility, made to discuss religion with the ministers, and finally claimed by the French

Ambassador, and, by way of *Sanduicts,* or Sandwich, sent home after nine months' captivity, during which they lived mostly on bread and water. It is Biard's "Relation" that tells all this.

Of course evil reports preceded them. There could not be a better case of circumstantial evidence that they were thoroughgoing traitors. How did they clear themselves? Father Biard wrote a "plain statement," and was believed, especially as Champlain stood by him.

After the destruction of Port Royal the old Baron Poutrincourt repaired to France and was killed in a siege that he was directing. A monument at his birthplace, St. Just, announces that it was built *"aeternae memoriae herois magni Poutrincourtii qui multis vulneribus confossus, catapulta pectori admota, nefarie a Pisandro conficitur,"* and adds: *"virtus mea me perditit."* "To the great hero Poutrincourt, who, pierced with many wounds, was wickedly slain by a catapult (which was probably a musket) placed at his breast. My valor was my undoing." Young Poutrincourt, or Biencourt, had remained in Acadia, living with the Indians and waiting for better times, which came soon.

With him was his friend Charles de la Tour. They lived with the Indians and with a few French followers they fought the marauders who swarmed over from Massachusetts and the Kennebec, among whom appears the redoubtable Miles Standish and John Alden. The latter, however, came at a later date.

De la Tour was a Huguenot. His father, Claude, who was present at the general wreck, had gone to France, and when Champlain was beleaguered in Quebec, had started out with a well provisioned ship to relieve him, but was captured by Kirke, deprived of his vessel, and sent a prisoner to England. He was no sooner there than he renounced his allegiance to his country, married a Scotch wife, a maid of Henrietta Maria, was made Knight of the Garter, according to Charlevoix, accepted a baronetcy of Nova Scotia for himself

and his son, and then he and his wife and forty Scotchmen set out for Acadia, promising the King that young Charles would hand over the whole territory to the English. To their amazement and discomfiture, Charles not only refused, but fought his father in a two days' battle off Cape Sable and beat him.

What was to be done now? The old traitor could not return to England, for he was disgraced, nor to France, for he would be hanged, so he sent back his ship to England and settled at Port Royal, but he left that place after all his Scotchmen but one had died of scurvy. The authenticity of this story is denied by Rameau, but Rameau's authority does not count for much.

Acadia became French territory again in 1632, and Isaac Razilly was sent out as Governor. Young de la Tour was given a Seigneurie by the new incumbent and subsequently made his lieutenant. With him was associated d'Aulnay de Charnisay, a relative and favorite of Razilly. It was an unfortunate combination because these two young bloods became rivals and then began what proved to be another Iliad of woes for poor Acadia.

Razilly was a Knight of Malta, and finding that his friends did not keep pace with his plans to develop the country bethought him of calling his fellow knights to his aid. He proposed to establish a great naval station for the order at La Hève, or perhaps Chibouctou, the present Halifax. The surrounding forests would furnish wood for the construction of a fleet and the beauty and fertility of the land would soon attract a great population around the fort. He wrote in that sense to the Grand Master, de Paulo, but was told that the expenses entailed by the building of Lavalette at Malta precluded all thoughts of beginning a new post in Acadia. It was a great scheme, but he died shortly after and immediately de la Tour and Charnisay sprang at each other's throats. Each wanted to rule, and to complicate matters, a third lieutenant, Denys, had similar aspirations. About this time, it is sur-

mised, de la Tour became a Catholic, and from that out he was suspected; rightly, as the sequel shows.

The first act of this new drama opens at Fort St. John. D'Aulnay, with two ships, some smaller craft and five hundred men, is besieging de la Tour. Just when matters are going hard with the besieged, de la Tour, looking out from his fort, sees another ship in the offing, making for the harbor, but unable to enter on account of the blockading force. On the night of June 12, 1642, he and his wife steal out of the fort and make their appearance in a boat alongside the ship, on board of which he finds one hundred and forty emigrants and two Franciscan friars. It must have been a startling introduction to the New World for these wanderers on the deep to thus find themselves in the midst of a bloody war between their own countrymen. De la Tour took command of the ship and sailed away. Whither? To Boston, or "Baston," as the old MSS. commonly have it, which may account for a favorite pronunciation that still obtains there. This emigrant ship, supposed to be loaded with papists and friars, actually did enter Boston Harbor, in the days when popery meant hanging. Not only did they enter, but unexpectedly came on Governor Winthrop, quite alone and unprotected, on an island off the city, while the fort opposite had not a man in it. Had the Frenchmen been so minded they might have captured both the Governor and the city. But de la Tour was coming as a beggar, or rather, he was coming to demand in virtue of his English Knighthood, the assistance of these English Puritans against his French compatriots. For by a curious adjustment of his conscience he had all this while kept his baronetcy of Nova Scotia at hand, and now had determined to make it serve as a means of furthering his ambition.

The affair caused considerable alarm at Boston. Endicott wrote to Winthrop that "while they destroyed each other it was well and good, but otherwise have nothing to do with those French idolaters" (*Garneau, Vol.* 1, *p.* 150). Others protested that "Latour was a papist, attended by priests and

friars, and that Winthrop was in the case of Jehosaphat, who joined with Ahab, an idolater, which act was expressly condemned in Scripture." But the pleading of Madame de la Tour prevailed, for "she was considered by the Boston authorities as justly esteemed for her sound Protestant sentiments and excellent virtue, while his character was attacked by some as doubtful and hypocritical (*Williamson,* 1, *Maine*).

At the end of the month, de la Tour sailed away with five ships, having mortgaged his fort to raise the money. Murdoch thinks (*History of Nova Scotia*) that "this rapid recovery of fortune reveals the greatness of his character," but any ordinary traitor could have done as well. A single encounter disposed of d'Aulnay, and the New Englanders returned, covered with glory, without the loss of a man, and with their ships stuffed with booty.

"On this fleet," says Garneau, "besides the eighty Americans, de la Tour had one hundred and forty Rochelle Protestants." As, according to Murdoch, that was the precise number of emigrants who had tried ineffectually to get into Port Royal, it follows that there was not a papist on board the boat that had so frightened the New Englanders, and it explains how they were all ready to go to Boston. Were there any friars? It is highly improbable. Now d'Aulnay's turn came. His commissioners also had gone down to Boston, Catholic though he was, and later on, while de la Tour was absent, he suddenly appeared before the fort. Madame de la Tour defended it stoutly. She had beaten d'Aulnay before, but this time succumbed, and was condemned to stand with a halter round her neck while her whole garrison was hanged; which would lead us to conjecture the garrison was small; but great or small, those Frenchmen meant to destroy each other. The amount of goods, stores, gems and plate captured was estimated at £10,000. Evidently those were good times in the colony, at least for the magnates.

The Madame died of grief three weeks later. "She was not," says an admiring historian, "like the fabled Amazons,

fascinated by the savage joys of combat, or like Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Saragossa, infatuated by fanaticism or vengeance, but by the love of her husband, etc." (*Murdoch* 1, *p.* 111). D'Aulnay also opportunely gave up the ghost, and de la Tour, to console himself for his valiant spouse and play good politics at the same time, very judiciously marries d'Aulnay's widow and so finds himself master of the whole situation.

But, alas! another foe appears on the scene, this time in the person of Emmanuel le Borgne, from whom d'Aulnay had borrowed extensively to carry on his campaigns. Le Borgne was a Catholic, but hailed from the old Huguenot stronghold of Rochelle, and was so little of a bigot that he did not hesitate to burn down the Catholic church at La Hève when he was out on his depredations. He proposed to collect his debts *vi et armis,* but not satisfied with that, determined to capture the whole country. Denys was first disposed of, and then de la Tour; and Le Borgne ensconced himself in Fort Royal, but the ever-recurring foes from Boston were at the gates. The highest military talent available on the French side was a sergeant, but he was promptly killed; the garrison surrendered, the English entered with a laugh at the absurd defense, and Le Borgne disappeared from the New World without the 260,000 livres he had lent to d'Aulnay, though later on, when the French came into possession again, he or his son got a grant of land in Acadia.

What became of de la Tour? He crossed the ocean and took the oath of allegiance to Oliver Cromwell, then ruling England, and was made joint proprietor of Acadia, along with two Englishmen, Crowne and Temple. At the end of the Patent given to de la Tour and his associates, and dated Westminster, August 9, 1656, there is a clause which provides that "no one is to reside in the colony but Protestants" (*Murdoch, Vol.* 1. *p.* 138). So that de la Tour repeated, only in a worse form, the ignominious treason of his father, which he had resisted so bitterly twenty-eight years before.

Murdoch strives to exculpate him, but only succeeds in showing that treason was in the blood, and incidentally reveals the real cause of Acadia's misfortunes. "Everything," he says, "conspired to draw him into connection with the Englishmen of Boston and the Huguenots of Rochelle. Besides, he was old and appears to have been glad to acquiesce in any arrangement that would permit him to enjoy domestic tranquility" (*Vol.* I, *p.* 112).

Death was propitious to him. It spared him the embarassment of turning French again; for twelve years after, in pursuance of the Treaty of Breda, Acadia was ceded back to France. De la Tour was still living in 1666, and was seventy-two years old. It does not appear—and this is to his credit—that during the ten years he acted as an English Governor he did anything to carry out the last clause of Cromwell's Patent in excluding Catholics from the colony. In this respect he differed from the main body of his coreligionists elsewhere.

In 1670, three years after the Treaty of Breda, M. Hubert d'Andigny de Grandfontaine was sent to Acadia as Governor. He had been a captain in the famous Carignan regiment and was with de Tracy in the raid in the Mohawk country. His familiarity with American conditions probably suggested to him to reach Acadia not by sea but overland from Quebec, by ascending the Chaudière and portaging over to the Penobscot. It was the quickest way also to enter into possession of the English fort at Pentagoet, which was at the mouth of the river. Rameau de Saint-Père, in his "Colonie Féodale" has a picturesque description of the surrender, though Americans will object to his calling the Penobscot a "*petit fleuve.*"

The fort had been built by de la Tour in 1625. Subsequently captured by the English at the fall of Quebec, the French flag again floated over it in 1631, and when Razilly and d'Aulnay had finished strengthening the walls, it was considered one of the best strongholds in that section of the country. The others cannot have been very remarkable.

Murdoch, the historian of Nova Scotia, describes it as

having a barracks 45 feet long by 30 feet wide, on the right of which stood a shingle-roofed stone house of the same dimensions, and beyond it a small chapel, 18x12, surmounted by a bell tower. On the left as you entered was a two story magazine in stone with a shingle roof, 108 feet long by 30 wide, but when Grandfontaine arrived, the building was badly in need of repairs. On the right of it was another house only half-roofed, and finally, an old building that served as a stable, completed the structures of Pantagoet.

On the ramparts were three six-pounders, two of three and another of four pounds; while outside the fort a platform was built on which two cannons commanded the bay. There were about two hundred cannon balls for ammunition.

This establishment was considered important because it was situated at the entrance of the Baie Française, or the Bay of Fundy, and watch could be kept on all the vessels that arrived. At times they were very numerous, mostly coasters from New England. It was to some extent indeed essential for the French to hold it for another reason. It commanded the overland route between Canada and Acadia. From its platform the course of the Penobscot could be followed up to the place where it emerged from the woods.

On August 5, 1670, the Englishmen in the fort saw a flotilla of twelve bark canoes descending the river. Naked Indians were at the paddles, but mixed in with them could be discerned a number of French officers in their gaudy but tarnished uniforms. Reaching the fort they beached their canoes. The commanding officer, who was no other than Grandfontaine himself, stepped ashore, followed by four officers, a detachment of twenty-five soldiers and a dozen or more workmen. Some Indians brought up the rear, while others remained in the boats.

Starting up the slope to the fort they were halted by a sentry clothed in the shreds of a ragged red uniform. A sergeant came out and, after a word with the soldier, sent him in haste to the fort. An officer and two men soon ap-

peared. A brief parley with Grandfontaine ensued, then the usual military salute was given and the troop marched to the principal gate. There a halt was again called; the officer saluted, withdrew and in a short time returned with a dozen soldiers, some naked savages, followed by the commandant of the fort, who held in his hands a package of papers and a bunch of keys. The two leaders met, Grandfontaine read his papers, to which the Englishman listened attentively, and then ordering his men to present arms, handed over both papers and keys. The French drummer beat a tatoo, the soldiers discharged a volley of musketry and the officers entered headquarters for refreshments. It was thus that Sir Richard Walker surrendered to Grandfontaine de la Tour's fort in Western Acadia.

Three of the officers who stood at the side of Grandfontaine on this occasion were Captain de Chambly, Lieutenant Joybert de Soulanges, Ensign Villien, and, most noted of all, Captain Baron Vincent de Saint Castin, who was forever afterward identified with Acadia, and about whom Saint-Père has woven the following poetic story. He was a French Basque, from the country around Oleron, and hence a compatriot of Henry IV. He had served as a captain in the Carignan regiment, was a close friend of Grandfontaine, and about the same age. Active and vigorous like all the Basques, he was one of those ebullient characters who are never happy unless there is some excitement; he was athletic, of remarkable powers of endurance, calm in danger and resourceful in difficulties. In brief, he was cut out for adventure and perilous enterprises, and for all these reasons he was the favorite of his chief, and though only a subaltern, was sure to gain consent for any proposal he made.

He had been a valuable man on the trip from Quebec. Through those three hundred and sixty miles of forests, barren mountains and rushing rivers, at the paddle or on the portage, Castin was always in the lead; his patience and cleverness surmounting every obstacle. De la Tour, however,

had travelled it many a time, so had the Recollects, and so had the Jesuit, Druillettes, on his famous embassy to Boston.

Saint Castin was moreover a daring and indefatigable hunter, with the scent of a dog and the endurance of a piece of steel. He could starve for days as he followed the trail of a wild beast and was always ready for a new start after snatching a few hours of sleep. Ever since he came over in 1666, he had been scouring the country with the Indians, and around the campfire at night his bright disposition and brilliant wit put every one in good humor and made them forget the toils of the day.

The Abnakis adored him. His skill as a hunter and a woodsman, joined to his natural air of assurance, his splendid dignity, his staunch loyalty and his unfailing gaiety, which was in violent contrast with their silent solemnity, not only won their admiration but their affection. He could do anything with them; a word from him was enough for beginning a war, and he on the other hand was drawn to their way of life. As he was often with them, they at last made him their chief and he was at their head in the numberless forays into New England. Finally, ten years after he had entered de la Tour's old fort, he married Marie Pidikwamiska, the daughter of the Abnaki chief, and Grandfontaine made him commandant of the entire district—an impossible feat; for Grandfontaine had ceased to be Governor in 1673.

As an appendix to this romance we find, in " Les Sulpiciens en Acadie," by l'Abbé Casgrain (p. 70) that

" from time to time in the course of the year, the presence of a group of savages and of some white men accompanying a personage of great reputation and influence gave additional solemnity [to the religious ceremonies in the church of M. Petit at Port Royal]. These savages were the Abnakis of Pentagoet; the chief was the famous Baron de Saint-Castin, a former *compagnon d'armes* of M. Petit, in the Carignan regiment. He had embraced the life of a savage and married the daughter of an Abnakis chief. It was always a new joy for these two officers to meet again and to chat about their

present surroundings which were so different from those they had known as soldiers."

Unfortunately, both of these beautiful stories of Saint-Père and the Abbé Casgrain about Saint-Castin are woven out of the whole cloth. Ferland in his "Histoire du Canada" (Vol. III., p. 51, note) says:

"M. Petit who was a missionary at Port Royal writes from there to M. de Saint-Vallier as follows:—'M. de Saint-Castin asks for a missionary to instruct the savages at Pentagoet where he lives. That gentleman needs help of the same sort himself. He came to this country at the age of fifteen as the ensign of M. de Chambly, and having been obliged to flee to the woods with the savages when Fort Pentagoet was taken, he found himself forced to adopt their kind of life. As M. Petit, before becoming a priest," continues Ferland, "was one of the oldest captains of the Carignan Salières he must have known all the officers of the regiment. Raynal makes Saint-Castin the colonel and Charlevoix says he came out as captain of that corps."

Thus, like the Pilgrim's Mayflower, the Carignan regiment is responsible for a countless number of distinguished people on the continent.

As Chambly was in command of Pentagoet two years after it surrendered to Grandfontaine, and as Saint-Castin was only then an ensign and had just arrived, we shall have to eliminate him as one of the splendid figures on the historic occasion described by Rameau. Chambly was attacked by the English, was wounded and had to strike his colors. It was then that Saint-Castin the ensign took to the woods and became an Indian. Thus the bubble of his having been a fellow officer with Grandfontaine is pricked by the little pen of M. Petit who never thought he was writing a historical document.

Chambly succeeded Grandfontaine in 1673, and was again Governor in 1677, remaining there till 1680. It was at this time that Saint-Castin began to achieve fame by recapturing Pentagoet. After a short interim, Perrot, who had covered

himself with infamy as Governor of Montreal, succeeded Chambly in Acadia. He was followed by Menneval, but Phipps appeared a second time at Port Royal and carried off Meneval to prison. Meantime Villebon was on his way with his appointment as Governor, but as he approached Port Royal he was amazed to see the English flag floating over the walls. He fled to the St. John's River, on the other side of the Bay, hotly pursued by the enemy. He escaped, however, and when shortly after, the English withdrew, apparently caring little for the place, Villebon took up the duties of Governor.

During this distracted period the people received some religious help from the Recollects and Sulpicians, but the latter had much to suffer from Villebon and Perrot. According to "Les Sulpiciens en Acadie" those two worthies were in league to hand over the commerce of Acadia to New England. Perrot had the monoply of the fur trade and added to his glory by keeping a tavern in Port Royal. There was also a set of young officers in the garrison who were a source of corruption. Chief among them were de Gargas, de Soulègne and de la Mothe Cadillac, all friends of Perrot. Soulègne was lieutenant of the garrison and was

"as bad, brutal, seditious, quarrelsome and difficult a man," says Menneval, "as I ever met. Desgoultens was an '*ecrivain royal*' as well as lieutenant general of the courts of justice, and because of his office was arrogant and conceited though extremely ignorant. But the worst of all was Cadillac, a Gascon adventurer, and a generally odious fellow who had been expelled from France for some crime or other. He succeeded his relative Gargas as leader of these adventurers whom he arrayed against the Governor, as well as against the missionaries and the priests. Not only that but he and his set embroiled the Governor with the priests and urged the people to refuse to pay tithes to the clergy whom they continually derided and caluminated; attacking both their personal and sacerdotal character. These charges furnished material subsequently for English historians though vouched for only by these mendacious and licentious adventurers."

The profits of the fur trade were the chief attraction for

Cadillac and his associates. Officers though they were, they paid no attention to the royal prohibition, and with Perrot's help they disposed of their goods to the English. They even sent the soldiers of the garrison to hunt for peltries and allowed the fortifications to fall into a state of dilapidation, thus leaving it an easy prey to the enemy. The discontented and criminal part of the population rallied around these scoundrels, and a certain Le Jeune, a brother-in-law of Desgouttins, who is described as a sort of savage, actually incited the Indians of Cape Sable to rebel against the Governor. When summoned to answer for the crime he was warned by his associates in the fort and took to the woods. Unfortunately a section of the population was in full sympathy with this clique, and the consequence was that the English came in when they liked, to rob, to burn and to kill. Such is the story of Acadia's first one hundred years. The spirit typified in the two de la Tours, Claude and Charles, father and son, from the beginning, brooded over Acadia, and brought about its ruin.

CHAPTER II

Catholic Acadia

The life led by those who shaped and fashioned the early days of Acadia was evidently of no benefit to the country. Fishing, hunting and fighting are savage occupations, and the white men would soon have become like the aboriginies had it not been for the occasional friar who pursued them to their forts or their haunts in the wilderness or followed them on the trail, legalizing their irregular unions with the squaws, reproaching them for their sins, and keeping the Faith in their hearts. The arrival of Razilly, after the recovery of Quebec, injected some order into their lives; for he had one hundred families with him, abundance of provisions, and agricultural implements to till the soil, but the succeeding wars which we have described, between de la Tour, d'Aulnay, Denys and Le Borgne, as well as the regularly alternating occupations of the soil by the French and English, necessarily arrested all development. Cadillac and his friends, came near destroying it before its time.

With the inauguration of the eighteenth century its permanent subjection to the English began. In 1707 Subercase made his splendid defence of Port Royal, though the inhabitants gave him very little assistance against the enemy (*Ferland, II., p.* 362); for they were weary of useless wars. Two other attacks were repelled in the same brilliant fashion, but in 1710 Nicholson hoisted the British flag over the country and there it has floated ever since. Some ineffectual efforts were made to drive out the four hundred and fifty soldiers who had been left in possession and whose members soon dwindled down to one hundred and fifty, on account of disease and desertion, but in 1713 the whole territory was definitely ceded to England. At that time there were only a

few French in Port Royal proper, but an agricultural population amounting to 2528 persons had established itself in different places of the peninsula, chiefly at Mines and Beau Basin. Life with them was still rough, the houses were log cabins, the furniture of the plainest, the food coarse and supplied from their farms or the woods or the sea; their clothing was homespun, or made of the furs of the chase. They were, however, at peace with each other; not rich but frugal, knowing nothing of the great world outside, nor caring for it; their priests were with them and the sacraments were developing in them a high order of morality that kept them contented and without reproach. It would have been a splendid foundation for the best kind of commonwealth. But the commonwealth was not to be theirs.

According to the stipulations of the treaty they were allowed the choice either of becoming British subjects or of leaving the country with their cattle and household effects. Being Catholic and French, they of course, chose the latter. Had the deportation been made then, there would have been comparatively little hardship, as the French possessions of Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island and Eastern Canada were not far away. But the English Governors, beginning with Nicholson, took it upon themselves to prevent their going. There were three reasons for this course of action: first, the garrison of Port Royal would be left without food; second, in the absence of the French, the Micmacs would certainly massacre the English, and third, the other French colonies would receive an accession of strength by the addition of these two or three thousand people, that would make the tenure of the captured territory almost impossible. Hence began a period of forty years of lying and deceit which ended in one of the tragedies of history.

During that long period the colonists were subjected to the rule of as coarse, blustering, uneducated and bigoted set of military rulers as it would be possible to get together: Nicholson, Armstrong, Cornwallis, each worse than the other.

The inhabitants were virtually serfs, living in a constant state of resistance to their military service. Even Mascarène, the Huguenot Governor whom French historians treat very tenderly, was as bad as the rest. His relations with the colonists were easy, because he knew their language, but his one thought during the forty years that he lived in Acadia, was to drive out the French and introduce English colonists. All these petty despots despised the Acadians as an inferior caste. Bancroft whose authority cannot be impeached in this matter, for he was a New Englander, says:

"The papers and records of the people, the titles to their estates, were taken away from them. Was their property demanded for the public service? They were not to be bargained with for payment. The order may still be read in the council records at Halifax. They must comply without making any terms, immediately, or the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents. And when they delayed in fetching firewood, for their oppressors it was told them from the Governor: 'If they did not do it in proper time, the soldiers shall absolutely take their houses for fuel.' They were made to surrender their boats and their fire arms, and the officers were told if the Acadians behaved amiss to punish them at discretion; if the troops were annoyed, to inflict vengeance whether on the guilty one or not, taking an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth."

When they applied to purchase land, Mascarène, their supposed friend, told them that the King granted land to Protestants only; when they came to expose their grievances they were asked how they dared to question His Majesty's decisions. "They would not be believed," says Haliburton (*Richard II, p. 145*), "because they were French and Papists." "What better proof can I give," says Armstrong, "of their bad faith than that they are papists." Although M. de Saint Rémy, a missionary at Port Royal, declared that "not only did Armstrong leave Catholics the free exercise of their religion and was well disposed towards priests, provided they were not religious, but did not prevent his officers

from being present at Mass on solemn feasts," the very reverse was the case (*Ferland II, p. 473*). As all or nearly all the priests of Acadia were religious, the ban was universal, and Armstrong especially was always conspicuously brutal in their regard. They could never go from one place to another without leave; they were at times even forbidden to speak to their people; Cornwallis refused leave to the Bishop of Quebec to enter Acadia for confirmation, and he pompously proclaimed that the liberty accorded to Catholics was such as was granted by the laws of England, which, of course, was the liberty of the penal laws. The dispatches teem with accusations against "popish and romish priests" for inciting the people to rebellion, and even Mascarène informs his superior that "measures must be taken to prevent them from exercising any ecclesiastical power."

In spite of all this, the colonists controved to prosper. New clearings were made; new dykes were constructed in the bottoms; provisions were supplied for the forts and fleets of Louisburg and Annapolis, so that money poured into the colony; a thriving trade in cattle was carried on, for their beeves and other live stock ran up to ninety or a hundred thousand, and cargoes of wood and salt were carried down the coast and even to the West Indies. Best of all, in the midst of this prosperity the people remained exemplary in their morals. Watson, an officer, who took part in the expulsion said there was not a single case of illegitimacy among them, and even Cornwallis praised "their temperance and industry," and added that "there was no vice and no debauchery in the colony." The population had now grown to 16,000.

But the end was approaching. In 1745, Louisburg, whose situation was ill-judged and unhealthy, whose walls were badly built, whose garrison was undisciplined and whose Governors were incompetent, although 30,000,000 livres had been spent upon it, passed into the hands of the enemy; in 1748, what Bancroft calls the "atrocious" proposition of

expelling the Acadians and planting English settlers in their stead had been made to George II. Halifax had been founded in 1749, with 2566 colonists, who in six months had built three hundred houses, two forts and defenses around the whole town; Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne in 1755 had filled the English with terror; and in June, 1755, 2000 men had sailed from Boston on forty ships to the Bay of Fundy to attack Beausejour, which would have surrendered to twenty men on a single ship, for it was in the hands of French traitors. Everything had led up rapidly, at the end, to the final tragedy and on September 5, all the male population of Acadia down to boys of ten years of age were ordered to assemble in their respective settlements. At Grand Pré, alone, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men appeared and were marched into the church. There they were told that their lands and houses and live stock were forfeited to the crown, and that they themselves were expelled from the province. They could take their household goods, provided they did not "discommode" the vessels. The cruel blow, in that place alone, fell on 1923 people. The young men were the first to be deported. Between the kneeling lines of their mothers and wives and sisters and children they were marched off to the ships with the bayonet at their backs. The seniors went on the next transport the following month; and the bitter cold of December had arrived before the last of the women were removed. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families had fled to the woods and a party of soldiers was detached to hunt for them. If a prisoner sought to escape he was shot down by a sentinel.

"Some fled to Quebec," says Bancroft, "more than 3000 had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But 7000 of these banished people were driven on board ships and scattered among the English

colonies from New Hampshire to Georgia; 1021 to South Caroline alone."

English and American historians are fond of holding up the expulsion of the Jews and Moors from Spain and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes as examples of Catholic methods in dealing with heresy. But the Jews and Moors, although bitter enemies of the State, were allowed to sell their property before they departed, and wives were not separated from their husbands, nor children from their parents. The Edict of Nantes, which had foolishly given more military power to the traitors who had covered the kingdom with blood and rapine for thirty years, than to the King himself, had to be revoked if France were to continue to exist. Even then the proscribed were allowed to remain in their homes if they so desired, for only their public church assemblies were forbidden. But the Huguenots did not rest satisfied with that. Anquetil, in his "Histoire de France" (IV, p. 268), tells us that "twenty years after the Revocation the *Camisards* of Languedoc committed outrages of the most revolting description and renewed all the horrors of the first wars of religion; the Dutch and English furnishing them with ammunition and sending officers to drill them." The Acadians might have destroyed Port Royal at any time during the forty years that they were subjected to the rule of the English, but they were a moral people who recognized the sanctity of an oath. In brief, the expatriation was a grievous crime, but Louis XV, who might have prevented it, must share the guilt with George II, who authorized his minions to perpetrate it.

It is somewhat of a comfort to know that the best acts of contrition ever made for the great sin were uttered by Bancroft and Longfellow whose ancestors profited by the spoiliation; and that Nova Scotia endeavored to hide the extent of the wrong by suppressing the most incriminating documents dealing with the deportation. On the other hand, it was a singular mark of love on the part of the Almighty

to withdraw the Acadians from French control before the principles of the French Revolution were formulated, as it was certainly a retribution when only twenty-one years after the expulsion, the very New Englanders who occupied the diminutive territory for the benefit of Great Britain wrested the greater part of a continent from English domination because of a three penny tax upon tea.

MAISONNEUVE

CHAPTER I

THE PLAN

The story of Maisonneuve's entrance into public life reads like the opening chapter of a novel. A Jesuit priest is seated at his desk in a poor unfurnished room of the College of Clermont in Paris. He is Father Charles Lalemant, who had lived for some years in Canada; he had been twice shipwrecked on its inhospitable coast, and had barely escaped with his life; he had labored among the Indians around Quebec, and as Champlain's intimate friend and confessor he had pronounced the words of absolution as the great man's soul passed from earth to heaven. He was now back in France, for he had no heart for work among the Indians, though his brother Jerome had lived in their wigwams, and faced every privation and danger of savage life, and his nephew Gabriel was soon to die at the stake with the heroic Brébeuf in the wilderness of Georgian Bay. More congenial work had been assigned to him, and he was now at peace in his room in Paris employed in the laborious task of providing for the sustenance of the missionaries who were scattered among the Indians all the way from Gaspé to Lake Superior.

At his side was a nobleman named Dauversière, well known in France, not so much for his wealth and influence as for the stainlessness of his life and his untiring zeal in behalf of the poor and suffering. He was intensely interested in the Canadian missions, and like many other men of his class was shocked at the commercial character that had been impressed on the colony of New France by the successive trading companies which had controlled its destinies

from the beginning. Their Calvinistic character was also a reason for irritation. Thus Champlain's first associate, de Monts, was a Calvinist. The company that had been formed in 1613, under the patronage of the Count de Soissons, though possessing a charter in which the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic Faith was insisted upon, was largely composed of Calvinists, for few Catholics could be found in France who were willing to embark on such a hazardous business enterprise. The consequence was that the settlement of the natives in villages or their conversion to Christianity was frowned upon; as it would interfere with their work as hunters; nor was colonization by Europeans encouraged; for Quebec was regarded merely as a trading post. Even the fortifications of the place were permitted to fall into a state of dilapidation, possibly, it was hinted, to facilitate a Huguenot occupation later on.

The *Compagnie de la Nouvelle France* had been organized with a view to correct these abuses, but as many of the members had been stockholders in the old company, there was not only not much improvement but the charge was made that its Director had much to do with the fall of Quebec. When the French again came into power, the Company of the Hundred Associates which Richelieu had established, set to work as a strictly catholic society, but it also gave occasion for many complaints.

Dauversière, who was known as Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, was a Breton nobleman of ancient stock. He was one of the first students of the royal college of La Flèche, which had been founded by Henry IV and entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers. He was the schoolfellow of Descartes and of others, who afterwards achieved distinction, such as Charles Faure, who revived the religious discipline of the Congregation of St. Geneviève, and Nicolas Fournier, who did a similar service for the Abbey of Beaulieu. On leaving college he was made Collector of Taxes in the city of La Flèche, married, and had a large family which in every way

reflected honor upon him. He was extremely pious but was tortured by scruples and temptations, and was under the impression that at times he was the recipient of supernatural communications which his Jesuit confessor smiled at, recommending him to say his prayers, practice penance and devote himself to good works. He seemed to have developed subsequently into a sort of lay-priest; establishing religious communities, deciding what kind of vows they should take, solemnly giving the nuns his parting benediction, etc.; but he was a poor business man and lost a great deal of money belonging to the establishment he founded in Montreal.

He and some rich friends had long conceived the idea of establishing somewhere in Canada, a settlement which would be free from the inconveniences prevailing at Quebec, and while looking after the temporal welfare of the colonists would have as its primary object their religious and moral welfare, and would also direct its efforts to the conversion of the Indians who could be induced to settle near the colony. In this splendid scheme they had the encouragement and backing of the illustrious founder of the Sulpicians, M. Olier.

Full of this project Dauversière had come to discuss with Father Lalemant the ways and means to set it on its feet. When asked where the settlement was to be located, he answered: "Montreal." This constituted a difficulty at the outset. Until a short time before, Montreal Island had always been supposed to belong to Champlain, who was credited with the intention of planting an establishment on it. When he died, a certain M. de la Chausse asked for the concession and it was granted him. Then M. de Lauson, who was Intendant of the Company, resigned his position and de la Chausse handed the island over to him as a free gift, although de Lauson already possessed the Seigneurie, opposite Quebec, and a part of the Isle d'Orléans. His son was also granted a concession of all the islands yet undiscovered in the St. Lawrence along with the monopoly of

fishing and navigation in the river, and another grant was made to him of sixty leagues along the St. Lawrence, beginning at the St. Francis River which empties into Lake St. Peter, and from there running up beyond the Sault at Lachine, thus taking in a part of what is now New York State. This seems incredible, but the Abbé Faillon cites the Registers of Quebec where these concessions are officially set down. Dauversière had repeatedly asked de Lauson for the island which formed such a small part of his great possessions, but was sternly refused.

"Let me make the attempt," said Lalemant, "perhaps I may have better luck."

"But even if we get the island," continued Dauversière, "we need a military man to hold it for us, not an ordinary soldier, but one absolutely without reproach and wholly in sympathy with the purpose of the colony."

"I have him," answered Lalemant. "He was here in this room a short time before you entered. He is Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a gentleman born, who has had a long military training and is endowed with every quality required in the Governor of your colony. When he was only thirteen years of age he had his baptism of fire in the Dutch wars; he has kept his heart clean, amid all the license of the camp, and he is now longing to go as a soldier, preferably to a distant country, where he can do something great for Almighty God. You might see him and form your own opinion without letting him know that I have spoken to you."

This conversation was held in the month of December, 1640. In his "History of Canada," Kingsford remarks that twenty-seven years before that time when Champlain arrived in the St. Lawrence from the Ottawa country, he was told by L'Ange, his captain, that "the Sieur de Maisonneuve had arrived from France with three ships and a permission from Condé to trade with the Indians." He was then returning to France and Champlain embarked on Maisonneuve's ship. They arrived at St. Malo on August 28, 1613.

The question naturally suggests itself, was this Lalemant's Maisonneuve? If so, he could not have been more than twenty years old when he first went to America, for Holland and Spain had stopped fighting in 1609. But as his military career began at the early age of thirteen, he might still have been a mere youth when he went to Canada. Iberville had crossed the ocean in command of ships at an earlier age. In such case, he would, in 1640, have reached the age of forty-seven, which would seem to agree with what Rochmonteix says of him, that " he had then arrived *à la force de l'age et à la maturité de l'homme.*" But as he passed twenty-five years of his life in Montreal, that would bring him at the end of his career to the age of seventy-two. Frontenac, however, went beyond that, and the venerable Puiseaux, who was associated with Maisonneuve, had had dealings as a government official with Champlain. It is true that Maisonneuve's portrait represents him as a young man, but we do not know its date, and moreover, many of these historical portraits are unreliable. The main objection is that he received his knowledge of America from the " Relations." That, however, may mean merely a knowledge of the missionary work that was being done there. In any case the coincidence of names is very curious.

The Seigneurie in France from which Paul de Chomedy, or Chomedeu, derived his name is described in the " Dictionnaire des Communes de France," as " situated on the River Esme which from Point Cornu to Maisonneuve whirls itself over twenty cataracts in the space of four kilometres. The stretch of territory that it waters is called the Valley of Cascades. The roar of the cataracts is heard coming up from a deep and sinuous gorge formed by the overhanging mountains on which occasional houses are scattered, but which at times open into richly cultivated plains." It was a fit birthplace for such a poetic soul as Maisonneuve.

Dauversière saw Maisonneuve, and returned to Lalemant to report enthusiastically that the Lord had provided the

man. Meantime, Lalemant had had a conversation with de Lauson who professed himself very willing to give up his hold on the island. What spiritual arguments were advanced to effect this conversion are not recorded but in all probability no spiritual motives were needed. For Lalemant may have easily learned from some of the members of the Company with whom, as Procurator of the Province, he was in frequent communication, that de Lauson's claim to the island was going to be contested in court, for the reason that he had done nothing either to improve it or otherwise assert his ownership. Hence it was easy for Lalemant to persuade his friend that the best way to avert a public outcry, would be to make a gift of it to the new enterprise.

In the same way there is no need of resorting to a quasi-revelation to explain Dauversière's or Olier's familiarity with the location and conformation of their new possession. Maps had been made of the place; the Company that claimed it and de Lauson, who had seized it, knew all about it; Lalemant had most likely visited it and described it in his conversations; and other missionaries must have often spoken about it to their friends, or in public discourses. Revelation is not needed for the study of geography.

Faillon calculates that Dauversière and his friends contributed for the new enterprise a sum of money equal to about $200,000.00 of the money of today. With that they equipped their ships. In one was Maisonneuve and twenty-five men, and a priest who was going out to be the chaplain of the Ursulines at Quebec. In another was the wonderful Mademoiselle Mance, whom Father Lalemant had secured at the last moment. There were three other women with her and only twelve men. These two ships were to sail from La Rochelle. A third with only ten men was to clear from Dieppe. These figures probably do not represent the crew; otherwise, they would be very poorly equipped for crossing the Atlantic. Slim as it was, however, the outfit completely exhausted all the available assets of the Associates, and

Dauversière admitted that he had not a penny left for future contingencies. They were building absolutely on Divine Providence.

The little ship that started from Dieppe made the faster time, for Maisonneuve's was leaking very badly and he was forced to put back to France three times on account of bad weather. He lost three of his men in these storms, among them, the surgeon,—a loss that was disastrous for a colony where the sick and wounded would constitute for a time the greater part of the population—but the brave travelers kept on nevertheless. Fortunately he picked up a medical man at Tadoussac, where de Courpon, who was in command of the Fur Company's fleet, generously supplied one from his own vessel. On August 20, 1641, Maisonneuve's battered ship finally dropped anchor at Quebec.

He found his people in consternation about his long delay and they had almost determined not to go to Montreal. The river was swarming with Iroquois, and Governor Montmagny had made up his mind to settle them, if possible, on the Isle d'Orléans. On the other hand, most of the officers of the Company's fleet and de Courpon, the Admiral, who was a friend of Montmagny, were strongly in favor of the original project. The Governor waited till these men of the sea had all left the St. Lawrence and then convoked an assembly of the most important personages of the Colony to endeavor to dissuade the new arrivals from what was, to all appearances, an act of the greatest folly. Addressing the Assembly, Maisonneuve very bluntly told them that it was his personal affair; he rejected in very positive language the proposition to settle on the Isle d'Orléans, and insisted that his commission was to establish a city on the Island of Montreal. It was in this discourse that he uttered the famous words, some of which are inscribed on his monument: "I have not come here to deliberate but to execute, and if all the trees of Montreal were changed into Iroquois, it is my duty and a question of my honor to go and establish a colony there."

Judging from what is generally accepted as his portrait, Maisonneuve was almost feminine in his features; but that is a peculiarity not uncommon among the great fighters of the world. In any case, he was evidently amply supplied with masculine daring. and though to some of the skeptical business men of Quebec the attempt was an act of the wildest temerity, yet they were thrilled by his eloquence and abandoned all opposition to the plan. It even captured the old soldier Montmagny, who applauded the courage of the undertaking, and set out in the month of October with Maisonneuve, Father Vimont and some others to inspect the island. They arrived there on the 14th, and on the following day took formal possession of the place with the usual ceremonies, and then returned to Quebec.

Meantime, the newly arrived colonists had as yet no permanent shelter, and winter was drawing near. They had attempted to put up a small structure but it was quite insufficient to house forty people with anything like comfort. Fortunately, however, Providence came to the rescue. It happened as follows: On his way down to Quebec, Maisonneuve stopped at the place now known as Ste. Foy to visit a venerable old man called M. de Pierre de Puiseaux, the Sieur de Montrenault, who had an establishment at that place. He solved the difficulty.

Puiseaux to all appearances had been formerly the Secretary of the King's forces in France, though the name is spelled differently in a letter written to him by Champlain in 1621, asking for military supplies. But Champlain's orthography was characterized by variety. Thus he writes the name of his enemy Kirke as "Kerkt," "Quer" and "Guer," though that interesting personage probably did not know how to spell his own name, which may have been Quirk. Champlain is even uncertain about his own brother-in-law's patronymic. It is sometimes Boullay, again Boulay and also Boullé. It is probable, therefore, that the Pusieux of the letter of 1621, is the same as the M. de Puiseaux who

figures in a notarial certificate unearthed at Quebec, and dated September 13, 1644. The poor man is treated badly also by Marie de l'Incarnation who indites him as Piseaux, and even Dollier de Casson after calling him Puizeaux, lapses into Pizeau.

Puiseaux was intensely interested in the new settlement. He was so satisfied with Maisonneuve's plans that he volunteered to further them personally. He began by offering the colonists his houses at Ste. Foy and St. Michel with their furniture as well as the live stock on his farm. He suggested that some of Maisonneuve's men could build their boats during the winter on his place, where there were plenty of oak trees, and the others, at St. Michel, could make all the furniture needed for the new establishment.

This unexpected gift was a Godsend, but Puiseaux's offer to join the Montreal enterprise had to be ratified by the Associates. Meantime, the St. Michel house, which it is said was then the pride of Canada, was occupied by Mme. de la Peltrie. But it was put at Maisonneuve's disposal, and the courteous old gentleman informed the lady that from that out, she was not his guest but Maisonneuve's. Like the Associates, Puiseaux's purpose in emigrating to America was prompted by unworldly motives, and his devotion to the new establishment had the effect of indirectly persuading Madame de la Peltrie, who had thus far devoted her great wealth to the development of Quebec, to bestow some of her largesses on Montreal. De la Tour, in his "Memoires sur M. De Laval," attributes this action of the great lady to womanly fickleness, though as Faillon remarks, "the same judgment should be passed on her devotion to Quebec which diminished the amount of her charities in France." Puiseaux subsequently reclaimed all he gave to the Montreal settlement; a change of sentiment attributed to softening of the brain.

Everything was sunshine until January 25, the feast of St. Paul, Maisonneuve's patron saint. To celebrate it properly, the little cannon of the ship, a stone thrower or *pierrier*

and the few muskets of the colonists fired off a salute to their great leader, an hour and a half before sunrise. The report was heard at Quebec and startled the Governor from his slumbers. After enjoying the day, a similar ceremony was observed at nightfall. The Governor was now in a rage. His authority had been slighted. No one should fire off a cannon in the colony without his permission. Maisonneuve was accordingly summoned to the city, and Gorry, the gunner who had fired off the salute, was put in chains and imprisoned. It was the first instance, says Faillon, of that long series of petty quarrels of the rulers of Quebec, who, for years, kept dinning into the ears of the Home Government the slights that had been put upon them about precedence in seats in the sanctuary, the offering of incense, holy water, *pain bénit* and the like.

Montmagny's action was regarded by the new colonists as a direct insult to Maisonneuve, who had come over with a royal commission, but he bore the official action with dignity and calmness. He refused, however, to appeal for the sailor who was in irons lest his action might be interpreted as an admission of Montmagny's authority to inflict the punishment. It did not lessen the affection of his men for him, however, and when all returned to St. Michel, a great banquet was prepared in his honor, but to spare the Governor's feelings no cannon or musket was fired off. Maisonneuve, however, said, "Wait till we are in Montreal. No one will then stop us from firing off our cannon." This domestic jubilation also irritated Montmagny, and he summoned a number of Maisonneuve's men to Quebec, and made them testify under oath as to the purpose of the feast. The affidavits, we are told, are to be found in the archives of Quebec.

Such is the account of this incident as given by Faillon. Ferland, in his "Histoire du Canada," says that Montmagny inflicted no other punishment than that of keeping the gunner a few hours in the lock-up, and that "the quarrel had

no disagreeable consequences. As each side was striving to do what was right, they soon forgot this little unpleasantness and worked with each other in strengthening the colony and fighting off the Iroquois."

CHAPTER II

Possession

When the news reached France of the arrival of the colonists and their bright prospects of success. M. Olier and Dauversière resolved to dedicate the island to the Holy Family, and hence, in Paris, on Candlemas Day, February 2, 1642, while M. Olier celebrated Mass at the Blessed Virgin's altar, the other Associates received Holy Communion, renewing at the same time their consecration to the work they had undertaken, for the glory of God and the salvation of the people of New France. On that day, 40,000 livres were collected for the next year's work and a seal for the Society was adopted which was thenceforward always employed for official documents. It represented the Blessed Virgin standing on a mountain and holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. Under the figures was the inscription, *Notre Dame de Montréal.* The number of Associates at that time, according to Dollier de Casson, was about forty-five.

As soon as the ice began to break in the river, Maisonneuve launched his boats, and on May 8 started for Montreal. The flotilla consisted of a pinnace, a three-masted sailboat, a flat boat rigged with sails and two barques. The Governor led the way. There were several Jesuits in the party and also M. de Puiseaux and Madame de la Peltrie and her maid. It took nine days to make the journey, and as they approached the island they sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God for having led them so far. Then Montmagny, as representative of the Fur Company, made the formal presentation to Maisonneuve and before dawn on the following day the boats were directing their course to the place chosen for the landing.

It was a triangular piece of land bounded by the St. Law-

rence, a swamp and a little river; a most extraordinary place on which to build dwelling houses, for the swamp would necessarily be unhealthy and there would be freshets and floods from the rivers, but as there was a beautiful meadow near by, full of birds of varied plumage, and because, also, Jacques Cartier had selected the spot when he went ashore at Montreal, one hundred and seven years before, the choice met general approval.

On the river bank, Maisonneuve knelt down and consecrated himself and his followers to the arduous task they had undertaken. Joyous songs of thanksgiving were sung, and after Madame de la Peltrie and Jeanne Mance had decorated the altar, Father Vimont celebrated Mass and in the sermon preached after the Gospel took for his text the parable of the mustard seed which he said was a prophetic picture of the enterprise they were engaged in. After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament remained on the altar and adorers knelt before it all day long. The sanctuary lamp was a white vial in which a number of fireflies were imprisoned, but how they showed light during the day we are not informed.

Tents were then erected inside of a moat that was quickly made, and a little chapel was built. Then Montmagny returned to Quebec, but de Puiseaux and Madame de la Peltrie remained with the colonists. Only twenty soldiers were told off to protect the settlement; all the others were busy during the entire summer transporting to Montreal what had not been carried up the river at the first coming of the colonists. Fortunately, no Iroquois appeared during that time, and after a while ships arrived from Europe with arms and ammunition and whatever was needed for the chapel and altar. Everything was bright on August 15. A *Te Deum* was sung, the cannon boomed over the great river, and Villemarie was proclaimed to be a permanent settlement.

Winter had now set in. The Little River had turned to ice, but a sudden thaw declared itself, and the houses and even the powder magazine were in danger of being invaded

by the rising flood. Earnest supplications were made to Almighty God to avert the calamity. A cross was planted on the river bank, but the water only rose higher and higher. Nevertheless, the fervent colonists prayed. The danger was very menacing on Christmas Day, when suddenly the water began to recede, and the colony saw itself in safety. During these anxious days, Maisonneuve had made a vow that if Almighty God hearkened to their prayers he would plant another cross high up on the mountain to the north of them, as a permanent expression of gratitude to Almighty God, who had preserved them from destruction.

In pursuance of this vow, a road was cut up the mountainside, and on the Feast of the Epiphany the people assembled round the little chapel at Place Royale. A huge cross had been made from the trees of the forest, and after it had been solemnly blessed, it was placed on Maisonneuve's shoulders. Then, over the snow, the brave band proceeded on their toilsome pilgrimage up the slope of the mountain, with Father du Perron in his priestly robes at the head, followed by the two heroic women, Madame de la Peltrie, Jeanne Mance and the colonists and soldiers, numbering about fifty persons in all. At the end of the line was the Governor carrying the heavy cross. It was a rude journey of fully a league, on a bitterly cold January morning, up a steep ascent, over ice and snow, where, in spite of its having been cleared, the path must have led through tangled undergrowth and fallen timber as well as drifts of snow, but they toiled on, until they finally reached the place that had been selected near the summit. There the cross was planted, but how it was made secure, it is difficult to surmise, for it must have been impossible to excavate the frozen ground. Nevertheless, it was fastened in some way or other, and then Mass was celebrated. That also is amazing. To stand on the mountain top, or near it, with bare hands and uncovered head, and to go through the solemn ceremonies for half an hour, is a task that few priests would be able to accomplish. When they had all re-

ceived Holy Communion and sung the *Te Deum,* they tramped down the mountain side, happy that they had thus consecrated the island to God and His Blessed Mother. There is scarcely anything more picturesque in history.

They then began to rebuild their houses in a place more remote from the dangerous river. So incessantly and vigorously did they toil, that on March 19, St. Joseph's Day,—they were always careful to note these spiritual coincidences,—they had completed their houses and defences, and in spite of the labor and the cold, no one had fallen sick or suffered any injury. Meantime news came that abundant funds had been contributed in France to help on the work of the Colony, and moreover, that a very distinguished personage, who was no other than Louis d'Ailleboust, was on his way to join them. As a sort of reparation for the apostacy of La Rochelle, he and his colonists had determined to embark from that port. Their departure was made with great pomp and solemnity, and created a sensation throughout France.

The cross naturally suggested pilgrimages, and it became the custom in the early days to journey up the mountain in groups of about a dozen or so, utterly heedless of the risk of meeting unfriendly Indians on the way. On the Feast of the Assumption, the ceremonies were more than usually solemn. After Mass, at the foot of the cross, there was not only a sermon, but Vespers were sung, and in pursuance of a desire of Louis XIII, there was a procession during which prayers were offered for the King and Queen and the two young princes; one of whom was the future Louis XIV.

On one occasion while these ceremonies were being performed, a number of Indians were seen approaching. They looked on in silent wonder, and when all was over and the pilgrims were roaming through the woods, one of the savages said, when they had reached the summit of the mountain: "We were the nation that once inhabited this island." Pointing to different places on the east and south, he added, "We had villages there, well filled with our own people, but our

enemies drove us out, and hence the island became an uninhabited desert." "It was good soil also," interjected an old man at his side, as he took up some earth in his hands, "and my grandfather planted corn on this spot and the crop was abundant." "Why not then stay with us?" asked one of the Frenchmen, "we shall do our best to make you happy, if you come."

These Indians were called Iroquets—a confusing appellation because of a similar pronunciation of the name Iroquois, after the Norman fashion; unless, perhaps, the final *t* was sounded, as some time occurs in Canadian names of the present day, as for instance, Bourget, Jolliet, Nicolet, Doucet, etc.

Iroquet was the name of the chief as well as of the tribe. It was also spelled Hiroquet, Hirocay, Iroquay and Yroquet. They were of the Algonquin stock, and had accompanied Champlain in his attack on the Iroquois in 1615. After the battle they had spent the winter in the Huron country, but had quarrelled with their hosts and thus prevented Champlain from continuing his explorations west to Lake Nippising. According to Ferland, the Iroquois occupied a triangular piece of territory, of which Vaudreuil, Kingston and Ottawa form the angles. It was southwest of the Ottawa, and about eighty leagues from the Lachine Rapids. The battle, in which they had been almost exterminated, had been fought with their own kinsmen, the Algonquins, and occurred at the mouth of the Bécancour River, a little below Three Rivers but on the other side of the St. Lawrence. Sulte is of the opinion that it was the Hurons who drove the survivors from Montreal Island, and then most of the Iroquets joined the Iroquois in New York.

Everything was now going on happily at Ville-Marie. There were church ceremonies and processions and sermons and *pain bénit,* just as in France, and the Recollect Father Rapin, who, however, was writing from hearsay, had declared that it was "a holy colony." The "Relations" written with

knowledge are much more enthusiastic. Conversions were being made of distinguished Indians, notable among them being the famous chief of Allumette Island, *Le Borgne,* or One Eye. Some Huron Christians had come with their furs, but so far no Iroquois had been seen and every one felt secure. One day, however, a party of Algonquins came rushing madly into the fort. They had killed a Mohawk and were hotly pursued. They reached the gate in safety, but they thus revealed the existence of the colony to the foe, who until then seemed not to have known of it. They also made it evident that the French were friends of the Algonquins and consequently foes of the Iroquois. The Mohawks withdrew but only for a time. The sequel is described by Faillon in the "Colonie Française." He is quoting Dollier de Casson:

"In the month of June, 1643, sixty Hurons came down the river in thirteen canoes, without arquebuses and without arms but with a great cargo of peltries to trade at Villemarie and Three Rivers. They carried letters from the Jesuit missionaries residing among the Hurons. At what was later called Lachine, they met a considerable number of Iroquois, and instead of treating them as enemies, chatted familiarly with them and urged them to attack Villemarie. After this perfidious counsel the Iroquois hastened to send forty of their ablest warriors to attack the colony. They killed three and took three others whom they led to the Iroquois fort. Then uniting wickedness to treachery the Hurons took part in torturing the white prisoners and kept it up all night long. In the morning, the Iroquois killed half of the Hurons in their sleep. The rest escaped. Father Vimont (the Jesuit Superior), has in the 'Relation,' recounted the fact, but with considerable alterations, no doubt, because he judged that prudence forbade him to reveal a treason so infamous and cruel, lest he might hurt the feelings of the other Hurons and lest it might prevent settlers from coming to establish themselves here."

This highly colored and imaginative statement of an event which was of common occurrence in many parts of Canada

at that time and astonished no one, is in striking contrast with the account given in the "Relation," of 1642-44, which describes it as follows:

"The Iroquois had spread terror throughout the country. They were divided into ten bands, scattered here and there along the great River. On April 28, four leagues above Three Rivers, one of these bands captured Father Bressani and the Hurons who were conducting him to their own country. Another party massacred three Frenchmen at Montreal and took two others captive. According to a report of a Huron who escaped from their hands, the prisoners were burned to death in the Iroquois country."

As Dollier de Casson arrived in Canada twenty-five years after the event, and as the account in the "Relations" was furnished by Father du Perron, who was present when the raid occurred, it is clear which authority should prevail. The missionaries had no fear of hurting the susceptibilities of the savages and had told worse things than that of them when they really occurred, but whether the Hurons were traitors or not, which is very doubtful, the gloom consequent upon this murder was dispelled a short time afterwards when one of the captives not only returned home safe and sound but brought with him a canoe-load of furs. He told his friends that when the Iroquois left Montreal they went off in the direction of Chambly. Before arriving there they *cached* the booty they had taken from the Hurons, and so damaged the canoes as to make them altogether unserviceable. They had grown careless of their prisoners meantime, and he made use of the first chance to escape. He found the canoes, repaired one of them, loaded it with some of the furs which he dug out of the hiding place and succeeded in reaching Montreal. He told his friends where the peltries had been left and a party of soldiers made all haste to get them.

This first Indian incursion was the precursor of many others. It irritated the colonists, but Maisonneuve stubbornly refused to let his soldiers set out to seek the enemy.

They were even forbidden to go to the fields or woods for work except in squads, fully armed, and only at the ringing of the bell. The result was that they began to question his courage and even voiced unfavorable opinions of him in private. At last, one day—it was March 30, 1644—the colonists' pet dog *Pilotte,* famous for her infallible scent of an unfriendly Indian, came careering back from the woods barking furiously. "Will you let us go now?" said the excited men who gathered around Maisonneuve. The Governor quietly answered: "Yes, get ready." Their snow shoes were in bad shape, the snow was not sufficiently deep and when the little band reached the woods, they were met by forty or fifty Indians. The firing began; two or three of the colonists were hit and Maisonneuve had to order his men to get behind the trees, so little were they acquainted with the method of Indian fighting. Soon their powder gave out, and they began to retreat to the fort. When they reached a road that had been hardened by hauling logs from the woods, there was a disgraceful scamper for the gate of the palisades, and Maisonneuve was left alone fighting off the red men and caring for the wounded. The enemy were already upon him and could easily have despatched him, but the main body held off to give their chief a chance to capture him alive. He would make a fine exhibit in the Indian camps. As the chief approached, Maisonneuve lifted his pistol but it flashed in the pan. Seing his chance the savage made a leap for his enemy's throat, but the other pistol spoke, and the chief fell back with a bullet in his brain. Strange to say, the other red men did not rush forward to avenge him but hastened to carry off the corpse. Maisonneuve's backward steps then became more rapid though he still faced the foe. He reached the gate in safety and his discomfited soldiers received him with feelings of deep humiliation. A number of their own dead and wounded lay on the ground at their feet. They never again questioned his courage.

A devout writer has suggested that the Almighty inspired this panic of the soldiers so as to bring out in greater relief the splendid heroism of Maisonneuve. Such a view is piety gone wrong. God does not inspire an armed troop to desert their leader in battle, especially in one they had forced upon him. It is true they had no powder but they had knives and axes. Like sensible men they were no doubt thoroughly ashamed of their cowardice, and did not blame it on the Almighty. They made up for their disgrace by their subsequent bravery.

CHAPTER III

Early Montreal

In 1648 a political event occurred in which Maisonneuve was very actively concerned: Montmagny, the Governor of Quebec, was summarily removed from office. It caused a public sensation because his wisdom and experience were then most urgently needed. The reason was not given but it is usually alleged that it was because a relative of his, de Poincy, the Governor of St. Christopher and of the adjacent islands in the Antilles, had refused to resign when so ordered by the King. "As some minor Governors," says Charlevoix, "had followed his example, the Royal Council had resolved to leave no one in office for more than three years, so as to prevent all incumbents from regarding their territory as their personal possessions."

The explanation is far from satisfactory. In the first place, the regulation was not a new one. According to the "Histoire des Antilles," de Poincy, who is supposed to have provoked the order, had been named for three years and his appointment had been twice renewed. Secondly, if the regulation was to be applied universally, then Maisonneuve should have been recalled. Thirdly, the resignation of Montmagny was asked for only three years after the difficulty with de Poincy. Finally, the two cases are absolutely dissimilar, for although both were largely concerned with the encroachments of the trading companies, the opposition met by de Poincy was extremely bitter and his enemies had conspired to kill him or remove him from office; whereas there was no such feeling manifested towards Montmagny. Added to this the two men were absolutely unlike each other in their personal character as well as in their methods of government. From the very beginning de Poincy had thrown his

colony into turmoil but the very opposite conditions prevailed at Quebec. De Poincy was regarded as a man of ability and of fine intellectual powers, but in spite of being a Knight of Malta he was avaricious and grasping and bent on enriching himself and his family; he was suspicious, subject to violent dislikes and harsh and unjust in his dealings with those who did not devote themselves to his interests.

Montmagny was the very antithesis of all this. In Charlevoix's opinion he made no mistakes. He had taken Champlain as his ideal and he followed the plan which that great man had laid down. Had the Company seconded his efforts he would have put the Colony on an excellent footing, and even with little or no assistance he achieved much. His conduct was always exemplary, and on every occasion he displayed wisdom, piety, religious zeal and disinterestedness. In his fights with the Iroquois he gave evidence of absolute disregard of self, and in his methods of government he conducted himself with such dignity in the most trying and delicate circumstances that he won the respect both of the savages and the French, and was for a long time held up in France as the model of colonial Governors.

To have deprived New France of such a man was a grievous mistake, and the blame of it must fall on Maisonneuve. Faillon, however, regards it as being to his credit, and quotes a *supplique* from Montreal which runs as follows:

"The intention of His Majesty and his predecessors the Kings of France was to provide for the growth of the Colony and to people it with French Catholics, who by their example would lead the savages to accept the Christian religion and adopt the ways of civilized life; and also to organize a beneficial and lucrative commerce in the interests of France. Instead of this the country is being depopulated, commerce is decreasing, both because of the lack of police regulations, and the necessity of assuming huge debts to provide for the necessities of life; because also of the inobservance of several articles of the organization of the Company of New France and the failure to carry out the order of March, 1647; but most of all because of the incursions of the Iroquois who

plunder and destroy the dwellings of both the French and the Indians while nothing is done to remedy these deplorable conditions. In order therefore, that provision may be made by His Majesty against these evils, the Sieurs d'Ailleboust and des Châtelets request that in interpreting and modifying the last regulation, His Majesty will deign to grant them the articles set forth in their request."

This *supplique* having been duly examined by His Majesty's Council, it was decided to change the character of the Supreme Council of Quebec; to cut down the Governor General's salary of 25,000 livres to 10,000, and the salaries of the Governors of Montreal and Three Rivers to 3,000, applying the money thus saved to military defence and Indian subvention; and finally, to make M. d'Ailleboust governor in place of Montmagny. According to Faillon, the post had been offered to Maisonneuve who refused it and suggested his friend and associate d'Ailleboust. Indeed, he had gone to France for the purpose of effecting this change.

It cannot be said that this political revolution, for it was nothing else, resulted in any benefit either to Montreal or to the Colony at large.

In the first place, the new arrangement provided for only a three years' tenure of office. Hence, whatever reforms Maisonneuve hoped to effect would scarcely be carried out in such a short space of time and might be ruthlessly swept away by any succeeding governor. Again the appointment of d'Ailleboust would be sure to be assailed as a piece of personal favoritism. It was in point of fact denounced as the work of a cabal of influential families in France; but to regard it as prompted by resentment on the part of Maisonneuve for the harsh treatment he had been subjected to six years previously on his arrival at Quebec, is inconceivable in a man of Maisonneuve's nobility of character. On the whole it was deplorable that there should have been any strife between these two great men. But Maisonneuve's own turn was to come later, and he was to be treated in a worse fashion than Montmagny.

Immediately after reaching Canada, d'Ailleboust hastened to Montreal and naturally was given a most enthusiastic reception. Possibly even then Quebec began to fear that Montreal was going to be favored henceforward at the expense of the parent colony. D'Ailleboust, however, was no better provided than Montmagny with means to defend New France. The garrison of Montreal received an addition of only six soldiers, but it was hoped that a "flying column" of forty men who were to be ready at any moment to hurry to the defence of any part of the colony that was attacked would be a sufficient protection. Considering the space to be covered and the ability of the Indians to fly faster than the soldiers, such a reinforcement was little else than a mockery.

Matters went from bad to worse and every day showed the unwisdom of Montmagny's removal. In 1649, not only was the whole Huron nation utterly destroyed, but the Company which had founded Montreal would have dissolved had it not been for the entreaties of Mademoiselle Mance and the financial aid of Madame de Bullion. Before the end of d'Ailleboust's term there were not fifty people in Montreal and Maisonneuve frankly declared that he was going to abandon the colony if assistance were not sent to him. He started for France and told his friends that if he could not get at least one hundred men he would not even return to America.

This journey has furnished subject matter for considerable casuistry. Mademoiselle Mance, who had promised never to reveal the name of the lady who had given so generously to Villemarie, at last let out the secret. She told Maisonneuve. Her reasons for doing so were, first, because she had no other means of letting the great benefactress know of the desperate condition of the colony, for the intermediary, Father Rapin, through whose hands all correspondence passed, was dead; and secondly, because she had to presume permission, for otherwise all of Madame de Bullion's bene-

factions would be lost if the colony were destroyed. Maisonneuve, however, was enjoined not to let it be known that the secret had been confided to him.

The second "case of conscience" concerned a property transaction, in which Mademoiselle Mance had handed over 22,000 livres of the Hospital funds to enable Maisonneuve to get volunteers in France to come out to Canada. In return for these 22,000 livres she had accepted one hundred acres of land belonging to the Company. As one hundred acres of land, only recently reclaimed from the forest in 1650, could scarcely be worth 22,000 livres, a great commotion arose, chiefly among the theologians of France and Quebec, and it was maintained that Maisonneuve or the Company should refund the money to the Hospital. The discussion continued long after Maisonneuve's death, until finally Bishop St. Vallier of Quebec ordered the contestants to hold their peace. The best justification of the transaction is perhaps that Madame de Bullion, having heard the case, not only endorsed the transaction but added another 20,000 livres to the defence of Montreal. Unfortunately, however, Dauversière deposited these 20,000 livres for a personal debt, intending to redeem it afterwards. But he fell into bankruptcy and the 20,000 livres were lost.

The manner in which Maisonneuve's interview with the great dame was brought about is described in a letter from Maisonneuve to Jeanne Mance. As he says himself, he was "*adroit.*" His sister had some law business with Madame de Bullion and he took occasion to go with her to the lady's house. He gave his name and was asked if he was the Governor of Montreal "which they tell me," said Madame de Bullion naively, "is in New France." When an affirmative answer was given to both inquiries, she said: "Tell me about that country. What kind of people live there, what do they do and how do they live? for I am very much interested in foreign countries."

"Madame," said Maisonneuve, "I have come to seek

assistance for that colony, because the Iroquois now threaten to destroy it. Montreal is an island on the frontier of a vast country. It will be deplorable to allow every Christian to be driven out of it, especially as the present colonists, on account of the ever-present danger of death before their eyes, are models of every virtue. Moreover, if we give it up, I do not know what will be the fate of a young woman named Mance who is in charge of a hospital which an unknown lady in France has established there."

"What is the name of the lady?" asked Mme. de Bullion. "Alas!" replied Maisonneuve; "Mademoiselle Mance has been forbidden to name her, and unfortunately I cannot communicate with her so as to inform her of the sad condition that prevails there, because the only permissible channel of communication has now been cut off by the death of the priest through whose hands all letters passed. Hence to save the immense benefactions of which the island has been the recipient she has presumed to be acting in accordance with the views of our benefactress by making over to me 22,000 livres of the foundation in return for one hundred acres of land which I have deeded to the Hospital. I did not like to accept it but she urged it so strongly that I finally yielded."

Madame de Bullion listened with great interest, asked him to call again, which he did several times, until finally she not only ratified the purchase of the land but added another contribution of 20,000 livres for the defense of the colony. To this the Company added a third sum of 75,000 livres and Maisonneuve returned to America with one hundred and eight men to defend Montreal. He was certainly "*adroit.*"

The new colonists enlisted for five years and were to be fed and clothed at the expense of the Company. They were not, however, to be left idle when not engaged in fighting. They were to be provided with tools and employed on whatever work they were able to perform and were to receive a regular salary in proportion to the value of their output. At the end of five years, if they so desired, they were to be paid off and given free transportation back to France. If they

chose to remain in the colony, a sum of money was advanced to them to build and furnish a house, on condition, however, that they would sign a contract to refund the money in case they determined to return home. This offer was also open to the old settlers.

Hence it was that Le Moyne, who was the storekeeper of the colony at the time, took advantage of the offer, and established himself permanently in Montreal. The money advanced to him amounted to 400 livres, a considerable sum in the simple conditions of any colony, especially as with the money, there was given a grant of thirty acres or arpents of land, with the proviso, however, that it should be immediately put under cultivation. The result of these measures was that by 1659 forty houses had been built. With an eye to defence and to the future development of the colony into a city, they were all erected in proximity to the fort, and had slits in the sides through which muskets could be thrust; so that families could now live together in their own homes, and Villemarie thus ceased to be a gathering of soldiers, Indian fighters and traders. Workmen of every kind began to present themselves and the colony took on the occupations of civilized life. There were tailors, and tinkers, and blacksmiths, and bakers, and weavers, and millers, and sawyers, and carpenters. There were even three surgeons in the colony. Canada, it was claimed had, so far, never seen anything like it and Montreal boasts of being ahead in this respect of Quebec, where even the famous Jean Bourdon was simultaneously engineer in chief and cannoneer and surveyor, Procurator General and Member of the Supreme Council. However, that was the condition in Montreal also, for Le Moyne was a storekeeper and farmer and fighter, as well as *Procureur du Roi* and *Avocat General;* and Sister Bourgeoys who was chief educator of the colony milked the cows and drove them to pasture and home again; carried the corn to the mill and brought back the flour. She cooked and washed and scrubbed and taught school, though, of course,

her school duties were not onerous, for the infant mortality of Montreal was very great in the early days; nor was her school an elaborate building. It was an old stone stable which Maisonneuve had made over to her. She had one lay assistant.

At that time the colony boasted of a brewery and a windmill, but its most extraordinary establishment was the hospital to which everything was subordinate. When it was being built, every other work was suspended, not because of the necessity of an hospital but because its foundress, Madame de Bullion, was under the impression that it was already in working order, whereas, so far, a room in the fort had been found sufficient. Every laborer was commandeered, and Maisonneve himself was engaged in hauling and cutting timber. Even the erection of the little wooden house which was being put up for the missionaries was interrupted; an arrangement which Maisonneuve was evidently very much ashamed of, for he asked the Superior at Quebec to convey the information to the Fathers. The hospital was sixty feet long and twenty wide, with a kitchen, a chamber for Mademoiselle Mance, others for servants, and two large apartments for patients. It was amply provided with furniture, linen, medicines, surgical instruments and a salaried physician. It was strongly fortified and a part of the garrison was detailed to protect it. It had one hundred arpents under cultivation; two oxen, three cows and twenty sheep. Its enclosure was four arpents in extent. Even the church which was to be erected was to form part of the hospital and was to be used for patients later on when a church could be built elsewhere. Other additions continued to be made. Indeed, so lavish was the expenditure that Kingsford in his "History of Canada" estimates that Madame de Bullion must have given an amount that would equal in present day currency to a quarter of a million dollars.

Meantime, the fort was allowed to fall to pieces, and the missionaries among the Indians were unable to procure any

medicines for the unfortunate savages who were dying around them like flies. Mademoiselle Mance was quite willing to devote some of her abundance in favor of those unfortunates, but she was told that "M. de la Dauversière had been forbidden by God to allow it." (*Vie de Mademoiselle Mance,* I, p. 37.)

The hospital was evidently built for future possibilities and not for actual needs. For a long time there were no patients in it at all. Even when the massacres were going on, it is duly recorded that Le Moyne, fleeing to the hospital, found no one there but Jeanne Mance. Nor was it primarily for the white settlers. One of the articles in the Company's charter declares that "a hospital will be needed for the 'poor savages' when they are sick." (*Col. Francaise,* I, p. 402.) Evidently it was hoped that the care lavished on the Indians who might be treated in the hospital would bring them to the Faith.

Such was Montreal in 1659 as Faillon describes it, but to Governor d'Argenson, who paid an official visit to it in that year, the general aspect of the colony was not at all pleasing, and he gave a very disparaging account of it in his despatches.

"It is a place," he says, "which makes a great deal of noise but does not amount to much. I speak of it as one who knows. I was there this spring, but I can assure you that if I were a painter it would not take me long to sketch it. Montreal is a hard place to reach, even in a shallop, because of the strong currents in the St. Lawrence which you are caught in as you approach, especially about half a league below the settlement. The fort where the shallops anchor is falling in ruins. A redoubt has been begun, and on a rising ground there is a mill which will be very helpful as a defense. There are about forty houses in the colony, nearly all in sight of each other and hence well placed for mutual protection. There are in all one hundred and sixty men and heads of families. Finally, there are only two hundred acres of land under cultivation which belong to the Company, and half of that is assigned to the hospital, so that the Company has

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only one hundred acres; nor is that portion of any advantage, for the reason that private individuals are established on it and reaping most of the profits."

It must be admitted that d'Argenson was very angry when he wrote this damaging letter, but on the other hand he had some reason for his wrath. He was ill-treated by Maisonneuve who appears in rather an unfavorable light at this juncture. It was a time-honored custom in Europe when the governor of a province visited the various forts under his jurisdiction to receive him with especial honor. He was presented with the keys of the fort and requested to assign the *mot-d'ordre* or countersign for the sentries. At Montreal these ceremonies were designedly omitted. D'Argenson was shocked and angrily demanded the keys, and after some hesitation they were produced; but he was not asked for the *mot-d'ordre* until three days had elapsed, and then Maisonneuve did not come in person to ask for it but sent the major of the garrison to get it. It was a direct affront to d'Argenson, as well as an open declaration that Montreal was not subject to Quebec. Thus Maisonneuve appears as one of the factors in the dissensions that rent the colony from the beginning.

The history of those days teems with bloody encounters close to the palisades, where men like Le Moyne and Closse had to do their best fighting. In July, 1651, for instance, two hundred Iroquois concealed themselves in a ditch that ran down from the hospital, at the place where St. Jean Baptiste street now crosses St. Paul, and with flaming torches rushed at the nearest house to set it on fire. Luckily Closse was inside with sixteen men and the fight went on from six o'clock in the morning till six at night. A number of savages fell under the unerring fire of the Frenchmen, while they on their side lost only one man and that was by an accident. His gun exploded in his hands. The Indians satisfied themselves by setting fire to a neighboring house and withdrew.

Another time an alarm came in that four men in the redoubt at St. Charles were surrounded by an army of Iroquois. "Are you going to let them die?" cried Maisonneuve to the excited men who crowded around him. "Never," was the answer, and a band of twenty headed by Closse, started out to the rescue. They took a side path so as to be unobserved but a savage yell soon told them that they had been seen. Each man jumped for his tree as a shower of bullets rattled around them, but four fell mortally wounded before they got to cover. "Steady," cried Closse, "take aim." They obeyed; each musket did its work and sixteen savages were killed in that volley. Then seizing their pistols, they fired again and another sixteen dropped before the deadly aim. It was too much for the Iroquois; thirty-two slain in two flashes of powder, and the whole band went helter-skelter for the river. Closse with his heroic fifteen brought home four men from the redoubt; but they also carried on stretchers the four who had been killed in the fray. It was a great loss in those days.

On one occasion a scout of the "Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," was making his usual rounds. He had mounted on a fallen tree to look around, when he suddenly found himself hanging head downward on the back of a stalwart savage who had crawled up behind, seized him by the legs and was now hurrying with him to a crowd of Iroquois who were waiting nearby. Closse heard the cries of the captive and with his men rushed off to the rescue. They arrived on the scene only to find a famous chief called "La Barrique" or "The Barrel," on account of his girth, haranguing his braves and directing them how to attack the colony. "Put a hole in The Barrel," shouted Closse to one of his men. A musket was aimed and The Barrel rolled over full of slugs. In terror, the Indians took to their heels, forgetting even to carry off the body. It was well they did not, for The Barrel, who was badly wounded, was brought to the hospital, where Jeanne Mance took care of him. She saved his life but he was

a helpless cripple for ever after. She was so kind to him that she made him a Christian and a lifelong friend of the Colony. Later on, when the Iroquois came to avenge his supposed death, he was carried out on the palisades to speak to them. He sent them home and persuaded them to bury the hatchet for a time at least.

In 1660 occurred two tragedies in which priests were victims. M. le Maître, the treasurer of the Sulpicians, had gone out to pay a number of laborers who were stacking wheat at St. Gabriel's, and on his arrival he was told to be cautious for there were Iroquois in the neighborhood, yet with strange inconsistency the workmen themselves had left their muskets here and there on the ground. The priest volunteered to act as sentinel, but at the same time foolishly continued reciting his breviary. As he made the rounds, he walked straight into an ambuscade. He fought bravely, however, and when the Indians tried to capture him, seized a cutlass and flung himself in front of a number of savages who were rushing at the workmen. The struggle was brief. He was riddled with bullets, his head was cut off and a savage dressed in the priest's soutane showed himself before the horrified settlers of Montreal.

Only two months after this bloody deed, there was another disaster of the same kind, which was more hideous in its character and was due to a misplaced business enterprise and disobedience. The successor of M. le Maître as Procurator of the Seminary was M. Vignal. Anxious to prosecute the erection of a building, he had set his heart upon taking the stone from a little island in the river. To carry out his plan a number of workmen had already gone over to the place, on the evening of October 24 to prepare for the work. Maisonneuve was nervous about the whole affair, for a number of Mohawks and Oneidas had been reported in the neighborhood, but that did not deter Vignal. On the following day thirteen more workmen crossed to the Island, under the guidance of Vignal himself. Even when

they got into their flat boats and canoes, the Governor pronounced himself strongly against the project, but finally yielded, due chiefly, says Faillon, "to the urgent insistency of M. Vignal." With the party was Claude de Brigeac, a young gentleman of thirty, the governor's private secretary. By dint of hard rowing a number of canoes arrived in advance of the others, and as soon as they landed, the men flung themselves about on the ground, in different places, to rest themselves before beginning work. Vignal, who was among the first to reach the island, wandered off to look around and walked straight into an ambuscade of Indians. He was struck by a sword but turned and fled, pursued by the yelling savages. Brigeac, the only one who knew how to fight, was still out on the river, and while the other boats put back to Montreal, he jumped ashore and called to his men to stand by him. Not one answered his appeal, and all alone he faced thirty-five savages. His arquebuse toppled over the chief, but in the fight he was hit in the right arm and his pistol was thus made useless. He leaped towards the water but was caught and dragged along the shore with his face to the rocks.

Meantime, Vignal was scrambling into the canoe of René Cuillerier, but to help himself in, he grasped the musket at Cuillerier's side, and pulled it into the water. The Indians saw the mishap and easily seized the canoe with its occupants. In this struggle Vignal was hit by a musket ball and Cuillerier, along with a man named Dufresne, was made prisoner. The savages shared their captives. Dufresne was given to the Mohawks and Brigeac and Cuillerier went to the Oneida country.

Father Le Moyne was then at Onondaga, and one day an Indian put into his hands a letter from young Brigeac, the secretary. He begged the priest to come to his aid before he was burned and eaten. The two others, Cuillerier and Dufresne, had better luck. Eighteen months had passed in captivity when they unexpectedly met each other in a hunting party made up of Mohawks and Oneidas. They decided

to escape and succeeded. Reaching Albany, they were cordially received by the Dutch and sent down the river to New York. From there they made their way to Boston and walked all the way to Quebec. What became of Dufresne we do not know, but Cuillerier finally arrived at Montreal. He lived to an extreme old age and was always fond of telling of his adventures in the Iroquois country.

He heard bad news, however, when he arrived. Only a few months after his own capture, the gallant Closse and four others had been slain in a fight with the Indians. Some colonists had been attacked, and the Major, with a Dutch servant and a dwarf who was known as "the Pigeon" hurried out to their assistance. The Dutchman lost heart and deserted but "The Pigeon," in spite of his size and his name, fought like a hawk or an eagle. Closse was as cool and self-possessed as ever, but both of his pistols which had never before failed him, missed fire and before he could adjust them, he fell in his blood. His splendid career was ended. It was a great loss, for he was as devout as he was brave. The Jesuit "Relation" of 1662 say of him, "not only his courage but his reputation saved Montreal. His death was concealed from the enemy for a long time lest they might profit by our misfortune." His widow was then only nineteen years of age.

Though only twenty-five years old, a new recruit on the colony, named Dollard or Daulac succeeded Closse as commander of the garrison. According to Faillon, he was anxious to dissipate some false impressions that had arisen about him in France—what they were is not stated—and he asked some of his men if they were willing to go with him and face the whole multitude of Iroquois who were coming down the Ottawa to destroy the colony. It was almost certain death for everyone who volunteered; nevertheless sixteen agreed to follow him, and Maisonneuve gave his consent. They all went to Communion and bound themselves by oath not to ask or give quarter, and to fight till

their last breath. They started out on April 19, 1660. At what was probably St. Paul's Island, they had a fight with a small party of Iroquois and lost three of their men. One was killed, and the two others drowned by the upsetting of a canoe. They then returned to Montreal to bury their dead comrade. The bodies of the two others had been carried down the river by the current. They started out again but were detained eight days at the end of the island. They had canoes but did not know how to manage them. Finally, on May 1, they reached the Long Sault on the Ottawa. They found there a battered and disused palisade at the foot of a declivity. Without any attempt to strengthen it they determined to avail themselves of it against the enemy. Shortly afterwards three Algonquins and forty Hurons, all Christians, joined them. These Indians had been out on the war path, and passing by Montreal heard of Dollard's expedition and asked permission to make part of it.

Sometime afterwards, two Iroquois canoes were seen descending the river. The Frenchmen went out to meet them, and killed some of the savages but the others escaped and returned to the main body to tell of the mishap. While Dollard and his young warriors were rejoicing over this trivial victory and were seated around the fire taking their supper outside the fort, the wild yell of three hundred Iroquois broke upon the air. Everyone instinctively leaped to his feet and made for the miserable palisade. They had scarcely time to enter. Even their cooking utensils were left behind. The Indians arrived and a short parley ensued. The white men proudly refused to surrender and the Indians began to entrench themselves. It was only then that the little band thought they might do something to strengthen their own position. Fortunately, they had some small cannon which they planted on the palisade. That gave them a little advantage but they were scarcely in place when the battle began. On came the red men thirsting for blood, only to be driven back with dreadful slaughter. Again and again they returned

to the charge with the same result. They were now goaded to fury for they saw the bleeding heads of the braves who had been killed stuck on the points of the palisade. They dropped their guns for a moment and smashed the canoes in the river. They then tried to set fire to the foot, but they saw their men steadily drop under the fire of the besieged. Suddenly the fight ceased altogether and a number of boats were seen speeding down the river. The five hundred Iroquois who were gathered at the Richelieu were sent for as reinforcements.

Meantime, the water in the fort gave out, and it was death to try to get it from the river. Holes were dug in the earth and a little muddy stream oozed up, but not enough to slake the thirst that was consuming the tired soldiers. From time to time, they made a race for the river bank, two hundred paces away, but they had only little cans and cups; they had left the larger vessels outside when the Iroquois rushed upon them. Then their Huron allies began to weaken. They heard the Iroquois continually shouting to them to escape from certain death, and finally about thirty deserted. But that only made the white men sterner in their resolution. Five hundrd more Iroquois arrived from down the river and the fight was renewed with uninterrupted fury for three days; the defenders dropping on their knees to pray each time the enemy retired, only to seize their muskets a moment after At one time down came the trees from the slope above them. They had been cut so as to fall on the fort in the hope of destroying it. The old redoubt was shaken for a moment but did not yield, and the fight went on. Again and again the Iroquois approached to parley but they were driven back by a shower of bullets. Meantime, they had found out from the deserters that there were only seventeen white men in the fort, and they were wild with rage when they looked around at the piles of their own dead. So far not one of the defenders had fallen. Once again there was a parley and a threat of indiscriminate massacre

if surrender was refused, but the answer was another fusillade. Finally, a number of the bravest of the Indians, protecting themselves by improvised wicker shields, plunged headlong at the ramparts and over their bodies the rest clambered, but the grenades flung at them wrought frightful havoc in their ranks, as did the hatchets and swords that hacked and slashed the savage bodies as soon as they were within reach. At last came the disaster, and it was caused by the brave Dollard himself. He seized a keg of powder with a match attached to it, and flung it over the wall. Unfortunately, it caught in a tree and fell back into the fort. Immediately the ground was strewn with mangled dead. A moment after, the Iroquois were inside the fortification and the slaughter began; the smoke of the powder making it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Dollard lay stretched in his gore, dead. But the others fought on, all the more fiercely. The massacre was soon over. The savages slashed to the right and left without thought of making their victims prisoners, and they stood at last in triumph over the prostrate forms of their desperate foes, French, Hurons and Algonquins. Those that were dying they threw into the fire. Those that were not they carried away for future torture. Only five Hurons escaped to bring the terrible tidings to the colony. There was no white man with them. How many Iroquois were slain was never known, but the loss of so many of their warriors made them abandon their plan of attacking Quebec and Three Rivers, and they went sullenly back to their own country. Dollard's self-sacrifice had saved Canada.

On the mortuary register of what was formerly the only parish of Montreal, the names of these heroes are inscribed. They begin with Dollard or Daulac or Daulat, aged twenty-five; and as we run down the list the same youthfulness appears for all of them: Brassier, 25; Hébert, 27; DeLestres, 31; a limeburner, Josselin, 25; Jurée, 24; Boisseau, who was called Cognac, 23; Martin, 21; Augier, 26; Robin, 27; Valets,

27; Doussin, 30; Lecomte, 26; Grenet, 25; Crusson, called "The Pilot," 24.

Not only were these early Montrealists brave, but the "Jesuit Relations" tell us they were as holy as the inmates of a convent, because they were kept continually facing death at the hands of the Iroquois. But there was another reason. They were sustained in their trials by the teaching and example of the great missionaries whose lives and deaths are the glory of the American Church. It was Father Vimont who first offered the Holy Sacrifice there and predicted the future greatness of Montreal, though of course his forecast was only based on the natural advantages of the situation and the character of the colonists. The illustrious Le Jeune, the founder of the Canada mission, labored there after laying down the burden of his Superiorship. With him was no less a personage than Isaac Jogues, who had been sent to Montreal after his rescue from the Iroquois; and we find later in the "Journal des Jésuites" of 1645 that at an official meeting in Quebec at which he was present with Le Jeune and Vimont "it was decided that Father Jogues should not winter with the Iroquois just then, but stay at Montreal or Three Rivers, but if some excellent opportunity occurred it should not be neglected." Montreal could not have failed to profit by the presence of such a hero. There also was Buteux, whose bloody death at the headwaters of the St. Maurice taught its lesson to the colonists on the St. Lawrence. The venerable Druillettes was there and Poncet, who was tortured at the very place where Jogues met his death. It was Father Le Moyne, the hero of the Onondaga missions, who was chosen to lay the corner stone of Notre Dame de Bonsecours; and in 1656, when Father Claude Pijart was pastor, the dying Garreau was carried thither in his blood from the Back River. He had been shot in the spine, stripped naked and left on the ground for three days without food or drink, and after probing in his body without success to find the bullet, the savages carried him in his agony to the settlement. There

Father Pijart annointed him and gave him Holy Communion. He died in convulsions, and the "Relation" says "his body was laid in the common cemetery in a spot where we intend some day to raise a monument attesting the respect due to his memory." The monument was never raised, nor is it known where his blessed remains repose, but they are probably in a vault opposite the Nelson Monument close to the City Hall where the Jesuit Church once stood. The "common cemetery" then occupied a part of the present Place d'Armes. The year after Garreau's death the Sulpicians arrived and the Jesuits withdrew.

Moreover, Maisonneuve had impressed his own deep religious individuality on the colony. He was a sincerely devout man of unblemished morals. At the suggestion of his sister, a nun in France and of Soeur Bourgeoys, and backed by the permission of his Jesuit confessor, he had bound himself by a vow of chastity which he observed most scrupulously. Besides that, he was as disinterested as a monk. He might easily have enriched himself, as so many others had done, but he gave all he had to Villemarie and returned to France a poor man. He distributed not only his money but even his wearing apparel, his food, and his furniture to the poor, and though he presided with dignity at all public functions he was absolutely free from that ostentation which characterized many other public officials of colonial Canada. On his last visit to France his sister had provided him with a supply of lace and embroidery and other stuff for his personal adornment as governor, and had confided it to the care of Sister Bourgeoys, who was going out to the colony. It was swept overboard, to the consternation of the Sister but to Maisonneuve's intense amusement. No one better than he appreciated the absurdity of the frippery of the French Court in a log cabin on the St. Lawrence. He wore the usual grey coat of the settler, and his simplicity of life, his contempt of money, his unaffected modesty, his irreproachable morals, his quiet but heroic courage made him an ideal

leader for the men whose characters and habits he was forming after his own fashion.

As a consecrated soldier fighting for the Faith, he began by forming a company which he described as "The Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," whose duties were to provide a daily patrol to warn the colonists of the approach of the enemy. It was a heroic thing to do, for it meant a solitary tramp in the woods where every tree might hide an Iroquois, and hence the scout never failed to go to Confession and Communion before setting out. He might be scalped within a few yards of the settlement.

Later on, another corps was organized and called "The Militia of the Holy Family." Four days after the Governor had posted up an appeal for volunteers, one hundred and forty men presented themselves and solemnly promised to sacrifice their lives, if need be, in defense of the colony. Faillon gives a list of their names (*Colonie Française,* III) and it will be of interest to the general reader to know that one of them called "Tècle Cornelius" was, according to Tanguay, "Cornelius Teague O'Brennan, son of Connor O'Brennan and Honora Jennehour," probably "Dannaher." He was evidently a good soldier, for he contrived to be taken prisoner by the Iroquois and remained so long in captivity that he was given up for dead and his effects were sold at public auction, but he returned to claim them. Tanguay says that the Canadian families of Aubry, Aupri, Obry and Tecaubry are descended from Teague Cornelius.

Maisonneuve's legislation, however, was of a very drastic character and possibly could not be enforced after the colony had begun to receive a great number of people who were unacquainted with the lofty ideals of the first settlers. Thus gambling and drinking and the sale of intoxicating liquors, wholesale or retail, were absolutely prohibited; and blasphemy was punished by fines and floggings. Fortunately, however, the morality of the colony was so high that punishments were rare. Thus there was only a single gambling

offence for five years after the law went into effect, while a man under the influence of liquor who had been guilty of swearing was fined twenty livres, and a like sum was exacted of the person in whose house this violation of the law had been committed. Scurrilous or scandalous language entailed the loss of an acre of land for a year, and reparation for calumny and detraction had to be made on the spot. The principal culprits in these latter transgressions appear to have been women. The proclamation of 1662 denouncing such sins as " a damnable habit," decrees that in order to eradicate the vice, husbands must remember that they are the masters of their wives and are enjoined to beware of permitting them to indulge even in opprobrious words. The offence was to be punished by fines and floggings. Fighting, especially by women with each other, was strenuously dealt with. It entailed a fine of fifty livres, and if not paid in eight days the belligerents were sent to jail. When a woman fought with a man she was similarly treated. It is interesting to learn that anyone injured in a fight had the consolation of knowing that his assailant was to pay the doctor's bill.

In gross offences against public morals, banishment was added to the fine. There were some such cases during Maisonneuve's administration. Thus a soldier who had insulted a respectable woman, was cashiered, fined two hundred livres and expelled from the colony. In a case of seduction, the colonist was deprived of his land; and an adulterer had to pay six hundred livres to the injured husband while the woman was deprived of her dower, and her husband was empowered to send her back to her family, or to shut her up for the rest of her days. Of course, all the services of the Church were strictly attended to as in the best regulated communes of France.

CHAPTER IV

Recall of Maisonneuve

It is quite possible that as his career drew towards the end, Maisonneuve regretted the part he had taken in the deposition of Montmagny. Like several other distinguished men connected with Canadian history such as Châteaufort or Brasdefer, as he was called, de Chastes, Razilly, Crissasi and Sillery, Montmagny was a Knight of Malta. Indeed, some historians maintain that the order proposed to establish military posts in New France to protect the colonies against the savages, but were prevented from doing so only by the wars that were being waged in Europe. At all events as Montmagny was a man deeply imbued with lofty religious ideals, one would imagine he would have been most acceptable to Maisonneuve. It happened that his immediate successors were all either helpless or incompetent. Thus it was under d'Ailleboust that the destruction of the Huron tribes occurred; and Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, Garnier and Chavanel were put to death. De Lauson, who succeeded d'Ailleboust, knew nothing of government or war and seemed bent only on enriching himself and leaving the fighting to others. During his administration the Iroquois continued to ravage the settlements; Father Buteux was murdered on the St. Maurice, the Governor, Plessis Bochard and fifteen of his soldiers were killed within six miles of Three Rivers, and the great Normanville was burned to death among the Oneidas; Father Garreau was shot near Montreal and Father Poncet was taken prisoner under the very walls of Quebec. Then came d'Argenson who narrowly escaped being captured by the Indians; the Grand Seneschal, de Lauson's son was killed at Quebec, as well as two Sulpicians at Montreal, where the Iroquois were especially aggressive, and the whole

colony was saved from destruction only by the immolation of Dollard and his band of heroes. D'Argenson was succeeded by Avaugour whose permission for the indiscriminate sale of firewater filled all the settlements and even the streets of Quebec with scenes of indescribable horror. Finally came de Mésy, the most inept of all, and almost the first thing he did was to remove Maisonneuve from office.

In 1663 the great earthquake occurred. We have already described it in "Pioneer Priests," and it will suffice to say here that Montreal felt the shock on February 5 while the people were assembled at evening prayers in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu. It lasted five or six minutes during which every house in the colony rocked vehemently, making it impossible to stand on one's feet. The patients of the hospital crawled out and stretched themselves on the snow, but apparently no deaths ensued. Successive shocks were felt for the next nine hours, though they were not as violent as the first. Fire issued from fissures made in the earth, and rains and floods carried off what was left of the crops.

Hard upon this came a financial and political upheaval which ended the public career of Maisonneuve. The great Company of One Hundred Associates which had been established just before the fall of Quebec but which had begun operations only after the restoration of the city to the French, had dissolved, voluntarily to all appearances, but really because they had received information that the King was going to make Canada a royal colony. Simultaneously came the news that the Montreal Company, founded by Dauversière, M. Olier and others, had gone into bankruptcy and its liabilities had been assumed by the Sulpicians who thus became Seigneurs of Montreal.

As far as we have been able to discover there are no details and scarcely any references to the important political events which cluster around this business transaction, except in the "Colonie Française," by Abbé Faillon. According to that authority the Sulpicians accepted the obligations of the

defunct company, on condition that they should have the right to name the governor, the judges and principal court officers of the colony.

While all these negotiations were in progress the trouble-breeding de Mésy arrived as Governor General of the newly organized colony. Within a month or so after his arrival he appointed Maisonneuve, Governor of Montreal, under the new Charter, and also de Sailly as Judge, and Charles Le Moyne as Attorney General. The legal ability and training of the old store-keeper and Indian fighter cannot have been very extensive, but they were sufficient for colonial requirements.

The Sulpicians had no objection to the appointment of Maisonneuve, though it did not come from them; nor do they appear to have protested that his appointment by de Mésy was an infringement of the charter given them by the King. They did, however, after considerable deliberation and consultation with their brethren of Paris, file a protest against the nomination of the court officers. Meantime, Maisonneuve had informed de Mésy that he accepted his own nomination on condition that it would not prejudice the rights of the Seigneurs. This, of course, angered de Mésy, especially as the Sulpicians had named a bench of their own, and there were thus two antagonistic tribunals sitting simultaneously in Montreal. Forthwith, de la Touche who had been Captain at Three Rivers was, in June 1664, named to relieve Maisonneuve. But the troubles which de Mésy had such a talent for involving himself in, prevented de la Touche from taking his seat. Hence Maisonneuve continued to administer the colony. In June, 1665, however, de Tracy arrived as Viceroy ahead of de Courcelles and Talon who were to be associated with him in the government of the colony, the former as Governor, the latter as Intendant. They were to come out later, but before they reached Quebec and, consequently without consulting them, though he may have been acting under private instructions, de Tracy announced that

as he had been commissioned to examine into the difficulties that agitated the colony, he had concluded to allow M. de Maisonneuve, the Governor of Montreal, to go to France to arrange some personal affairs and that "he would remain abroad as long as we judge proper. Meantime, we have decided that no better choice could be made to fill M. de Maisonneuve's place than M. du Puis."

The concluding phrase of the announcement implied two things; first, that Maisonneuve was removed from office, and that the authority of the Governor of Montreal was thenceforth to be derived, not from the Seigneurs of the Island, but from the Governor General of the entire colony. As to the question about the right to appoint court officials, the arrival of Talon a little later disposed of that difficulty. It rested with him. He had unlimited power, even independently of de Tracy or de Courcelles, over all civil and judicial matters.

Nevertheless, on September 16, 1666, the right to name the Governor and the court officials was restored to the Seigneurs. In virtue of that right, they proceeded to name a successor to Maisonneuve and selected François Marie Perrot, whose commission from the King dated June 13, 1669, reads as follows:

"Desiring to provide for the office of the Governor of the Island of Montreal, made vacant by the retirement of the Sieur de Maisonneuve, formerly invested with that function by the Gentlemen of the Company of Montreal and whose successors are at present the Seminary of Saint Sulpice: We in accordance with the powers conferred on the Siegneurs of Montreal, by the letters patent of the King, having been duly informed of your good life and morals, of your talents, capacity, merits and good qualities, have made choice of you to fill and exercise the office of Governor of Montreal, which we have provided and do provide for you by these presents, hoping that your good conduct will redound in every way to the advantage and satisfaction of all the inhabitants of the Island. We remind all our officials as well as those subject to the jurisdiction of the courts that they are accountable to you, and to recognize you as Governor

without, however, permitting you to claim any other compensation or appointments than those which the country is accustomed to grant."

The Seigneurs must have had many a bitter regret over the discrepancy between the hope reposed in Perrot and its realization.

About Maisonneuve's removal or resignation there is absolute silence on the part of all the writers of that period. Marie de l'Incarnation ordinarily so diffuse, is mute; the "Relations" say not a word about it, nor does the "Journal des Jesuites" although it was strictly a domestic document and never intended for publication. Even the Sulpician Dollier de Casson, writing seven years afterwards, contents himself with saying: "That year, 1665, the King sent troops to Canada and the joy was very great, but Montreal was in mourning because of the departure of M. de Maisonneuve who has left us forever."

The explanation of this silence, however, is probably not that it was a conspiracy to hide the glory of the hero, but the result of an order from the civil authorities. Canada was torn with dissensions, and it was most desirable that no new controversy should arise. The Jesuits and Marie de l'Incarnation obeyed to the letter, and Dollier de Casson, an old soldier and former chaplain of the Carignan-Sellières regiment, had no choice but to hold his peace.

A somewhat amusing difficulty is created by Sister Morin who writes in her "Annales" that "he was removed from office and ordered to return to France as being unfit for the position and rank of governor. I would not have believed it if Sister Bourgeoys had not told me."

There is a strong feminine trait in this grave chronicling of a bit of gossip, especially as the "unfit" person is not named. She may have meant Avaugour or de Mésy, both of whom were supereminently "unfit." But Sister Bourgeoys who worshipped Maisonneuve could not possibly have placed her hero in such a category. Moreover, as the pious annalist

was writing her impressions long after the events occurred, her memory may have played her false.

It is not so much the utterance or the silence of these writers that is perplexing, as the apparent contradiction that presents itself in the only detailed account we have about the great man's departure. In the "Colonie Française" we are told (VIII, p. 110) that de Tracy issued a proclamation to the effect that Maisonneuve "had gone to France on *private* business" and was to remain there "as long as I judge fit." In the index, this action of de Tracy is described as "*M. de Maisonneuve destitué et renvoyé en France*" (Maisonneuve deposed and sent to France). Yet on page 163, it is said that "*M. de Maisonneuve s'en etait démis voluntairement*" (Maisonneuve resigned of his own accord). The same difficulty presents itself with regard to the right of appointing the governor which was claimed by the Seigneurs. There is no doubt that such a right was issued to them in the documents cited, but if it existed in fact, why was Maisonneuve not appointed instead of Perrot? Secondly, why did Perrot deny that right of the Seigneurs? Thirdly, after such a denial, why was he reappointed to office? Was it by the Seigneurs, or did His Majesty ever intend that the right should be effective?

The regret is also expressed by the author of the "Colonie Française" that the expeditions of de Courcelles and de Tracy against the Mohawks were not entrusted to Maisonneuve. "Why," it is asked, "was not this great body of soldiery put in the hands of Maisonneuve? He certainly would have waged a much more successful war than either de Tracy or de Courcelles." But Maisonneuve was at that time about seventy years of age and apart from his splendid exploit at the Place d'Armes he had never had any personal experience in Indian fighting. With what success he would have conducted a great body of men in a raid into the Iroquois country is after all problematical. Indeed, there were many around him, Le Moyne, for instance, who would have

been much more reliable. Besides, it would have been impossible to put Maisonneuve over Sellières, who was necessarily in command of his own regiment, or over Courcelles, who had been an army officer for years, whereas Maisonneuve never seems to have had any military grade whatever; nor would he have been available as an adviser about the manner of fighting, for there was no fight.

So, too, for the moral deterioration of the colony, in consequence of the establishment of the disbanded troops in Canada. It is true that "the primitive simplicity and generous charity which for thirty years had formed the distinctive characteristic of Villemarie had departed," that the temporary Governor de la Frederic, the nephew of Sellières, had to be deposed for his immorality; and that the Indian criminals objected to being hanged, alleging that the whites were worse than they, etc. Unfortunately, such a change is inevitable when the patriarchal condition gives way to the commercial and industrial. Even if Maisonneuve had remained, it is doubtful if he could have checked the decline when the colony ceased to be under the control of an Association whose chief object was the advancement of morality and religion, and became a royal concern; which meant a trading centre and a military post.

He left the colony an absolutely penniless man, although had he been so minded, he might have acquired wealth even without dishonesty. He disappeared from view when he returned to France, though a slight glimpse of him in his retirement is given to us by Sister Bourgeoys who saw him in Paris. She visited him at his little house at the Fossé Saint-Victor, and she is careful to note that it was not far from the Church of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine. "He had just completed a log cabin to remind him of Canada, and also to afford pleasure to those who might happen to return home from the wilds of America. The house was two stories high, and when I knocked at the door, she says, "he himself came down to greet me. He lived in the upper

part with his faithful servant, Louis Frin, who had been with him in America. He showed the greatest joy when he saw me." Indeed, he prepared a meal for her, "going out himself to purchase a bottle of wine from a merchant in the neighborhood"—a charming picture of simplicity and poverty. "He had but one servant," she goes on to say, in her chatty way, "of whom he was more careful than the servant was of him." It must indeed have been a happy evening for both of them, with old Louis Frin taking part occasionally in the conversation, as they sat and rehearsed their thrilling experiences in far away Canada which had so many tragic memories.

But he did more than offer her hospitality. When she had left Paris and gathered together her ten or twelve young women who were postulants for the little community she was establishing in Montreal, he sent Louis Frin to her with a cheque of 200 livres for each of the postulants and a partial payment of the expenses of every day they would spend at sea. He had probably begged it from Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV.

When the Sister returned to France three years later, Maisonneuve was dead, but her eloquence induced his faithful servitor Louis to betake himself again to Montreal and to work in the convent of the Sisters. He must have been treated there like a prince out of regard for his old master.

Maisonneuve died on September 9, 1676, and the requiem over his honored remains was sung in the adjoining Church of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine. Montreal may well glory in such a founder. His noble monument has been fittingly erected in the Place d'Armes where he had his notable fight with the Iroquois.

CHARLES LE MOYNE

Facing the great church of Notre Dame in Montreal stands the splendid monument of Maisonneuve, the founder of the city. At its base is the kneeling figure of a man clutching a reaping hook, and cut in the granite beneath is the name Charles Le Moyne. The significance of the reaping hook is hard to divine, for though Le Moyne was a great landowner, he was not professedly a *cultivateur.* That he had an unusual record of many a fierce fight with the Indians is recalled by the huge pistol, stuck in his belt, and perhaps the hook is some subconscious reference to a struggle with the Iroquois chief gripping his *casse tête* on the other side of the monument. In another of Hébert's remarkable groups there is one called *Sans Merci,* but it is not on the monument. It represents a death struggle between a settler and a savage. They are writhing in each other's arms. The teeth of the savage are embedded in the arm of the white man, while over the spine of the Indian is suspended a descending reaping hook. But there is no record of any such contest in the life of Le Moyne, and the great artist disclaims any thought of him in the *Sans Merci.* Perhaps it is only a suggestion of what might have occurred at any moment of Le Moyne's heroic life.

Le Moyne came down from the Huron country to Montreal shortly after Father Jogues was killed by the Iroquois on the Mohawk. He had been appointed interpreter for the colony by the Governor, Montmagny, and of course was gladly welcomed, for he brought with him the warmest commendations of the missionaries with whom he had lived and by whom he had been brought up. Besides, Montreal was in sad need just then of interpreters and fighters. He was then only a boy of twenty, for the baptismal register of Dieppe records that he was baptized on August 2, 1626. His father

was a humble innkeeper, whose establishment being near the wharves, naturally attracted a number of travelers, mariners and traders, and from them the growing boy heard wonderful tales of wild Indians, impenetrable forests, boundless lakes and foaming cataracts, and like any other lad of his age longed for the day when he could share in those marvellous adventures beyond the sea. He was only fifteen when he sailed away from Dieppe which he was never to see again.

With him was his mother's brother Duchesne, a surgeon, who had, some years before, established himself at Quebec, remaining there even during the English occupation. Evidently his wife had died, for instead of resuming his work among the settlers on the St. Lawrence he was now starting off with his nephew for the Jesuit missions at Georgian Bay. No doubt religious motives prompted him to offer his services to the Fathers as a surgeon, and naturally the boy went with him. Besides the example of his excellent uncle, those four precious years of intimate association with men like Jogues and Brébeuf, and Daniel, and Garreau, and others, among whom was Le Moyne, a namesake, though apparently no relative, developed those heroic traits and deep religious convictions which characterized Le Moyne to the end of his life. No doubt also those scholarly men looked after the education of this lonely boy, and gave him a training that later on, enabled him to fill the posts of *Procureur Général* and *Avocat Général* of the colony, though, of course, not much was required to honor those pompous titles in the rude days of the pioneers. The reaping hook, too, which Hébert has put in his hand on the monument suggests that in Huronia, the little city boy from Dieppe had learned to cultivate the soil and the pistol, that he had been taught the trade of a warrior.

At Montreal, he met a kindred spirit, Thomas Godefroy, commonly known as Normanville, who must have been slightly older than Le Moyne. He had long lived in the forests with the Indians and usually dressed like one of them and

though a daring fighter and noted for his recklessness in rushing into danger, was almost a lay missionary. He would travel for miles through forests and over lakes and cataracts in the dead of winter, to bring a priest to a sick Indian; he was fond of baptizing Indian babies who were at the point of death; he kept the converts steady in the faith; accompanied the missionaries on their most perilous journeys, not merely for love of adventure but out of zeal for souls. He won especial glory for himself, though without intending it, by being at the side of the heroic Buteux in the famous search for the Whitefish Indians wigwams in the icy regions north of Three Rivers. Buteux's account of that expedition is one of the thrilling pages in the "Relations," and it begins by saying that he "was accompanied by M. de Normanville." The other white men had turned back, appalled by the dangers and sufferings that confronted them, but de Normanville made the whole journey, and Buteux tells us how the young hero was profoundly touched by the piety he saw among these poor Indians. In the following year, the missionary started again for the same inhospitable regions but never returned. He was murdered by the Iroquois up near the sources of the St. Maurice. Another young Frenchman, named Fontarabie, accompanied him on that journey but he too was slain, and his corpse was discovered half eaten by crows and wolves. Father Buteux's remains were never found.

There can be little doubt that Normanville instead of Fontarabie, or possibly both together, would have made the journey, but Three Rivers was then beset by the Iroquois, and fighters of his calibre were needed at the palisades. Sad to say his heroic life closes in the ruin that fell upon the colony in that assault. The Governor himself, who was no other than Plessis Bochart, the distinguished man who had been sent out to take possession of Quebec when it was restored to the French, was slain in repelling an attack, and fifteen other white men fell at his side. After the battle, Normanville and others were missing. It was not known

whether he was killed or taken prisoner until some one picked up in the woods an Indian buckler on which was written "Normanville, Francheville, Poisson, La Palme, Turcot, Chaillou, Saint Germain, Onneichronnons and Agnechronnons. I have not yet lost a finger nail"; which meant "the Mohawks and Oneidas have captured us and so far have not been hurt." What happened to the other six was never known, but later on news came from the Indian country that Normanville had been burned to death at the stake. The brave fellow, however, was ready; for, a few days before the battle, he had been heard to say: "The Iroquois may get me, but I hope that God will give me the grace to stand the fire courageously, and that I may have the happiness of baptizing some dying babies and of instructing some sick adults and baptizing them before I am tied to the stake." Such was the heroic youth who was Le Moyne's companion in the early days of Montreal.

Though fighting side by side, they were unlike each other. Le Moyne was every bit as heroic as Normanville but not so reckless. He was a skilful and cautious strategist in a fight and this trait of his character developed afterwards into a remarkable power in persuading the Indian tribes to bury the hatchet. When he was the envoy, treaties of peace were almost assured before hand. Indeed he and at least two of his sons were later on adopted by the Iroquois tribes and by right could enter their great councils. Two instances occur in early Montreal history which show Le Moyne's cautious but daring character.

On day, when the colony was in terror because of an expected descent of the Iroquois, a number of savages in war paint were seen on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence. After a while, two canoes filled with braves started for the island. Beaching their boats on the shore, they made for the fort, stopping, however, outside of the range of the muskets. When it was known that they wanted a parley, Le Moyne and Normanville were sent out to meet

them; whereupon three Indians unarmed left the main body and drew near. "We are not at war with the French," they said, "but with the Algonquins. We want you to forget the past and be friendlier with us than ever." The interpreters assured them they were delighted to hear of such good dispositions on the part of the red men, and in order to show his confidence in them, Normanville, with only a short pike in his hand, started out to join the other Iroquois some distance away. "Don't go near them," entreated Le Moyne, "it is only a trick." Normanville, however, persisted. As he had been once captured by the Iroquois when he was only a boy down at Three Rivers and had lived with them for some time, he probably recognized some old acquaintances and felt sure he could influence them. He was deceived. The savages closed around him, and when he attempted to return, held him back. Le Moyne, who had been watching the proceeding, quickly lifted his gun to his shoulder and levelled it at the three Iroquois who had been sent for the parley, crying out at the same time, "I shall kill the first one of you that stirs an inch until Normanville is sent back." One of his prisoners asked to go to his friends to remonstrate with them about the seizure of the white man, and was permitted, but as he also failed to return, the two others were ordered to face towards the fort and with the barrel of Le Moyne's musket at their backs were marched inside the palisade. Their trick had been turned against them and they asked angrily, "What has become of our chief who was captured last autumn?" "Tell me what you have done to Father Jogues," said Le Moyne, "and I shall tell you about your chief." "Well, let us not talk about that," was the answer. "We have come here for peace and not for war, and one of our greatest chiefs is on his way here to make a treaty." Of course, he was lying; nevertheless, he and his companion were well treated that night, and the next morning when Normanville was released, they were sent out and told to warn their tribe that they were forbidden

to fish so near to Montreal—a diplomatic formula to let them know that their game had been understood. Thus, by his quick action, Le Moyne had not only saved Normanville from death but the colony as well. For it was he who, during all these performances had restrained the garrison from firing on the Indians. Had they done so, Normanville would have been instantly killed and the rest of the colonists would have probably shared his fate.

Another example of this adroitness in handling the Indians occurred later, though poor Normanville was not then present; he had already been put to death down in the Iroquois country. As in the former case a hostile demonstration was made by the Iroquois on the other side of the river and a single canoe was sent across as a preliminary move. In the boat were two Indians and a little English boy. Who the poor lad was or how he got there or what became of him in the mêlee that followed, there appears to be no means of finding out.

The canoe did not come as far as the shore but stopped at a sand-bank out in the river. "Let me take care of them," said Le Moyne to Maisonneuve, and he unfolded a plan which the Governor thought to be madness or impossible of realization. Even attempting it seemed to doom Le Moyne to death or captivity. However, consent was finally though reluctantly given.

Embarking in his canoe, at the bottom of which he had hidden two huge horse-pistols, Le Moyne made for the sand-bank. He was apparently unarmed and the Indians awaited him gleefully, but when he came within shooting distance, he shipped his paddle and standing up in his boat with a pistol in either hand shouted to them: "Get into your canoe!" At the same moment, a line of muskets suddenly revealed themselves along the shore where Le Moyne had posted a body of soldiers. There evidently was nothing to do but to obey orders and the sullen Indians directed their bark towards what seemed the safest landing, but Le Moyne's

pointed pistol drove them on another course until they were caught in the current and swept down past the fort where they were easily captured.

This was only the first act of the drama. The Indians on the other side of the river had been anxiously watching the whole proceeding, and when they saw the ruse so successful, their great chief *La Plume,* The Feather, came over in a towering rage and demanded the release of the prisoners. When he was refused, the whole river was soon covered with canoes, and Montreal's fate seemed sealed. The savages landed some distance above the fort, but as they started forward shouting their war-whoop and brandishing their tomahawks, the soldiers who had not left their hiding-place started up before them, and the red men found themselves looking into the muzzles of a long row of guns. Immediately there was a wild scamper for the boats, but the current carried them past the fort, and a great number were captured, among them the redoubtable La Plume himself.

They were now more amenable to reason, and a delegation was despatched to the fort to sue for peace. A friendly Mohawk who was a prisoner was sent out to talk to them, and he learned that a famous chief of his own tribe, who was known as "Grand Army," was on his way to attack the colony. There was no time to lose, so he hurried down the river to remonstrate. "What do you mean?" he said to "Grand Army." "A number of our chiefs are prisoners in the fort and if you fire a shot every one of them is a dead man." "Grand Army" was appalled. He hastened to Montreal and passing before the fort, asked for a parley, but first wanted to see the prisoners with his own eyes, for he feared that his friend was lying. They were all brought out to the palisade and then "Grand Army" sued for peace. "Not till you send back every French prisoner in all your cantons," was the answer. The result was that every white man who was in captivity in the Iroquois country was sent back to Montreal at the time desig-

nated. Only then were the Iroquois released. Le Moyne was the man of the hour. He had saved the colony without firing a shot. He was still a mere stripling.

Of course, during all those terrible early days he was conspicuous in every fight that took place. Two or three of them are historic and have often been rehearsed, notably the one in which Jeanne Mance came near ending her great career. She was all alone in the hospital, when heart-rending cries were heard a short distance away. Le Moyne was on hand in an instant and hurried to the scene, followed by one or two soldiers. A man and a woman were seen struggling fiercely in the grip of a crowd of Iroquois, but before they could be reached, the man was killed by a blow of a tomahawk and the shrieking woman was carried off to the woods. Le Moyne and his companions gave chase but a band of forty savages who were waiting in ambush nearby, started up before them. There was nothing to do but to retreat and they made for the nearest shelter, the hospital. Luckily the gate was open and they had just time to enter and to shut out the pursuing savages. By that time the colony was aroused and the Indians withdrew. It is dreadful to think what would have become of Jeanne Mance had the Iroquois and not the fugitives found the open gate. Le Moyne also had anarrow escape, for a bullet from an Iroquois musket had pierced his hat. One inch lower and he would have been a corpse outside the palisade.

We do not know if he was with Closse in the famous defence of the brewery. Very likely he was, but he was the leader in another memorable battle one Sunday morning. Four settlers going home after Mass with their muskets on their shoulders, walked straight into an ambush somewhere between the fort and Point St. Charles. They had just time to retreat to a little redoubt near by and made a gallant defence but were doomed. Fortunately the rattle of musketry was heard in the settlement and Le Moyne with a squad of men was already on his way, before one of the

defenders, who had been despatched for help, had arrived to give the alarm. When Le Moyne and his men appeared, they were met by a general volley from the savages but fortunately no one was hit and then the white men did the firing. Each shot told and many dead Indians strewed the ground on that memorable Sunday morning of June 18, 1651. Incidents such as these fill the career of young Le Moyne at Montreal. This may have been the same battle in which Closse took part.

His bravery as a fighter and his skill in arranging peace with the savages had, of course, won for him esteem and distinction. Before he was twenty-eight, he received a gratuity of four hundred livres from the Governor and a fine grant of land. As he was now assured of a future, he determined to marry, and his eyes fell upon a damsel only fourteen years of age, who was known as Catherine Primot, though her real name was Thiery. She had been adopted by the Primots and had been brought to the colony when a baby of only a year old. Of course, she was beautiful and gifted, else how would she have captured the heart of the hero of the colony? Nor could the match be other than acceptable to the foster father and mother and they willingly assented to it. But, evidently Le Moyne was afraid that some other suitor might appear on the scene, and he therefore drew up a contract which was dated December 10, 1653, in virtue of which the parents were bound to a forfeit of six hundred livres if they withdrew their consent, and he was to do likewise if he changed his mind. The anxiety of the parties of the first and second part made these legal precautions superfluous, but Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance and other distinguished personages were called in as witnesses to the deed. It is an instance of Le Moyne's aversion to unnecessary risks even in matters of affection.

The marriage was a great event in the little colony and furnishes a measure of the esteem in which the hero was held. The Governor bestowed on the happy pair a grant

of eighty *arpents* of land on the island itself, the first concession of the kind ever made. To that he added the privilege of hunting and fishing, the use of the Prairie of St. Pierre, and the right of cutting wood on the Common, or in default of that, on the Seigneurial property. Added to this was an *arpent* of ground near the hospital where Le Moyne had already built his house. Finally there was a grant of land, known since then as Point St. Charles and situated between the concession of Jean Saint-Pere and the St. Lawrence. Half of this latter property the parents of the bride were to enjoy during their lifetime.

Whether through forgetfulness or not, the old folks had never told Le Moyne that Catherine was only their adopted daughter. When six years had elapsed, they began to fear property complications, and a legal document was drawn up in the presence of Maisonneuve and Catherine by which she was formally adopted as the child and heiress of the Primots on the condition of keeping their name. The young bride must have had many a day of worry, for death hovered continually over the head of her husband. Thus, in 1660, when young Dollard made his appeal to go out to meet the Iroquois, both Le Moyne and Closse agreed to join the party, but, fortunately, a dispute arose as to the time best suited for the expedition. As family men, Le Moyne and Closse insisted that, before setting out, the fields should be seeded, so as to provide for next year's crops, whereas the impatient and unattached young Dollard insisted upon immediate action which the two older men refused to countenance. Hence they remained at home and thus providentially, the colony was not deprived of its two staunchest defenders. On the other hand, had they gone with Dollard, it is most unlikely that they would ever have permitted him to make the fight in the dilapidated post which he selected and which he did not even repair. He was a fresh arrival from France, and unacquainted with the methods of the Indians, which may explain his recklessness. Certainly Le Moyne and Closse

would have chosen a better place, would have had a supply of water and provisions, and would have probably slaughtered as many Iroquois and made unnecessary their own immolation. Dollard's heroism might be called magnificent, but it was not war.

In the following year, Le Moyne was saved from death by a young heroine. He had gone with a number of settlers, probably to fell timber—for it was winter—but fortunately he had his pistols in his belt, while his companions were unarmed, though Maisonneuve had forbidden them to leave the fort without their weapons. They had flattered themselves that there were no Indians in the neighborhood and so flung caution to the winds. Suddenly one hundred and sixty painted savages appeared before them and away went the terrified white men as fast as their feet could carry them to the nearest shelter which happened to be Closse's, though he was absent. Le Moyne was not with the fugitives but remained behind with his pistols to cover the retreat. Apparently he was a doomed man, but fortunately, Closse's young wife, a mere girl of nineteen, saw what was going on, and leaving her baby in the crib, seized an armful of her husband's muskets and hurried to meet the fugitives, flinging the weapons here and there as she passed the white men, and never stopping till she stood beside Le Moyne. Whether the guns were loaded or not is not said, but they served to check the retreat and halt the Iroquois. Luckily, other settlers had arrived by this time and the fight took on larger proportions, ending with the withdrawal of the enemy, though they carried off thirteen prisoners. The only consolation for the Frenchmen was that they had killed a great chief who was supposed to be immune from bullets. Madame Closse was the idol of the colony after that. Perhaps her cleverness and courage may have been helped by the fact that when she was a child she had been captured by the Iroquois and lived with them for some time. One of her children subsequently became an Ursuline nun at

Quebec and perhaps it was the little one she left in the cradle when she went out to fight.

Even Le Moyne was once guilty of an indiscretion that came near ending his career. He was out hunting on the Isle St. Thérèse, below Montreal, and walked straight into an ambuscade, although he was well aware there were Iroquois in the neighborhood. His musket, of course was at his shoulder in an instant and did its deadly work in the throng of savages, but as he stepped back to reload, he tripped and fell. Getting on his feet again he fled, but the Indians pursued and caught him. They were overjoyed by the capture, because for years, the Iroquois hags on the Mohawk had been heaping up bark to burn him at the stake, and now they were to be gratified. He was led off a prisoner, apparently to Onondaga, where he met the great chief Garagontié, who was ever his staunch friend. Everything was ready for his execution, but his courage and diplomacy did not forsake him. He knew that the Indians were awed by domineering ways and when he was already bound and the faggots were piled up around him, he drew himself up haughtily and said: "Burn me if you dare, but remember, you will pay dearly for it. There are soldiers now on their way from France and they will burn every one of your villages to avenge my death." Nor was his threat an idle one, for he knew that the famous Sellières regiment was already on its way and probably the savages knew it also. So it was decided it would be unwise to kill him just then. The trick had succeeded.

The famous Joncaire, who figures largely in Canadian history, resorted to even more vigorous methods later on. He had been captured by the Oneidas, and like Le Moyne was going to be burned to death. As he was being led to the place of execution, a huge savage undertook to cut off some of his fingers by way of preliminary ceremony. Joncaire saw his chance. His hands were free for a moment, and he sprung fiercely at the Indian and gave him such a

beating that the crowd around shouted with delight and forthwith decided that Joncaire should be adopted into the tribe. He was too good a fighter to lose. For an Indian, meekness was weakness, and hence even the missionaries had to assume top-lofty airs at times in dealing with them.

We do not know if Le Moyne was made an Iroquois on this occasion, but subsequently, not only he but two of his sons, Longueuil and Maricourt were made members of the tribe. He was called *Okououessen* or The Partridge, and after three months their great chief Garagontié conducted him safe and sound to Montreal. Ferland says he remained in captivity for three years, but that is evidently a slip of the pen, for he was with de Courcelles in the Iroquois raid of 1666. He joined the main body at Chambly and he and his seventy "blue coats" were given the honors of the expedition. They were the vanguard in the advance and covered the rear in the retreat. These Montreal bluecoats recall the fact that the Canadians had a fondness for the tricolor even in the days when they were fighting for the fleur-de-lys. Quebec took to red; Three Rivers to white, and Montreal to blue. It is not, however, blue coats but "blue bonnets" that are at the present day associated with events in Montreal.

Of course, Le Moyne followed de Tracy in the second attempt to dominate the Iroquois and he thus found himself in the same village where his beloved Father Jogues was slain, and perhaps he took some memento home with him. But as there was no fighting in that campaign, he had no chance to show his ability as a soldier. However, he made a deep impression on the two distinguished men who had just come from France, for in 1668 he received a patent of nobility, and was thenceforward known as the *Sieur de Longueuil,* not Longueil, as it is often written. The name is that of a village near Dieppe in France, which no doubt Le Moyne was familiar with. Viger, however, in his "Saberdache," says it meant *Long-oeil* or Longview. Unfortunately,

the artist who designed the coat of arms was uninformed of the conditions that prevailed in New France, for on either side of the shield are two figures intended to represent an Indian man and woman, but he has made them very black negroes. The woman has wooly hair.

As patents of nobility are rare in America, it may be of interest to have the royal document. It runs as follows:

" Louis, by the grace of God, King.

" The Kings, our predecessors, having always thought that honor is a powerful motive to urge their subject to generous deeds, have been careful to recognize by marks of distinction those who have by extraordinary deeds rendered themselves worthy of such marks of favor; and as we are informed of the good acts which are daily performed by the Canadian people both in subjecting and disciplining the savages, as well as in defending themselves against their frequent attacks, notably those of the Iroquois, we have judged that it behooves our sense of justice to distinguish by honorable recompenses those who have signalized themselves by such acts and have spurred others to aspire to like favors. Hence desiring to show our regard for our dear and well beloved Charles Le Moyne, Sieur de Longueuil, for the very laudatory report made to us of the splendid deeds he has done in Canada, and moved also by others considerations, we by our special grace and the fulness of our power and royal authority, do by these presents, signed by our hand, enoble and adorn with the title of nobility the said Charles Le Moyne, as well as his wife, posterity and descendants, both male and female, born and to be born in lawful wedlock, and we also wish, and such is our pleasure, that in all acts both in court and without it, they be held, reputed and regarded as noble, in the quality of Esquires, and that they may attain to the degrees of chivalry of those who bear the sword, and may acquire, hold and possess all manners of fiefs, seigneuries, and noble inheritances, of whatever title and quality, and enjoy all the honors, prerogatives, preeminences, authority, privileges, franchises, exemptions and immunities which are enjoyed or accustomed to be enjoyed by all other nobles of the realm, and to bear arms like them, without the said Charles Le Moyne being bound to pay us or our royal successor, any money or indemnity, no matter what sum it

may amount to, and from all such we have discharged and do now discharge him by these presents.

"Given at Saint-Germain-en-Laye in the month of March of the year of grace 1668."

It is worth recording that at the same time that Le Moyne was thus honored, a title of nobility was also conferred on John Godfroy, the brother of Le Moyne's old companion Normanville. A similar distinction was also accorded to Matthieu Amyot, possibly some connection of the young Jean Amyot of earlier days who it is thought may have been the *petit garçon* whom Jogues carried on his shoulders in the first painful journey to Huronia. Young Amyot became a daring Indian fighter but was always marvellously preserved from injury. He ascribed this protection to St. Joseph, to whom he was intensely devoted and in whose honor he had martially a troop of Indian soldiers whom he called the army of St. Joseph. He remained as pure as an angel in the midst of the corruptions of savage life, and on one occasion had to imitate Joseph of Egypt in his flight from danger. In 1647, he went down to Quebec for a squad of soldiers to attack the Iroquois in their own country, possibly to punish them for the death of Father Jogues, but death prevented him from carrying out his design. The other recipients of the decorations were Simon Denys and Louis Couillard.

Eight years before receiving his patent of nobility, Le Moyne had obtained a concession on the south side of the river opposite Montreal consisting of fifty acres on the river front and one hundred acres deep. In 1669, he was enriched by the acquisition of the La Salle lands at Lachine and later, by all the territory not preempted along the river from Varennes to Laprairie, as well as the outlying islands. Ten years later he was given the Seigneurie of Chateauguay, which meant two leagues of river front by three deep. Other possessions were added later.

He was also an extensive and successful trader. His principal stores were at Lachine and he was associated in

this business with his brother-in-law LeBert. Quite recently a contract has been discovered for the sale of the immense cargoes of peltries which were brought to Montreal by the famous traders, Radisson and Groseilliers, who were later driven out of the colonies by the obstinate and unreasonable Governor Auvagour, in consequence of which the whole Hudson Bay territory was handed over to the English. Between his real estate and his business Le Moyne's wealth was estimated at 125,868 livres.

When Frontenac arrived, Le Moyne immediately attracted his attention and was proposed as a member of the *Conseil Souverain* of Quebec. The Abbé Dudouyt says that *"Frontenac recommendait un Sieur Le Moyne* (Lorin, *Le Comte de Frontenac,* 147). It is curious to see such a conspicuous personage designated as *un Sieur Le Moyne,* and more so, to hear that he was rejected. Later on, when Frontenac made his pompous visit to Cataroqui and summoned all the Indians around him, it was Le Moyne who guided him through all the mysteries of Indian etiquette. He had orders to introduce every day at table some prominent chiefs, and it was through him that the *pourparlers* were conducted. Of course, he took care of all his Onondaga friends, such as Garagontié, and Torontishati, who were especially prominent in those conferences.

His declining years were saddened by the sufferings which the maladministration of successive Governors had inflicted on the colony. Indeed, he himself was to be the victim of the stupidity of one of these officials, who, nevertheless, honored and admired him and even asked, though in vain, to have him made Governor of Montreal; de la Barre was to a certain extent responsible for Le Moyne's death.

Because of the robbery of some canoe-loads of furs, which belonged to de la Barre himself, he resolved on a war with the Senecas who were the culprits. Reparation could easily have been made otherwise, but only an incursion into the Seneca country was held to be a proper punishment. Father

de Lamberville, who was among the Onondagas at that time, sent letter after letter entreating the Governor to desist, for it meant war with all the Iroquois tribes. "Ask Charles Le Moyne about it if you do not believe me," he said. But Le Moyne was not consulted, or at least was not heeded, and in 1684 an army was assembled and proceeded up the St. Lawrence without order and without provisions. They got no farther than what was very properly called Famine Bay. There, sickness and hunger prostrated the troops, and then Le Moyne was appealed to. He alone could propitiate the Iroquois. Although very sick at the time, he journeyed to Onondaga with his two eldest sons who were also ill. Fortunately, his influence together with that of de Lamberville prevented the French troops from being remorselessly slaughtered. A truce was patched up and de la Barre was recalled to France in disgrace. Le Moyne had saved the colony from destruction but at the cost of his life. In this embassy he nearly came to blows with Arnaud, the English envoy sent to Onondaga by Governor Dongan.

In a memoir written by de Bienville to the French Government in 1724, he makes the assertion that "his father had been killed by the savages of Canada." It may be that, on the occasion of this delegation, Le Moyne was wounded by some angry savage, but the meaning most probably is that having undertaken the journey when he was in shattered health, the hardships he had to undergo aggravated his ailment and brought on his death, which occurred shortly after.

Le Moyne died in his house on what is now St. Paul's Street, and as nearly as can be made out, between January 30 and February 6, 1685. Only a few days before, he had made his will which, like all the other principal acts of his life, reveals his thorough religious spirit. It was drawn up by "Benigne Basset, *Nottaire* royal of the land and seigneurie of the islands of Montreal in New France," who formulates the preamble as follows:

"Considering that there is nothing more certain than

death and nothing more uncertain than the time of its coming, Charles Le Moyne, being feeble in health, yet sound in mind and memory and understanding, as he seems to me by his appearance and acts, but fearing to be forestalled by death, and desiring before leaving the world, if it pleases God to call him while memory and judgement remain, after having made the venerable sign of the cross and recommended his soul to Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin, his Mother, to *Monsieur St. Michel,* the angels and archangels, and all the holy men and women of Paradise, has made and dictated his last will and testament which here follows to wit:"

In it provision is made for his wife, who singularly enough is called by her maiden name *demoiselle Catherine Primot, son épouse,* and then a legacy is given to the marguilliers of "the mother church of this island to have prayers offered for his soul, according to the order in which the *dite demoiselle son épouse* will direct, as well as alms for the poor and needy of the island whom his executor will select, rather augmenting than diminishing what is bestowed. "This," says the *nottaire,* "is what I testify as having passed in my presence, in the aforesaid Montreal, in the chamber where the aforesaid *Sieur concessionaire* is at present detained by sickness."

His greatest gift to his country was his remarkable family. He had fourteen sons and two daughters. One child died on the day of its birth but was duly *ondoyé,* that is baptized at the house without the ceremonies. His oldest son Charles took the hereditary title de Longueuil. He was subsequently known as the "Machabeus" of Canada, because of his own achievements and because of being the first of an illustrious band of brothers. The second was Ste. Hélène, who was killed at the siege of Quebec at the age of thirty-one. The greatest of all was Pierre, whose title was d'Iberville, and who is one of the glories of Canadian history. The fourth was de Maricourt who was with Pierre in Hudson Bay and with Ste. Hélène at Quebec. The fifth was de Bienville who was killed by the Indians at Repentigny when he was

only twenty-five. The sixth was de Serigny. He happened to be a student in the Nautical School at Rochefort in France where he met the Iroquois chiefs whom Governor de Denonville had treacherously seized and sent to the gallows in France, and it was probably he who reconciled them to the French. He afterwards fought at his brother's side in Hudson Bay and with de Bienville in Louisiana. He was finally made Governor of the Nautical School, where he had studied as a boy. François, the seventh son, called de Sauvolle, was the associate of de Bienville in Louisiana, though it is denied that he was a Le Moyne; Charlevoix (VI, 213) calls him one of Iberville's officers. De Chateauguay was killed in an assault on Fort Nelson when he was a mere boy of eighteen. Bienville II was the distinguished founder of New Orleans. D'Assigny joined Iberville in Louisiana but fell sick and died in St. Domingo at the age of twenty. Chateauguay was Commandant of Louisiana in 1717; Lieutenant du Roi in 1718; Governor of Martinique in 1736 and of Cayenne in 1737; of Isle Royale in 1744; and Governor of Rochefort in 1746. There were only two daughters, Catherine Jeanne and Marie-Anne. The distinguished mother of this great family died six years after her husband. Canada ought to be proud of her Le Moynes. She has had no family in which so much heroism was centered.

The great man was buried in St. Joseph's chapel of Notre Dame, and in virtue of a foundation established by him, Holy Mass is celebrated on the first Saturday of every month at 8 o'clock in the morning, for the repose of his soul. He died in 1685, and thus this holy remembrance at God's altar has been made with the strictest regularity and without interruption during all those years and will continue in perpetuity. Very fittingly on Maisonneuve's monument, Le Moyne is looking towards the Church.

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON

CHAPTER I

The Wanderer

In Canada, Pierre Esprit Radisson is regarded by the French-reading public with intense aversion and even hatred. He is almost a Canadian Benedict Arnold. For, although a Frenchman, he was the founder of the great English corporation known as the "Hudson Bay Company," and he thus put into the hands of the hereditary foe the whole of what is now British America. French historians never miss a chance to assail him, and they add to the charge of treason to his country, apostasy from his religion. There is at least a probability that he was neither an apostate nor a traitor.

Radisson first appears on the scene in New York, in the month of September, 1653. The Jesuit missionary, Father Joseph Antoine Poncet de la Rivière, had just then been carried down to Fort Orange in a mangled condition from the same village where Father Jogues had been killed seven years before. He was waiting for his wounds to heal, when a party of Indian braves arrived outside the stockade. Among them was a young French lad painted and plumed like the rest. Poncet refers to him merely as a serviceable interpreter and omits to give his name. We find, however, from an account written later by this white savage himself that he was no other than Radisson. He did not then suspect that he was destined to embroil France and England in a protracted war for the possession of half a continent or that he himself should be for centuries one of the most detested men in Canadian history.

He had come out to America in 1651, and in the following year, on account of his reckless disregard of danger,

which was characteristic of him all through life, he was captured by the Mohawks. Instead of being scalped, however, he was adopted by an old chief whose wife was a Huron. Very probably she knew a great deal about the French, and perhaps even about Christianity, and it may be for both those reasons that her heart warmed to this young scapegrace. She bestowed on him all the affection of a mother, and called him "Orimha" after a son whom she had lost. Curiously enough the name was a translation of "Pierre." He accepted her motherings and after a while was initiated in the tribe and became a full-fledged Mohawk.

From his own account he became almost as savage as his red brethren, for he informs us that soon after his capture, when out hunting with three of the braves, an unknown Algonquin came upon them in the woods and was hospitably admitted to their temporary shelter. He took Radisson aside and said: "Do you love the French?" to which Radisson replied: "Do you love the Algonquins?" which probably meant "Of course I do." "Why don't you escape then?" inquired the Indian. "Impossible," was the answer, "I am a captive." "Very easy," rejoined the Algonquin, "we can murder these three Mohawks while they are asleep and get away to the St. Lawrence together."

The ghastly proposal was accepted; and three dead Indians lay in their cabin that night. The assassins reached the great river, and even succeeded in crossing Lake St. Peter, but just as they landed there started out of the bushes a band of Iroquois who were on the war-path. They were not aware of the crime that had been perpetrated, but on general principles they shot the Algonquin, and led Radisson back to the Mohawk, along with three other white prisoners, one of them a woman, and a dozen or so of Huron braves.

Radisson's Indian father and mother were in consternation, for like all other captives he was to die by torture. The first day the executioners tore off four of his finger nails; on the second a brutal savage made him put his thumb into

a calumet on top of burning tobacco and then proceeded to smoke the horrid mixture till the end of the thumb was reduced to a cinder; on the third day he was burned on the feet and legs; through his feet also was thrust a skiver of hot iron. While this was going on, a four-year-old child was doing his best to chew off the victim's fingers, but without success. Finally he was tied to the stake, but as the flames ate into the thongs he was free for the moment, and then the old chief interfered and saved him from death. He was thus taught how unwise it was to try to escape from his relations.

The precise age of this singular lad at that time we have no means of ascertaining. Some one has given 1620 as the date of his birth, but that would have made him over thirty when he arrived at Fort Orange, which is contrary to the general belief. There is a conflict of opinion also about where he was born. Mr. Scull, who wrote the preface to the Prince Society Publication in which appeared Radisson's diary, pronounces for St. Malo. Dionne admits that at least his family lived there; while Judge Prud'homme of Winnepeg favors Paris. Perhaps it is a printer's error, but the distinguished jurist also informs us that Radisson's mother married a second time, in 1680, which would make her rather a sprightly old lady if Radisson was born in 1620. Her daughter by this second marriage would also be very remarkable, for as she was led to the altar by Chouart about 1660, she would have accomplished that feat twenty years before she was born.

When the Dutch Governor urged this boy savage to take off his paint and feathers he was met with a positive refusal. An offer of a ransom was also rejected. Radisson said he was very much attached to the Mohawks, and, besides, he wanted the opportunity to travel and see the world, and so he went off with the Indians. No doubt also he remembered his former effort to desert. But about three weeks after, he changed his mind and stole back to the fort, where

he was received with open arms. The Governor dressed him up as a white man and then hid him. It was well he did, for the Indians were on his trail. They arrived very soon after the fugitive but were not admitted to the fort. Radisson's two Indian sisters also came to plead with him to return. He was not allowed to see them, but could hear them outside crying piteously: "Orihma! Orihma!" He confessed to have grown a little sentimental at the sound of their lamentations, but he braced himself up and persisted in his resolution.

He tells us that while there he went to confession to Father Poncet, or Father Noncet, as the printer's copy of his MS. puts it. The poor fellow was in sad need of it, and also of being enlightened in the elementary principles of the moral law. It is curious to note how Dionne eagerly seized on that incident of confession to prove that Radisson was a Catholic. No doubt he performed other penitential acts at Fort Orange in reparation for his misdeeds, until finally after Poncet started west and went to Montreal by way of what is now Herkimer and Ogdensburg, he sailed down the Hudson to Manhattan, where he remained three weeks, and then took ship for Amsterdam, reaching that port on January 4, 1654.

He was back the next year in Three Rivers, and there, according to Scull, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Madeleine Hainault. As Madeleine Hainault was his mother, this would make the misguided fellow marry his own sister. The evident mistake in this matter arises from the fact that the only Elizabeth Radisson on the registers of Three Rivers was the daughter of Madeleine Hérault, not Hainault, and she was the daughter of a certain Radisson of Paris, who unfortunately complicates matters still more by having the same name as our hero, viz.: Pierre Esprit. This Parisian Pierre Esprit Radisson may have been an uncle, but we have nothing positive on that point. The muddle of names may easily explain the confusion of the historians. Sulte pronounces in favor of a marriage at Three Rivers, but Tanguay

in his "Dictionnaire Généalogique," which is the great authority for the origin of Canadian families, credits him with only one wife, the daughter of Sir John Kirke, whom he married much later in England. But on top of this comes another complication. The author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" makes him the father of four children, while the Rev. Prof. George Bryce, LL.D., in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada, endows him with nine. The error of Bryce may be explained by the fact that the children of Radisson's sister, a Madame St. Cloud, assumed the name of Radisson.

These are only a few of the obscurations on the great man's horoscope; but whether he married or not at Three Rivers he certainly did not establish a home there, for he was one of the most persistent rovers that Canada ever produced. We discover him immediately after this in the "Relations" of 1655, where we read that: "on August 6, 1654, two courageous young Frenchmen, having received permission from Monsieur le Gouverneur to embark with some of the Indians who had come down to the French settlements, began a journey of more than five hundred leagues under the guidance of these Argonauts, not in great galleons or long-oared barges, but in little gondolas of bark. They fully expected to return in the spring, but the Indians did not conduct them home until toward the end of August, 1656. Their arrival gave a great deal of joy to the whole country, for they brought with them five hundred canoes laden with the goods which the French come to this end of the world to procure."

The two young men who made this wonderful journey were none other than Radisson and his friend Chouart. The enormous amount of furs which they brought to the colony meant a great deal for them financially, and that was the main object of their journey, but it is very much to their credit and helps to dispel the accusations against them, that while they were among the Indians they talked constantly to

them about the missionaries, and whenever they found a dying papoose they made haste to baptize it.

Before they went west, Father Le Moyne had gone down among the Onondagas to make sure that the request of the savages for a mission post was sincere. As he reported favorably on his return, Fathers Dablon and Chaumonot undertook the work. They soon found out, however, that it was not a craving for religious instruction that was agitating the hearts of these savages, but the desire to have a trading-post in their country. To comply with their wishes, Dablon, in the spring of 1656, made his memorable journey from Onondaga to Montreal to obtain volunteers for the enterprise. Permission was given by the authorities, and on July 11th, a flotilla of canoes carrying fifty white men and a motley crowd of Onondagas, Senecas, and Hurons sailed over Lake Ganentaa. Cannons and musketry roared their salute as the barks approached the shore, banners fluttered on the breeze, and songs and cheers awoke the echoes of the forest as the fifty Frenchmen beached their boats at a place now known as Liverpool, and began the first permanent establishment in Iroquois territory.

Radisson had not yet returned from the west, or he would certainly have thrown in his fortune with these adventurers. He reached the St. Lawrence only after their departure, but later on we find him going up the St. Lawrence to Onondaga with Father Ragueneau in August, 1657, and witnessing somewhere on the river a horrible butchery by the Iroquois of the unfortunate Hurons who had been invited to the new settlement. Ragueneau saw on reaching Onondaga that the same treatment was to be meted out to the whites; not indeed by the Onondagas themselves, who were well disposed, but by the Mohawks and Oneidas. Hence after considering the situation he decided that the only course to adopt was fight. How to do so was the difficulty. "A young Frenchman," as the "Relations" described him, came to the rescue. He had a dream, or said he had, in which he was commanded

to spread a great banquet, at which everything had to be eaten, otherwise the ghost would kill him. It was good news for the hungry red men and they agreed to keep the contract. Moreover, a command received in a dream could not be disobeyed. Hence enormous quantities of food were laid before them, and they gorged themselves heroically, but fresh supplies still issued from the pots. They pleaded for mercy, but the dreamer asked: "Do you want me to be killed?" They assured him that it was remote from their thoughts, and so they went to work again until they were almost bursting. Meantime they were kept dancing and singing and screaming between the courses, until at last to the sound of French fiddles and fifes and cornets they fell into an overwhelming stupor. With their enemies in that condition the Frenchmen slipped out on the lake in their boats, and paddled down the Oswego River, cutting their way through the ice, portaging around cataracts, and through woods and swamps, and finally reaching Lake Ontario. They left Onondaga on March 20, and arrived at Montreal on the evening of April 3, 1658. "The young Frenchman" who devised this plan of putting the Indians to sleep is conceded to have been Radisson. He also wrote an account of this escape. In that document he informs us that the fugitives were anxious to murder the sleeping Indians as the only way to prevent pursuit, but that the priest forbade them to carry out the ghastly proposal. Quite possibly the suggestion came from Radisson himself. He had disposed of his enemies in that fashion before.

He was hardly back in Three Rivers, when, as he says himself, he began to pine for his old life in the bottom of a canoe. He did not allow these longings for the wild to worry him for any considerable time, for he and Chouart started again about the middle of June for the Great Lakes. There were sixty Frenchmen in the party, and with them were some western savages who were going home. At Montreal two more Frenchmen and eight Ottawas joined them.

As they were paddling up the St. Lawrence, an Indian suddenly appeared on the shore, and warned them to be cautious about discharging their firearms. They paid no heed to the advice, with the result that on the following day a handful of Iroquois attacked them, killed thirteen of the party and scattered the rest in all directions. All the white men fled except Radisson and Chouart who, with a few Indians, plunged deeper into the wilderness. This was probably the basis of an accusation lodged against them later on of having betrayed their countrymen to the Iroquois. They were suspected of not wishing to have any white men with them to share in the profits that might be won in the expedition, and therefore of having led their white companions into the ambuscade.

They continued on to the further extremity of Lake Ontario and thence to Lake Huron. Arriving at Sault Ste. Marie they wintered there, but traveled a great deal meantime among the tribes, going as far as Green Bay and carrying on a brisk trade in peltries. It was at the Sault that they met the Crees, who told them about the way to reach Hudson Bay. It was the turning point in Radisson's life, which led to glory and disaster.

The next winter they were again at Green Bay, and from there journeyel to the end of Lake Superior. The Canadian Government map marks the place as near the present Duluth, and puts the date as 1659. In "The Minnesota Historical Collections," (I, p. 38) we find that they were invited by the Indians of Mille Lacs, and that from the headquarters of the tribes on the Ste. Croix River, they proceeded along the Knife Sioux trail, and were at what is now known as Pine County in 1660; *securing from the Indians a description of the Forked River, very reasonably understood to be the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri.*" They returned to Three Rivers in the spring of 1660 after a journey of twenty-five days. To have traveled such a distance in such a brief period will seem to most readers to be incredible. With

them were three hundred Indians carrying furs worth 200,000 francs.

It is on this journey that they are supposed to have discovered the Mississippi. Perrot (p. 28) declares that they saw it, " but did not recognize it under its Sioux name," while Dionne merely says that they learned of its existence. In the " Relations " of 1660, Dablon, who talked with the travelers after their return, writes that they had met a band of " dispersed Hurons who spoke of *their* having seen a river as wide and deep and beautiful as the St. Lawrence." Clearly that river could not have been in the region where Radisson was trafficking. He was up near the source, and in " The Minnesota Historical Collections " we have a photograph made by some obliging surveyor, which shows two men shaking hands across the Mississippi, which at that point was only two feet wide and one foot deep. Indeed Radisson did not pretend to his friends in Quebec that he actually saw the river.

In his diary written in England he relates that " by the persuasion of some Indians we went into ye great river that divides itself into two parts where the Hurons and Ottonakes and the wild men that had wars with them retired. This nation has wars against those of ' The Forked River.' It is so called because it has two branches; the one toward the west; the other toward the south which we believe runs toward Mexico."

" The Forked River " is evidently the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, but in speaking of it on his return to Quebec, far from saying that he went there, he implies the contrary, and his conversation with Dablon, to whom he said that the Indians told him of *their* having seen a river as wide and deep and beautiful as the St. Lawrence, is more to be trusted than the report he made to King Charles, when he would naturally exaggerate his own exploits. Moreover, he himself could never have described the Mississippi as being " as wide and as deep and as beautiful as the St. Lawrence,"

and the Indians who told him so were evidently drawing the long bow.

It is gratifying to hear that on this journey they baptized two hundred Algonquin babies; "forty of whom," they say, "went straight to heaven." Evidently those Frenchmen were not Huguenots at that time.

So far they had only heard about Hudson Bay. But the stories of the Indians set their imaginations on fire and they asked the Governor for permission to try to reach it. He refused, and though the Jesuits at Quebec interceded for them the stubborn official could not be moved. Whereupon they took French leave. Chouart, who was Commandant at Three Rivers, deserted his post, and together they traveled over Lake Ontario and Lake Erie and made their way to Mackinac. They saw Keweenaw Bay, and in the winter of 1661-2 camped on the shores of Lake Superior at Chagouamigan Bay. They stayed there, however, only twelve days, and started out again. Possibly they saw the Lake of the Woods, and they inform us that they went with some Crees to the shore of the sea supposed to be Hudson Bay, where they found the battered ruins of an old shed, and learned from the Indians that the whites used to visit the place. From there they portaged to the Aspamouachan River, which is the prolongation of the Saguenay, and made for home. Dionne credits them with having reached the shores of James Bay, where they spent the spring of 1663 in piling up stores of furs. They finally arrived in Quebec in the summer time, after an absence of two years.

Unfortunately, the intractable Avaugour was still at Quebec, though on the point of being recalled. He arrested Chouart for having left his post at Three Rivers without leave, and imposed a fine of 4,000 livres on the pair in order, as he said, to build a needed fort at Three-Rivers. "He told us for our consolation," says Radisson, "that we could put our coat of arms on the walls. He laid on us another fine of 6,000 for the public treasury, but the bugger [*sic*] wanted

to fatten his own ribs with our money. He then exacted a fourth part of the pelts, which was the usual tariff; so that we had to give up 46,000 livres, and were allowed to keep only 24,000. There is a tyrant for you, to treat us in such a fashion after we had within two years brought 40,000 to 50,000 pistoles into the colony."

With regard to their claim to have reached Hudson Bay overland, Charlevoix (II, 295) informs us that the territory had already been occupied by the Governor of Quebec in 1656 when the official surveyor Jean Bourdon (Father Jogues' old companion as envoy to the Mohawks) erected there the Royal Arms. Charlevoix in this is following Potherie, but in the first place Bourdon did not go overland. The "Journal des Jésuits" says explicitly that "on August 11, 1658, there arrived at Quebec the ship of M. Bourdon, which had gone down the Great River and sailed north as far as the 55th degree." Indeed Dionne is doubtful if he went that far, as it would be difficult to make such a journey between the 2d of May and the 11th of August.

In 1661 Dablon and Druillettes made the attempt, but got no further than Nekouba on the Aspamouachan. About this expedition we have an entry in the "Journal," which says that "On July 27th there returned [to Quebec] those who had reached or who had intended to reach the North Sea or country of the Crees." Dablon in his account of this voyage explicitly states that he went no further than Nekouba.

Finally in 1663 Couture, the Frenchman who had been captured with Father Jogues and who had been with Dablon and Druillettes two years before at Nekouba, was sent by Avaugour, and succeeded in reaching the Bay. At least so says Potherie (I, 1421); but as an offset to this claim, which Dionne does not challenge, we read in the "Relation" of 1672, that "the sea which is north of us to which Hudson gave his name, has since then always prodded the curiosity of the French to discover a land route to it to ascertain its

relative situation and to become acquainted with the people who live there. Anxiety to know about these things has increased since we heard from the Indians that certain ships were there engaged in fur-trading. On that account M. Talon, the Intendant, decided that we should do our best to make the discovery, and for that purpose Father Charles Albanel, an old and tried missionary, was chosen for the work. He left Quebec on August 6, 1671." Then follows the diary of Albanel, which enables us to follow him step by step until he reaches Hudson Bay in the summer of the following year. At the end of his narrative he informs us that three attempts had been made, and that he and his companions, two Frenchmen and six Indians, were the first to open the way.

This very detailed account, in which every portion of the march is noted, would seem to intimate that the authorities of Quebec did not believe that either Bourdon or Couture had gone as far as Hudson Bay, and attached no credence at all to the story of Radisson and Chouart.

CHAPTER II

Hudson Bay Company

Whatever views may be taken of their claims as discoverers of the great inland sea there is no doubt that they were unjustly and cruelly treated, on their return to Quebec, not indeed by their fellow Canadians, who seemed to sympathize with them, but by the mulish and wrong-headed Avaugour. In hope of better things they went to France, but all that could be obtained there, was the promise of a vessel to continue their explorations. It was not full reparation, but at least it would enable them to retrieve their fortunes.

Believing what they were told, they returned to America and waited for the vessel at Isle Percée in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But a Jesuit missionary was sent to inform them that the Government had changed its mind. Of course there was no use going to Quebec after that breach of faith, so they made their way to Cape Breton. There they were mobbed and, in fear of their lives, fled to Port Royal, in Nova Scotia, which was then under English rule.

Now begins the accusations of treachery and apostasy. Charlevoix calls them *des transfuges,* but if they were, then every unfortunate emigrant who leaves his country to improve his fortunes is likewise a fugitive. It is a perversion of truth to call them at this stage of the career "Huguenot adventurers," as Douglas describes them in his "Old France in the New World" (p. 516). Up to that, both of them had been conspicuous as missionary helpers; the Jesuits had been interceding for them at Quebec, and Chouart, who had accompanied Father Ménard to the Far West, is called by Dionne "a Jesuit *donné* or oblate." Whatever may be the truth about

Radisson, this the only instance which we know of in which Chouart is accused of leaving the Faith.

At Port Royal they succeeded in inducing Captain Zachary Gillam to attempt the journey to Hudson Bay, but Gillam lost courage when he found himself in the ice of the Straits and turned back. The Frenchmen, however, did not give up. They had some little money left, and with that they chartered two vessels, but one of them went to pieces off Sable Island, and that disaster landed the unfortunate navigators in a lawsuit in Boston. Though they won the case they were now absolutely penniless. Finally good luck or ill luck brought them to the notice of Sir George Carteret, the Royal Commissioner, who persuaded them to go to England with him.

They left America on August 1, 1665, but when off Spain they were captured by a Dutch privateer, the Caper, after a desperate two hours' fight. Carteret had just time to fling his private despatches overboard when a bayonet was pointed at his breast and he gave up his sword. Every effort was made to induce the two Frenchmen to go over to Holland and tell their wonderful story, but they refused to leave Carteret, and all three were put ashore somewhere on the coast of Spain, and from there made their way to England.

They were presented to King Charles II., who was then at Oxford. The good-natured monarch listened with delight to the account of their travels, and a little later, when he went to Windsor, he had them accompany him, and saw that they took chambers somewhere in the neighborhood. Like a true Stuart he had no superfluous money, and all he could do for the adventurers was to give them £2 a week for their maintenance. It was the time of the Great Plague, the London Fire, and the Dutch War, and thus something besides the King's own extravagances had drained the country's exchequer.

During his stay there Radisson wrote from his memoranda the story of his travels. It is one of the curiosities of literature. He had but a scraping acquaintance with Eng-

lish, and he plunges through its spelling and grammar with as much glee as if he were careering down the cataracts of the Ottawa; hitting the rocks at times and swirling in the eddies, but swimming out unconcernedly, and then starting on again for another race down the stream. The manuscript was found along with the Pepys papers, part of it in the Bodleian, and part in the British Museum, and published with all its horrors of syntax and orthography by the Prince Society of London. It is a very valuable work, but as he was writing to amuse a pleasure-loving King and to exalt his own importance, absolute confidence cannot be placed in his assertions.

Prince Rupert had already come on the scene at Oxford, and developed a lively interest in the rovers. But it was the King himself who issued a letter of instruction to his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to detach a vessel from the fleet for the enterprise. This information, which is given to us by Laut, is of great value, for hitherto all the credit of sustaining Radisson's scheme has been attributed to Rupert, whose name was given to the new territory, whereas all that he did was to co-operate with a half-dozen noblemen in victualling the ships and paying the wages of the sailors. There were only two vessels, one of them commanded by Radisson's old friend, Gillam of the Nonsuch, the other the Eaglet, which the Government supplied. The royal munificence again poured itself out lavishly by bestowing a gold medal on Radisson and a small title of nobility on Chouart. According to Marie de l'Incarnation he was made Knight of the Garter, and she adds that he likewise received a gift of 20,000 crowns. Why this discrimination was made in favor of Chouart she does not state. It may be added that Chouart about this time had assumed the name of Sieur de Groseilliers, which the English often translated as Mr. Gooseberry. Strictly speaking he should have been called Mr. Gooseberry Bush.

While preparations were going on, a spy arrived from Holland and tried to bribe the Frenchmen to join the Dutch service. When he failed to win them over he accused

them of counterfeiting money, but as he could not prove his charge he was incontinently thrown into prison.

It was now five years since Radisson and his friend had discovered the North Sea, or had said they did, and at last, on June 3, 1668, they sailed out from Gravesend; Radisson on the big ship, Eaglet, and Chouart on the smaller craft, the Nonsuch, but before they were out far, the Eaglet was dismasted, and limped back to port, while the Nonsuch kept on its way and reached the great Bay. It remained there all winter, and as no news came from her, Radisson secured another vessel, the Wavero, and started out to search for her. The Wavero, in turn, was disabled, but when Radisson, now in the depths of despair, entered the Channel he had the unexpected pleasure of seeing the Nonsuch before him. She had just crossed the ocean.

The Nonsuch must have brought back a rich cargo, for a trading company was immediately organized, and with the greatest secrecy application was made for a Royal Charter, giving to "The Gentlemen Adventurers Trading to Hudson Bay," a monopoly of trade in America for all time to come. This was the origin of the famous Hudson Bay Company.

The request was granted, and it would be hard to find in the documents of any government a more splendid generosity in disposing of the earth than the deed of gift made by Charles II. to his friends and cronies who made up the original Hudson Bay Company. Laut says: "It was practically deeding away half America, namely all modern Canada, except New France"—which their friends were ultimately to take—and most of the Western States beyond the Mississippi. The grantees were to have "all the trade and commerce of all those seas, bays, rivers, creeks and sounds, in whatever latitude that lie within the entrance of the straits called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands, countries, and territories upon the coasts and confines of said straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds not now actually possessed by any other Christian States." They were even given power "to make

war against other Prince or People that were not Christian, and to expel any other Englishman who should intrude on their territory, and to impose such punishment as the offence might warrant. Admirals, judges, sheriffs, all officers of the law in England are charged by the charter to aid, favor, help, and assist the Company by land and sea." Signed at Westminster, May 2, 1670.

The applicants for the Charter were Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven and others less conspicuous. They were in great part also the stockholders. The capital did not exceed £10,500 and most of the shares were not subscribed in cash. But neither in the list of incorporators or shareholders do we find the name of Radisson, who really had created the Company. Later on his name appears with stock worth £200 to his credit.

The first vessels sent out were the Wavero, the Shaftesbury and the Prince Rupert. On reaching the Bay, Radisson took the Wavero, which was of slight draught, along the west shore, and went south to Nelson, where he erected the arms of the English King. He then continued on to Moose and Cape Henrietta Maria, and when he had accomplished that much he left Chouart in charge and returned to London as adviser of the Company. In the summers of 1671 and 1672 he was again in the Bay, and when he returned to London in the fall of the latter year he committed the offence of marrying the Protestant Mary Kirke, the daughter of Sir John Kirke, who was the representative of the identical family which had driven Champlain from Quebec in 1629. This alliance with people so detested in Canada is considered proof enough for some of Radisson's critics, but not for others, that while taking a Protestant wife he accepted her religion.

The year 1674 was one of the eventful periods of his life. He was again in the Bay, and although he saw vast fortunes accumulated around him, he found himself regarded merely as an employee. He had taken the oath of fidelity to the Company, but that was not enough for his English friends; nor did

his marriage with Mary Kirke avail to help his fortunes. He was still considered to be a Catholic. Indeed, Laut, who is not of the Faith, always describes him as such throughout her narration. There can be very little doubt that had he been an out-and-out Protestant and an Englishman he would have been the recipient of more worldly favors and not kept as a hireling of the Company.

Just then something occurred. It was in the fall of 1674. Radisson was at the Bay, when suddenly a Jesuit missionary, Father Albanel, appeared, and handed him a letter. It was from no less a personage than Colbert, the Prime Minister of Louis XIV., offering him a position in the French Navy, the payment of all his debts, and a gratuity of £400 if he would return to his allegiance.

There is a scene for a novelist; a traitor and an outlaw in the icy desolation of the north, thousands of miles from civilization; a dark-robed Jesuit mysteriously appearing; adroitly slipping a letter into the fugitive's hand, making offers of wealth and advances from the Grand Monarque, etc., etc., etc., and then vanishing from the stage.

The weavers of romance have not lost sight of this opportunity, and they have spun fine yarns of how the absent Governor unexpectedly appears and sees the two Frenchmen hobnobbing with the Jesuit; dark suspicions arise; he demands the stranger's passport; finds it is from Frontenac; and is compelled to extend courtesy to the mysterious visitor; but in a rage he knocks down both Frenchmen; they reply in kind and then flee to the woods, and after a thousand dangers arrive palpitating with excitement at Quebec.

The real story is more romantic. Radisson had already pocketed the letter; for he was too sleek a personage to betray himself, and as soon as the chance presented itself he slipped back to England and from there crossed over to France. He accepted the offer of a place in the navy; went with d'Estrées on an expedition to the West Indies; was in the squadron that ran on the rocks at Curaçao, where three out of the six ships

were lost. Returning to France he was recommended by d'Estrées for a gratuity of one hundred *louis d'or*.

He was in great favor in court until Colbert advised him to have his wife come over from England. Radisson would have been only too happy, but the lady was unwilling. Very illogically both Colbert and his son, Seignelay, inferred from this refusal of the wife that Radisson himself was still very pro-English, and from that out they frowned on him. Probably the poor fellow convinced them later of his loyalty by sending to the Government a *supplique*, signed by the Marquis de Belleroche, declaring that the wife had fled from England and had abjured Protestantism. This important paper is mentioned by Dionne, who refers us to the "Collection of Documents," pp. 314, 315, 316, 319, in the New York Colonial MSS., Vol. IX. It ought to be sufficient to convince the doubters that at least then Radisson had not abjured the Faith. Unfortunately, however, we find no reference to the *supplique* on page 319 or elsewhere in the Colonial Documents.

It is singular that in the account of his journey to Hudson Bay, Father Albanel says not a word about meeting Radisson. He merely tells us that he saw a "small ship rigged with a lateen sail and floating an English flag," and then begins to describe the Bay. As he was furnished with a passport from Frontenac and besides was able to speak English, for his mother was English, it is inconceivable that he should have left the country without saying a word to the wanderers he met in those distant wilds. But his silence is explained by the fact that he had gone there on a secret mission, and could not put down in a public document that he had seen Radisson, who by the time Albanel's report was written, was in the French service.

Seven years had passed since Radisson left the employment of the Hudson Bay Company. It was then that the French determined to seize the disputed territory. But as they were at peace with England it had to be done in an underhand fashion and without any public approval on the part of the

Government. Radisson, quite innocent of this double-dealing, was chosen to begin the work of regaining possession of the country for the French. What he did is told in very dramatic fashion by Laut.

In the month of August, 1682, Governor Bridgar, who added to his other glories that of being a heroic drunkard, was sailing with Captain Gillam on the Prince Rupert toward Fort Bourbon, as the French called it, or York, according to the English. They had already reached the River Nelson, and one afternoon in October when the ship was gliding noiselessly before a gentle wind, the smoke of an Indian signal rose skyward from the south shore, and a solitary figure emerged from the brushwood and gazed at the ship. Then two or three more shadowy forms were seen moving through the swamp. The next morning the Governor, decked out in his most gorgeous regimentals, and accompanied by his officers, similarly bedizened, rowed ashore. Before them was the imperturbable figure on the shore. When yet some distance out, the boat grated on the sand, and a sailor had already jumped into the water and was dragging the boat ashore, when the rigid form before them suddenly came to life, and leaping to the water's edge, leveled a musket at Bridgar and cried out: "Halt!"

"We are Hudson Bay Company's men," protested Bridgar, standing up.

"But I," answered the figure, "am Radisson, and I hold possession of *all* this region for France."

It was like being held up by a spirit from the vasty deep. Every loyal Englishman had been devoutly thanking God that they were rid forever of this troublesome Frenchman, and here he was with his musket at the head of the Governor, and behind him were three of his principal officers, commanding nobody knew how many others concealed in the bush. As a matter of fact there was no one else there. Radisson was playing a game.

Bridgar asked permission to come ashore for a parley and to salute the Commander of the French forces. Radisson con-

sented, and introduced his three bushwhackers. He said they were officers from his fort. He had two ships, and expected others. He spun still more wonderful yarns about his fort and the number of his men and was invited to go aboard the Prince Rupert. With cool audacity he accepted the offer, insisting, however, on leaving two Englishmen on shore as hostages. He inquired about his London friends, and told all about his adventures in the French Navy during the eight years he had been serving under that flag. He advised the Englishmen to go no further up the river, so as to avoid a clash with the French, and warned them to keep off the island or there would be trouble with the Indians.

As a matter of fact his miserable fort was on the other river to the south, and he had with him there only a handful of mutinous sailors. He could not afford to let Bridgar see his defences, and besides he had to prevent him from going up the Nelson; otherwise they would meet a poacher from Boston who, though afraid of being caught, might, at a pinch, join the English and get the better of Radisson. The poacher in question was no other than Captain Gillam's son.

Bridgar accepted all this advice in good faith, and was thankful for Radisson's kindly interest in the welfare of his former friends. He beached his ships and started in to build a fort. Meantime Gillam began to suspect Radisson of some dark design. Radisson, of course, observed his change of manner, and, to keep him quiet, was daring enough on another visit to bring along with him as one of his own men, the younger Gillam. Neither father nor son dared to give any sign of recognition, for it would have been fatal to both, and so, laughing in his sleeve, Radisson withdrew.

Finally two scouts happened to find a nearby fort and rushed back with the news to Bridgar, who thought it must be the French post, and the elder Gillam dared not enlighten him. Then luck came again to Radisson's aid, for the English ship was crushed by the ice, and lost fourteen men, and all the provisions except the Governor's supply of rum. Radisson

proved the good Samaritan in this disaster and sent his enemies all the food they needed.

One night a loud banging was heard at the door of Bridgar's miserable cabin, and a Scotchman, from Gillam's garrison, came in with the news that the French were attacking the fort. This was the first intelligence the drunken Governor had that a friend was so near him. He sent out spies and after a while they returned with the information that Radisson had indeed attacked, but had been beaten back and was at that moment in full retreat. Then Bridgar summoned out his men and marched all night up the frozen river and in the morning rapped at the gate of the fort. Immediately it swung open and in rushed the Governor and his men, only to find that they had been trapped. The French were inside, and the men who had been seen by the scouts trailing over the marshes were Gillam and his followers, who were now in prison on the other river. Thither also they carried the crestfallen Governor, who between drink and despair was now almost a madman. It is a great pity that such a skillful tactician as Radisson should ever have been lost by the French. He had the making in him of a great tactician.

When spring came, it was difficult to find food for all the prisoners. So some were put on a vessel and told to go whithersoever they wished; the others were stowed away in the poacher's craft, the Bachelor's Delight, and sent to Quebec. The doughty English Governor was on board. All the English buildings were first burned, Bridgar himself asking permission to apply the torch to the poacher's fort into which he had been inveigled. Seven Frenchmen, under Radisson's nephew, young Chouart, were left in charge of Fort Nelson, and our hero sailed away, only to incur the hatred of his countrymen.

Frontenac had been recalled to France, and the hypocritical de la Barre ruled in Quebec. He was the man for the occasion, for just then France was playing a double game with England; pretending to be at peace, yet encouraging every effort to drive out the enemy from Hudson Bay. Hence, when

poor Radisson arrived at Quebec elated with his victory and laden with spoil, he was severely reprimanded, ordered to surrender the Bachelor's Delight to the Yankee poacher, and was then packed off to France to explain his conduct. It is worth noting that the poacher was arrested when he arrived at Boston, and afterwards became a professional pirate. He was seized by the authorities about the same time as Captain Kidd and taken to England with that worthy for trial. Whether he was hanged or not we do not know.

On the other hand we find in the Col. Doc., V., IX, p. 799, a letter from the French King to de la Barre, dated April 10, 1684, in which he says: "I am unwilling to afford the King of England any complaint, nevertheless I think it important to prevent the English establishing themselves on the river." On the same day Seignelay says to the Governor: "It is impossible to imagine what you pretended when of your own authority, without calling on the Intendant and submitting the matter to the Sovereign Council, you ordered a vessel to be restored to one Gillam which had been captured by Radisson and Desgroszeliers." Evidently France was playing fast and loose and poor Radisson must have been sadly puzzled at times to know what course he should follow. Miss Laut's contention seems to be sustained by these two despatches.

Nevertheless Radisson was badly received in France. Colbert, his great friend, was dead; so he and Groseilliers [Chouart] were cited to court and accused of going into English territory without license. Groseilliers replied that they had a verbal commission, the same as Albanel the Jesuit had, and Radisson openly stated that though he carried no official document he had gone thither by express order of the King.

This gave a new aspect to the case. The Minister had to protect the sacred person of His Majesty, but on the other hand Lord Preston, the English Ambassador at Paris, was clamoring for reparation, and threatening a rupture of rela-

tions if his demand was not granted. France could not afford a war with England just then, and consequently Radisson was again summoned by the Ministers and told that France had relinquished all claim to the Hudson Bay country, and that he was to return thither and hand back to the English all the property he had seized; forts, furs, and ships. But he was to do it secretly, for the French Government did not want the world to know anything about the surrender of their claim to the country. Would they give him a written commission to that effect? No; he had gone to Hudson Bay on the first occasion with only verbal instructions and he could do so again. But Radisson was stubborn, and finally wrung the commission from them, with the understanding, however, that he was to say nothing about it.

This latter story is so novel, so stage-like, and so apparently constructed to clear Radisson's character at any cost, that it can not be accepted without proof. Miss Laut produces something to substantiate what she says. She informs us that she "spent six months in London on records whose dust had not been disturbed since they were written in the sixteen hundreds. The herculean labor of this task," she continues, "can best be understood when it is realized that these records are not open to the public, and it is impossible to have an assistant to do the copying. The transcripts had to be done by myself, and revised by an assistant at night."

The paper which she presents is an affidavit made by Radisson himself before Sir Robert Jeffrey, on August 23, 1697, and left with the English Commissioners of Claims against France two years afterwards, namely June 5, 1699. It was thus a State paper.

After giving an account of some of the previous voyages, the deponent says that:

"in the year 1683 he came from Canada to Paris by order of Monsr. Colbert, who soon after died. And the deponent being at Paris had been several times with the Marquis de Seignelay and Monsr. Callière (one of the Plenipotentiaries at

the Treaty of Peace) and had found that the French had quitted all pretences to Hudson Bay; and thereupon this deponent, by the special direction of the said M. Callière, did write the papers hereunto annexed. And the said M. Callière acted in the said affair by the directions of the Superintendent of Marine Affairs in France, and the deponent was commanded by the said M. Callière to go to Fort Nelson and withdraw the French that were there, from that place, and the said place was then put into possession of the English."

Appended to this affidavit is the Commission written by Radisson at the dictation of Callières. Both documents are given at length in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" (I., pp. 186 and 197).

On the supposition therefore that France had relinquished all claims to Hudson Bay, Radisson, on May 10, 1684, went to London, where he took the oath, not of allegiance, but of fidelity as a British subject. In a week he was off for America in the Happy Return, and when sixty miles off Fort Nelson he left the ship and started in a light craft to hunt up his nephew, young Chouart, so as to prevent a collision with the English. To his surprise the fort was deserted, and he was told that the French had gone further up the river to avoid being massacred by the Indians, who had been bribed to do so by the British. Radisson found Chouart, who when informed that he was to make over all his property to the English, accepted the situation without protest, though he and his men rejected an offer of service in the Hudson Bay Company. Later on, however, in spite of a solemn promise that their liberty of action would be respected, three of them were invited on board a vessel and carried over to England. Radisson protested vehemently against this outrage. Arriving in England they were kept under strict surveillance and were not allowed to return to their country until some kind of a promise of fidelity was wrung from them.

Now came another startling change of front. A very short time after all this, Governor de Denonville, who had already

blasted his reputation by his atrocious employment of Father de Lamberville as a decoy, at Onondaga, and by his dastardly seizure of the Iroquois envoys, wrote to France asking permission to offer fifty pistoles for the capture of Radisson. The request was granted by the King. Naturally, one asks, does not this stultify all that has been said about Radisson's secret commission? On the face of it, yes. But we are told that France had again reversed her policy toward England, for the reason that the house of Stuart was about to collapse. James II. was losing his hold on the English throne, and William of Orange was about to claim it. Civil war was imminent, and France, which had feared England a year or so before, was now anxious to fight in the open. Hence, to clear her skirts, France had to disown Radisson. The sacrifice of the poor backwoodsman was a trifle when such a stake was being played for.

Canada was worked up to a state of great excitement by the King's order, and echoes of that storm are still rumbling in the denunciations that have ever since been incessantly howled and shouted against the unfortunate Radisson. The first expedition that was planned to recover the territory, and, if possible to capture the traitor, was that of Lamartinière, who set out with two ships to scour the Bay.

On July 27, 1685, three English vessels, on one of which was Radisson, emerged from the ice of the Straits, and made for the shelter of Diggs Island to pass the night. Suddenly two foreign sails loomed up in the gloom, and the boom of cannon rolled over the waters. "It is Lamartinière," cried Radisson. Immediately every inch of canvas was set, and the English ships flew backward on their course. Only one of them was caught. Fourteen of her crew were bayonetted and flung into the sea, and the survivors were carried in their own ship as prisoners to Quebec. But Radisson had escaped.

Then Iberville and his brother, under de Troyes, with thirty-three Frenchmen and seventy Indians, started on snowshoes up the Ottawa to Lake Temiscamingue and Abbittibi, a

journey of 600 miles; and when the ice broke they rushed down the furious cataracts in their frail canoes another 300 miles and reached the Bay. The men in the forts were looking seaward for the enemy, and never dreamed of these dare-devils from the woods. Post after post was taken, though hundreds of miles apart; the Frenchmen descending through the roofs of the forts and flinging granades on the heads of the sleeping garrisons, and in one case paddling out silently to a vessel in the dead of night, and capturing the Governor himself, who was on board.

This was the beginning of Iberville's wonderful series of battles in Hudson Bay in his efforts to drive out the English. He kept fighting and winning until the year 1694, but his fellow countrymen always failed to profit by his victories.

Where was Radisson all this time? In London, supervising the cargoes of furs from America. In the very early days, namely between 1667 and 1673, when the Company was first started, he and Chouart had made about $2,000 a year each, and he then lived in Seething Lane, which was an aristocratic quarter; but later on his salary was no higher than £100 a year. When the Company's revenues ran low it was cut in half, and he had to sue in court for his wages. Even when the Company was prosperous he was living from hand to mouth, and receiving £10 one month and £2 the next, making, as Laut puts it—and she is reading from the records—an average of $5 a week, though occasional presents were sent him, such as a hogshead of wine, fresh provisions, a silver tankard, etc.

In 1697 he was treated a little better; for his services were needed just then. From time to time gratuities were voted to him, all of which are down in the books. In 1700 he applied for the position of warehouse keeper, but was refused. Thus it went from bad to worse, until finally on July 12, 1710, the following pathetic entry was made: "The Secretary is ordered to pay to Mr. Radisson's widow, *as a charity*, the sum of six pounds." This is quite a different story from what we read in

Charlevoix (II., 302), *viz.*, "that at the request of his father-in-law, Sir John Kirke, Radisson received from the King a pension of 1200 livres, which he enjoyed till the end of his days." Of course Charlevoix was speaking from French hearsay, and had never seen the English State papers or the Company's books.

How did he die? Gilbert Parker in "The Trail of the Sword," tells us "he was done to death by the dagger and pistol of the mutineer Buckland; and was buried in the hungry sea." He had previously, according to the novelist, "attempted the life of Frontenac and had sold a company of French traders to the Iroquois." According to Bryce this tragic death of Radisson must have occurred in 1689; but it is all pure fiction, for in the beginning of 1710 he was still in England, drawing a salary from his employers. That he died there is generally admitted, but the circumstances of his death have never been found out nor is there any trace of his grave. None can be found in the Protestant church of St. Olave, near which he once lived and which there are monuments to many of his former friends and associates. "He was a Catholic and an alien," writes the author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," and it is useless now to expect to find his tomb in that place.

What became of his family? Bryce is of the opinion, though he does not say why, that they came to Canada. The question suggests itself: if they had not been Catholics would they have presented themselves in such a Catholic settlement?

There is a very precious document, which we have had in our hand, but which Mr. Bryce in all probability never saw, which at first sight would furnish an argument to support his assertion about the coming of Radisson's children to America. It is a catalogue of the original Men's Sodality of Montreal. It must have been a distinguished body, for on the list we find such names as Baron de Longueuil, M. de Tonty, La Salle's companion, M. le Gouverneur, M. le Commandant, etc. It was found in 1703; and in 1709 the name of the Prefect was

Radisson, and he frequently appears in that office as late as 1733.

Was this a son of the great Radisson. Probably not. He may have been the nephew; the son of Radisson's sister, Mme. St. Cloud, who assumed the name of the great explorer. He was Commandant of the Milice bourgeoise, and owner of a seigneurie at the upper end of Lake St. Peter. But again we can not pronounce upon his identity apodictically. We know that the man who was so conspicuous socially in Montreal was named Etienne, but on the sodality list no baptismal name is given. It is simply Radisson. In any case to have adopted that name at that time, and to be treated with such respect by the most pious men of the community, would seem to imply that Radisson was not always held in such horror as recent writers would have us believe. It is also likely that the children who remained in England were Catholics also; for if the mother became a Catholic they presumably followed her example. The abject poverty into which they fell would justify us in the same conclusion. Had the family been Protestant, Radisson would have not been asking for the position of a warehouse keeper, and his widow would not have been holding out her hand for charity after his death. Indeed it looks as if she had been disowned by the Kirke family.

The Hudson Bay Company, of which he was the creator, developed into a stupenduous organization. After the fall of Quebec the old race-antagonism ceased, and the trappers employed were largely French Canadians. A great number of Scotch Highlanders entered the service also, and in course of time became its principal directors. Among them were not a few Catholics. Being a monopoly, the Company soon aroused opposition. The "peddlers," as the private traders were called, formed themselves into "The Northwestern Fur Company of Montreal," but they were finally crushed. Finally in 1869, as the time of the establishment of the Dominion approached, the Hudson Bay possessions were transferred to the British Government for £300,000, and in 1870 they were in-

corporated with Canada, but the company which now trades as a private corporation still retains one-twentieth of its entire grant.

The vastness of the territory over which it once extended its sway may be estimated by what it gave up in the controversy about Oregon, when the United States uttered the war-whoop, "Forty-four fifty or fight." It included not only the present States of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and parts of Montana, but extended north of what is now the International Boundary to the limits of the Yukon. From there its dominion stretched over the whole north of the Continent, back to where it began in the Bay. The originator of this mighty empire was the little boy Radisson whom Father Poncet rescued from the Mohawks in 1656. Had it not been for that meeting, perhaps there never would have been a Hudson Bay Company. As events turned out, he had not only no share in the wealth which it accumulated, but was the victim of misrepresentation, calumny, and injustice both before and after his death. He was most maligned by his own people, but until positive proof is adduced to the contrary, Pierre Esprit Radisson has a right to be considered a Frenchman and a Catholic. He was the innocent and unconscious tool of underhand and unscrupulous state-craft.

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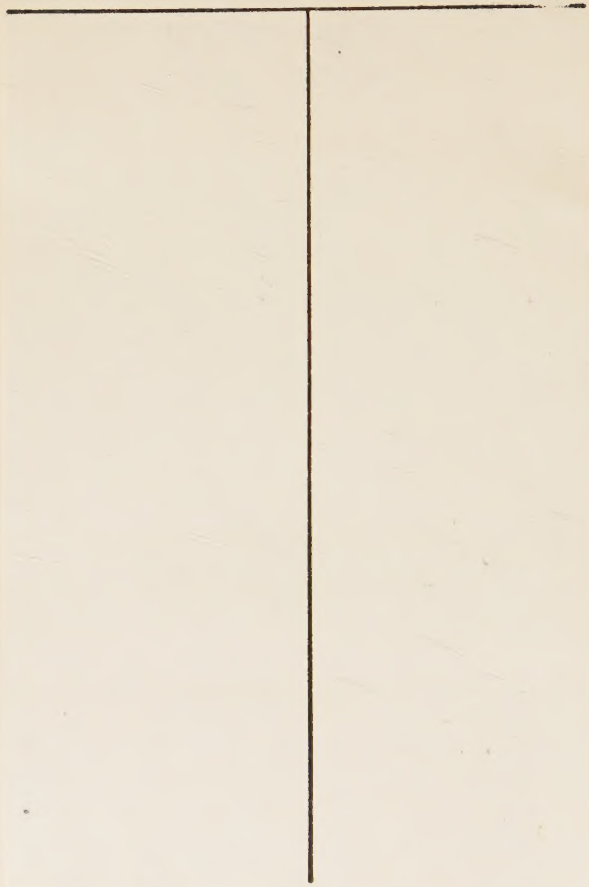

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